2.

Ways of Knowing

1. Observation and Inference. { naïve / technical
2. Reason (philosophy)
3. Intuition (art) (creative imagination)
4. Inspiration (religion)
5. Revelation

The Basis of Life

1. Physical - a. Mechanism b. Humanism (na
2. Spiritual - a. Impersonal Deity b. Personal Dei
Pantheism Monotheism
Creative force Polytheism

Values

1. Ultimate a happiness b success c. character d. service e. beauty
2. Secondary a. Bodily Well Being b. Spiritual
a1. Food, Shelter, Clothing, health, recreation. Religion
Art
Social Relatio
+ Guidance b. p
a Convention insti

Purpose: "Education ought to make a man a better husband, a better father, a better brother, a better friend, a better member of his community." Scott, U. of Mich.

Organization

1. Individual 2. Family 3. State 4. Church 5. Industry 6. Educa

A. Function
Laissez-Faire
Paternalistic
Socialistic
B. Form
a. Monarchy
Limited
Unlimited
b. Democracy
Pure
Representative
c. Socialism
d. Communism
e. Dictatorship
f. Individual
class

a. Purpose
(1) Profit
(2.) Service
b. Form & Methods
(1.) Capitalistic
(2.) Communistic
(3.) Cooperative
c. Activities
(1.) Production of raw mat.
(2.) Manfgt.
(3.) Distribution
a. Transporting
b. Selling

ennabling us to do better those things which we would do anyway". - Meyer

Elma Meyer

Essay Reading
Theme
Philosophy of Life
Optimistic or Pessimistic

Essay on Education. - what is purpose how is it carryon?
1. Ideals and aims 36-37
2. Results improvement + progress

The purpose of study is to discover the underlying significance of humanity.
Criticism of American Scholar.
1. Search after facts without organization
2. " " " which have no value or significance
3. " " " with no cultural value
4. Lazy impressionism or appeal.

Guidance
1. Instinct
2. Custom or family
3. Convention or society.
4. Authority or specialist.
5. Divine guidance ?

"The theme of a sonata by Beethoven proves immortality of the soul." Phelps.

God is the cosmic process of integration
God is transcendant and immanent
Religion is the sum total of our
reactions.

(d) Problems
(1) Employment
machine
shortened hours
(2) Distribution of profit
increased wages
stock ownership
profit-sharing

c Capitalistic
① Employer Org.
② Employees "
ⓐ Labor unions
ⓑ Company "
ⓒ Y. M. Y.
d. Socialistic - control of industry by society
e. Communism - dictatorship of the proletariat

Conflict between spiritual and physical or unity of the two in dualism.
Agnostics (Don't know) Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Harry E. Barnes,
Humanism - emphasizes service and human welfare and uplift but needs religion.

Government:
1. Purpose
a. Protect the individual in his enjoyment of his rights.
b. Promote general welfare.
(1) Paternalism (Capitalistic system)
Private property
(2) Socialism
(fascism - domination of higher class
Communism " " proletariat)
no private property

Employment Problem
1. Steady work - security - cure of a job.
2. Wages
3. Labor conditions

The New Reformation is a changing mental attitude.

Develops from physical to spiritual reality

large units of universe
1. Heliocentric - Copernicus
2. Central system - visible matter in motion - Galileo, + Newton
3. Electricity in motion - Farraday
4. Electrical radiation - Maxwell (radio)
small 5. Granular (cosmic) Electricity, atoms, molecules, etc
6. Chaos
7.

ESSAYS TOWARD TRUTH

STUDIES IN ORIENTATION

SELECTED BY
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PREFACE

THESE essays are collected for the purpose of calling attention to certain fundamental social questions that powerfully engage mankind, and to some of the things that are being thought and written about them. The collection proceeds from a belief that individual books and men are largely mirrors in which the forces operating in society reflect themselves, and that orientation toward these forces is the primary responsibility of education.

The essays represent no one point of view, advance no propaganda, and dispose of nothing completely. Their purpose is rather to present many points of view, some of them definitely conflicting. Their purpose is to stimulate the student to develop his own capacity for rational thinking and thereby achieve for himself the beginnings of a social perspective and a social philosophy.

It is a moment of high importance in the development of the average human-being when he discovers that the printed page is not infallible and that there is more than one side to a question. The pages following present more than one side to many questions: Is the end of education social or selfish? Is "culture" a thing remote from life? Is the English university system superior to our own? Is human progress possible? Is the "democratic experiment" a success? Is the present industrial system an advance over the old? Is science coming to control civilization? Is the church losing ground in present-day society? Is idealism possible in modern life? Is the literature of America expressing America?

To these, and to many similar questions, there can be no glib and immediate answer derived from any printed

page or from any instructor in any college classroom. This book merely points out the existence of the questions and gives the opinions of certain outstanding contemporaries concerning them.

Reasonable control should, of course, always be exercised in the presentation of new ideas to minds not yet used to dealing with ideas maturely, but in any student group the peril of the "wrong" idea is decidedly less than the peril of no idea at all. Young Liberals are indicative of a healthier state of society than Young Indifferents or than fledgling dabblers in æstheticism who are learning not to recognize any obligation of the individual to the social order.

The essays in this book contain abundant material both for class discussion and for written work. Without ample class discussion a book of this sort can not be used satisfactorily. As Randolph Bourne points out in the first essay in the book, a discussion should be held down to the subject at hand and not allowed to go astray into speciously attractive by-paths. Each student engaging in the discussion should be given every opportunity and encouragement to express himself; but, let the discussion run as hotly as it may, it should always be controlled and the participator held sharply to definiteness and pertinency of statement.

The kinds of written work that can be based on the book are at least two. The student can write synopses, outlines, or abstracts of the various essays. These may be useful as exercises. "Busy-work," Robert Frost would call them. Or the student may put into writing his own views on matters that the essays treat or suggest. This will be useful as education.

K.A.R.
W.B.P.
J.D.M.

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ON DISCUSSION[1]

BY RANDOLPH BOURNE

GRAHAM WALLAS, in his *Great Society*, wrote few more interesting sentences than that in which he remarked the paucity of genuine discussion around him, the lack of skill in meeting each other's minds which Englishmen show when they talk together. Particularly in this country where mere talk is always contrasted unfavorably with action is discussion rare. The only way we can justify our substitution of talking for acting is to talk badly. And we like to talk badly. To put into talk the deliberate effort which action demands would seem an insufferable pedantry. Talk is one of the few unspecialized talents still left in a mechanical world. The plain man resents any invasion of this last preserve of freedom. He resents the demand that skill and effort be put to work in raising talk into real discussion where points are met and presuppositions are clarified and formulations made. So conversation is left to grow wild as a common flower along the wayside of our personal contacts.

Yet this lack of art in discussion is not really due to lack of desire. An inner need drives talk into something more formal. Discussion is popular, and because it is popular it needs, in spite of the plain man, a certain deliberate technique. One often stumbles on groups which have

[1] From *The History of a Literary Radical*, by Randolph Bourne. Copyright, 1920, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc. Reprinted by arrangement with B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

met not because some problem has seized them all and will not let them go until it is satisfied, but because they have felt a general craving for talk. They find that their mental wheels will not rotate without some corn to grind. In the revelation of what each person thinks it important to discuss, one gets the attitude of his mind and the color of his governing philosophy. Such a group is a kind of kindergarten of discussion. Ostensibly equal and sympathetic in background and approach, they show in very little time the startling diversity of their actual equipment and mental framework. A score of people all doing apparently the same quality of work in the professional world, all enjoying a popular reputation, all backed by a college education, all reacting constantly to each other in the intersecting world of journalism, art, teaching, law, will often be found to show a lack of mental sympathy so profound that one wonders how such people can smilingly continue to seem to be living in the same world. They are using the same words, but they are not using the same meanings, and because they are not conscious that it is really meanings which they should be exchanging, the discussion is apt to lose itself feebly as in desert sands. What really emerges from most discussions, you find, is an astonishing array of philosophical skeletons-in-the-closet which stalk about the room unchallenged. Their owners are quite unconscious of this fatal escape. Yet it takes little wit to discover rigid platonists discoursing with pragmatists, minds whose first operation in thinking is always to fix a moral judgment contending with remorseless realists. Ideals are discussed when one man means by an ideal a measuring-stick for human conduct, another a social goal towards which he works. Concepts emerge which to half the company represent a mental vacuum, and to the other half imply a warm blow of virtue. World-philosophies

which might be recognized are shabbily ignored. The feeble sparring of their distorted shadows is taken for discussion, and the company separates with a vague feeling of having occupied itself for an evening with something profitably mental.

All the time, however, it is these fundamental philosophies which are the real antagonists, and not the concrete ideas which are the subjects of discussion. A good discussion passes rapidly into an examination of those presuppositions. It is more interested in charting out the minds of the other talkers than in winning small victories or getting agreements. Good discussion is a kind of detective uncovering the hidden categories and secret springs of emotion that underlie " opinions " on things. It seeks that common background and store of meanings in which alone diverse opinions can really meet and operate. We can no longer tolerate reasons which are only retrospective props for action that was really impulsive in its origin. No more should we tolerate in discussion that stubborn voicing of attitudes which seem axiomatic to the speaker only because he has never examined the structure of his own thought. It is popular nowadays to welcome the expression of every new attitude. But a discussion should be tolerant and hospitable only after the ground has been cleared. You must be very sure that what you have to deal with is a real attitude and not a counterfeit. Discussion remains mere talk if it remains content with the expression of an " opinion " and does not put the expressor to immediate cross-examination to discover in the name of what *Weltanschauung* the opinion came.

Discussion should be one of the most important things in the world, for it is almost our only arena of thinking. It is here that all the jumble of ideas and impressions that we get from reading and watching are dramatically placed

in conflict. Here only is there a genuine challenge to put them into some sort of order. Without discussion intellectual experience is only an exercise in a private gymnasium. It has never been put to the test, never had to give an account of itself. It is some such motive that impels people to discussion; though they are too often content with the justing of pasteboard knights. But a good discussion is not only a conflict. It is fundamentally a coöperation. It progresses toward some common understanding. This does not mean that it must end in agreement. A discussion will have been adequate if it has done no more than set the problem in its significant terms, or even defined the purpose that makes such a setting significant. You turn up things in your mind that would have remained buried without the incision of some new idea. The effort to say exactly what you mean, sharpening your idea to the point that will drive home to others, is itself invigorating. A good discussion tones up your mind, concentrates its loose particles, gives form and direction. When all say exactly what they mean, then for the first time understanding — the goal of discussion — is possible.

Discussion demands a mutual trustfulness, a mutual candor. But this very trustfulness makes discussion vulnerable. It is particularly open to the attack of the person who sees in the group a forum. The physical signs of such a misinterpretation are familiar. The eye becomes slightly dilated, the voice more orotund. The suggestion develops into an exposition, the exposition into an apologia or recrimination. Discussion is slain. Another enemy is the person who sidetracks a sentence and then proceeds in a leisurely way to unload its freight into his own wagon. But in a good discussion the traffic is kept constantly moving in both directions along a rather rigid line of track, and the freight arrives somewhere. Some people have a

fatal gift of derailment. Wit is perhaps the most common means. Discussion has no greater enemies than those who can catch an idea and touch it off into a puff of smoke. Wit should salt a discussion but not explode it.

Good discussion is so important that those who set about it may be rather pedantic and self-conscious in their enterprise. One may acutely realize himself as being, for the time, primarily a mind. He renounces the seeming of personal advantage in an argument. He sincerely and anxiously searches his intellectual stores in order to set down exactly what he thinks in just the proportions and colors that he thinks it. He studies what the others say, and tries to detect quickly the search for advantage or the loose use of terminology. He insists that words and phrases have meanings, and if they carry no meaning to him, he searches indefatigably until he has found the word that does carry over the full freight of significance intended.

The rewards for such pedantry are found in a tone of clear thinking. A good discussion increases the dimensions of every one who takes part. Being rather self-consciously a mind in a group of minds means becoming more of a person. Ideas are stale things until they are personally dramatized. The only good writers of opinion are those who instinctively reproduce the atmosphere of discussion, whose sentences have the tone of discussion with themselves or with an imagined group. The impulse for discussion is an impulse towards the only environment where creative thinking can be done. All the more reason why an instinct for workmanship should come in to insure that thought does not lose itself in feeble sparring or detached monologue.

ON VARIOUS KINDS OF THINKING[1]

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

WE do not think enough about thinking, and much of our confusion is the result of current illusions in regard to it. Let us forget for the moment any impressions we may have derived from the philosophers, and see what seems to happen in ourselves. The first thing that we notice is that our thought moves with such incredible rapidity that it is almost impossible to arrest any specimen of it long enough to have a look at it. When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have recently had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find that even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble, or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. I believe this must be true of everyone. We do not, of course, know what goes on in other people's heads. They tell us very little and we tell them very little. The spigot of speech, rarely fully opened, could never emit more than driblets of the ever renewed hogshead of thought — *noch grösser wie's Heidelberger Fass.* We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are.

We all appear to ourselves to be thinking all the time

[1] From *The Mind in the Making*, by James Harvey Robinson. Copyright, 1921, by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

during our waking hours, and most of us are aware that we go on thinking while we are asleep, even more foolishly than when awake. When uninterrupted by some practical issue we are engaged in what is now known as a *reverie*. This is our spontaneous and favorite kind of thinking. We allow our ideas to take their own course and this course is determined by our hopes and fears, our spontaneous desires, their fulfillment or frustration; by our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates and resentments. There is nothing else anything like so interesting to ourselves as ourselves. All thought that is not more or less laboriously controlled and directed will inevitably circle about the beloved Ego. It is amusing and pathetic to observe this tendency in ourselves and in others. We learn politely and generously to overlook this truth, but if we dare to think of it, it blazes forth like the noontide sun.

The reverie or "free association of ideas" has of late become the subject of scientific research. While investigators are not yet agreed on the results, or at least on the proper interpretation to be given to them, there can be no doubt that our reveries form the chief index to our fundamental character. They are a reflection of our nature as modified by often hidden and forgotten experiences. We need not go into the matter further here, for it is only necessary to observe that the reverie is at all times a potent and in many cases an omnipotent rival to every other kind of thinking. It doubtless influences all our speculations in its persistent tendency to self-magnification and self-justification, which are its chief preoccupations, but it is the last thing to make directly or indirectly for honest increase of knowledge.[1] Philosophers usually

[1] The poet-clergyman, John Donne, who lived in the time of James I, has given a beautifully honest picture of the doings of a saint's mind: "I throw myself down in my chamber and call in

talk as if such thinking did not exist or were in some way negligible. This is what makes their speculations so unreal and often worthless.

The reverie, as any of us can see for himself, is frequently broken and interrupted by the necessity of a second kind of thinking. We have to make practical decisions. Shall we write a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half-past? Shall we buy U. S. Rubber or a Liberty Bond? Decisions are easily distinguishable from the free flow of reverie. Sometimes they demand a good deal of careful pondering and the recollection of pertinent facts; often, however, they are made impulsively. They are a more difficult and laborious thing than the reverie, and we resent having to "make up our mind" when we are tired, or absorbed in a congenial reverie. Weighing a decision, it should be noted, does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge, although we may, of course, seek further information before making it.

A third kind of thinking is stimulated when anyone questions our belief and opinions. We sometimes find ourselves changing our minds without any resistance or heavy emotion, but if we are told that we are wrong we resent the imputation and harden our hearts. We are in-

and invite God and His angels thither, and when they are there I neglect God and His angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door. I talk on in the same posture of praying, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God or His angels should ask me when I thought last of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of to-morrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain troubles me in my prayer." — Quoted by Robert Lynd, *The Art of Letters,* pp. 46–47.

I, the heir of all the ages? Locksley Hall.

credibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when anyone proposes to rob us of their companionship. It is obviously not the ideas themselves that are dear to us, but our self-esteem, which is threatened. We are by nature stubbornly pledged to defend our own from attack, whether it be our person, our family, our property, or our opinion. A United States Senator once remarked to a friend of mine that God Almighty could not make him change his mind on our Latin-American policy. We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory.

Few of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions; indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing. We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. *The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.*

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons; what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The

Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist Church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the Bolsheviki. But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country, and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. Moreover, as Mr. Trotter has pointed out, these judgments, being the product of suggestion and not of reasoning, have the quality of perfect obviousness, so that to question them

> . . . is to the believer to carry skepticism to an insane degree, and will be met by contempt, disapproval, or condemnation, according to the nature of the belief in question. When, therefore, we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a non-rational one, and probably, therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence.[1]

Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality

[1] *Instincts of the Herd,* p. 44.

of "primary certitude." I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul, I was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back now I see that I had at the time no interest in the matter, and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue, nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention, served to prevent an angry resentment when I heard *my* ideas questioned.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions — this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs — is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing" — clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest enlightenment, because, no matter how solemnly they may be marshaled, they are at bottom the result of personal preference or prejudice, and not of an honest desire to seek or accept new knowledge.

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self-justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes. So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the onus of our own failures and disappointments. *Rationalizing is the self-exculpation which occurs when we feel ourselves, or our group, accused of misapprehension or error.*

The little word *my* is the most important one in all human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom. It has the same force whether it is *my* dinner, *my* dog, and *my* house, or *my* faith, *my* country, and *my* God. We not only resent the imputation that our

watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conception of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation of "Epictetus," of the medicinal value of salicine, or the date of Sargon I, are subject to revision.

Philosophers, scholars, and men of science exhibit a common sensitiveness in all decisions in which their *amour propre* is involved. Thousands of argumentative works have been written to vent a grudge. However stately their reasoning, it may be nothing but rationalizing, stimulated by the most commonplace of all motives. A history of philosophy and theology could be written in terms of grouches, wounded pride, and aversions, and it would be far more instructive than the usual treatments of these themes. Sometimes, under Providence, the lowly impulse of resentment leads to great achievements. Milton wrote his treatise on divorce as a result of his troubles with his seventeen-year-old wife, and when he was accused of being the leading spirit in a new sect, the Divorcers, he wrote his noble *Areopagitica* to prove his right to say what he thought fit, and incidentally to establish the advantage of a free press in the promotion of Truth.

All mankind, high and low, thinks in all the ways which have been described. The reverie goes on all the time not only in the mind of the mill hand and the Broadway flapper, but equally in weighty judges and godly bishops. It has gone on in all the philosophers, scientists, poets, and theologians that have ever lived. Aristotle's most abstruse speculations were doubtless tempered by highly irrelevant reflections. He is reported to have had very thin legs and small eyes, for which he doubtless had to find excuses, and he was wont to indulge in very conspicuous dress and rings and was accustomed to arrange his hair carefully.[1]

[1] Diogenes Laertius, Book V.

Diogenes the Cynic exhibited the impudence of a touchy soul. His tub was his distinction. Tennyson in beginning his "Maud" could not forget his chagrin over losing his patrimony years before as the result of an unhappy investment in the Patent Decorative Carving Company. These facts are not recalled here as a gratuitous disparagement of the truly great, but to insure a full realization of the tremendous competition which all really exacting thought has to face, even in the minds of the most highly endowed mortals.

And now the astonishing and perturbing suspicion emerges that perhaps almost all that had passed for social science, political economy, politics, and ethics in the past may be brushed aside by future generations as mainly rationalizing. John Dewey has already reached this conclusion in regard to philosophy.[1] Veblen [2] and other writers have revealed the various unperceived presuppositions of the traditional political economy, and now comes an Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto, who, in his huge treatise on general sociology, devotes hundreds of pages to substantiating a similar thesis affecting all the social sciences.[3] This conclusion may be ranked by students of a hundred years hence as one of the several great discoveries of our age. It is by no means fully worked out, and it is so opposed to nature that it will be very slowly accepted by the great mass of those who consider themselves thoughtful. As a

[1] *Reconstruction in Philosophy.*

[2] *The Place of Science in Modern Civilization.*

[3] *Traité de Sociologie Générale, passim.* The author's term "*derivations*" seems to be his precise way of expressing what we have called the "good" reasons, and his "*residus*" correspond to the "real" reasons. He well says, "*L'homme éprouve le besoin de raisonner, et en outre d'étendre une voile sur ses instincts et sur ses sentiments*" — hence, rationalization. (p. 788.) His aim is to reduce sociology to the "real" reasons. (p. 791.)

historical student I am personally fully reconciled to this newer view. Indeed, it seems to me inevitable that just as the various sciences of nature were, before the opening of the seventeenth century, largely masses of rationalizations to suit the religious sentiments of the period, so the social sciences have continued even to our own day to be rationalizations of uncritically accepted beliefs and customs.

It will become apparent as we proceed that the fact that an idea is ancient and that it has been widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it as a probable instance of rationalization.

This brings us to another kind of thought which can fairly easily be distinguished from the three kinds described above. It has not the usual qualities of the reverie, for it does not hover about our personal complacencies and humiliations. It is not made up of the homely decisions forced upon us by everyday needs, when we review our little stock of existing information, consult our conventional preferences and obligations, and make a choice of action. It is not the defense of our own cherished beliefs and prejudices just because they are our own — mere plausible excuses for remaining of the same mind. On the contrary, it is that peculiar species of thought which leads us to *change* our mind.

It is this kind of thought that has raised man from his pristine, subsavage ignorance and squalor to the degree of knowledge and comfort which he now possesses. On his capacity to continue and greatly extend this kind of thinking depends his chance of groping his way out of the plight in which the most highly civilized peoples of the world now find themselves. In the past this type of thinking has been called Reason. But so many misappre-

hensions have grown up around the word that some of us have become very suspicious of it. I suggest, therefore, that we substitute a recent name and speak of "creative thought" rather than of Reason. *For this kind of meditation begets knowledge, and knowledge is really creative inasmuch as it makes things look different from what they seemed before and may indeed work for their reconstruction.*

In certain moods some of us realize that we are observing things or making reflections with a seeming disregard of our personal preoccupations. We are not preening or defending ourselves; we are not faced by the necessity of any practical decision, nor are we apologizing for believing this or that. We are just wondering and looking and mayhap seeing what we never perceived before.

Curiosity is as clear and definite as any of our urges. We wonder what is in a sealed telegram or in a letter in which some one else is absorbed, or what is being said in the telephone booth or in low conversation. This inquisitiveness is vastly stimulated by jealousy, suspicion, or any hint that we ourselves are directly or indirectly involved. But there appears to be a fair amount of personal interest in other people's affairs even when they do not concern us except as a mystery to be unraveled or a tale to be told. The reports of a divorce suit will have "news value" for many weeks. They constitute a story, like a novel or play or moving picture. This is not an example of pure curiosity, however, since we readily identify ourselves with others, and their joys and despair then become our own.

We also take note of, or "observe," as Sherlock Holmes says, things which have nothing to do with our personal interests and make no personal appeal either direct or by way of sympathy. This is what Veblen so well

calls "idle curiosity." And it is usually idle enough. Some of us when we face the line of people opposite us in a subway train impulsively consider them in detail and engage in rapid inferences and form theories in regard to them. On entering a room there are those who will perceive at a glance the degree of preciousness of the rugs, the character of the pictures, and the personality revealed by the books. But there are many, it would seem, who are so absorbed in their personal reverie or in some definite purpose that they have no bright-eyed energy for idle curiosity. The tendency to miscellaneous observation we come by honestly enough, for we note it in many of our animal relatives.

Veblen, however, uses the term "idle curiosity" somewhat ironically, as is his wont. It is idle only to those who fail to realize that it may be a very rare and indispensable thing from which almost all distinguished human achievement proceeds. Since it may lead to systematic examination and seeking for things hitherto undiscovered. For research is but diligent search which enjoys the high flavor of primitive hunting. Occasionally and fitfully, idle curiosity thus leads to creative thought, which alters and broadens our own views and aspirations and may in turn, under highly favorable circumstances, affect the views and lives of others, even for generations to follow. An example or two will make this unique human process clear.

Galileo was a thoughtful youth and doubtless carried on a rich and varied reverie. He had artistic ability and might have turned out to be a musician or painter. When he had dwelt among the monks at Vallombrosa he had been tempted to lead the life of a religious. As a boy he busied himself with toy machines and he inherited a fondness for mathematics. All these facts are of record. We may safely assume also that, along with many other

subjects of contemplation, the Pisan maidens found a vivid place in his thoughts.

One day when seventeen years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town. In the midst of his reverie he looked up at the lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, worshipers, or the services; of his artistic or religious interests; of his reluctance to become a physician as his father wished. He forgot the question of a career and even the *graziosissime donne*. As he watched the swinging lamps he was suddenly wondering if mayhap their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time. Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him.

This observation, however remarkable in itself, was not enough to produce a really creative thought. Others may have noticed the same thing and yet nothing came of it. Most of our observations have no assignable results. Galileo may have seen that the warts on a peasant's face formed a perfect isosceles triangle, or he may have noticed with boyish glee that just as the officiating priest was uttering the solemn words, *Ecce agnus Dei,* a fly lit on the end of his nose. To be really creative, ideas have to be worked up and then " put over," so that they become a part of man's social heritage. The highly accurate pendulum clock was one of the later results of Galileo's discovery. He himself was led to reconsider and successfully to refute the old notions of falling bodies. It remained for Newton to prove that the moon was falling, and presumably all the heavenly bodies. This quite upset all the consecrated views of the heavens as managed by angelic engineers. The universality of the laws of gravitation

stimulated the attempt to seek other and equally important natural laws and cast grave doubts on the miracles in which mankind had hitherto believed. In short, those who dared to include in their thought the discoveries of Galileo and his successors found themselves in a new earth surrounded by new heavens.

On the 28th of October, 1831, two hundred and fifty years after Galileo had noticed the isochronous vibrations of the lamps, creative thought and its currency had so far increased that Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a disk of copper between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disk revolved an electric current was produced. This would doubtless have seemed the idlest kind of experiment to the stanch business men of the time, who, it happened, were just then denouncing the child-labor bills in their anxiety to avail themselves to the full of the results of earlier idle curiosity. But should the dynamos and motors which have come into being as the outcome of Faraday's experiment be stopped this evening, the business man of to-day, agitated over labor troubles, might, as he trudged home past lines of " dead " cars, through dark streets to an unlighted house, engage in a little creative thought of his own and perceive that he and his laborers would have no modern factories and mines to quarrel about if it had not been for the strange practical effects of the idle curiosity of scientists, inventors, and engineers.

The examples of creative intelligence given above belong to the realm of modern scientific achievement, which furnishes the most striking instances of the effects of scrupulous, objective thinking. But there are, of course, other great realms in which the recording and embodiment of acute observation and insight have wrought themselves into the higher life of man. The great poets and drama-

tists and our modern story-tellers have found themselves engaged in productive reveries, noting and artistically presenting their discoveries for the delight and instruction of those who have the ability to appreciate them.

The process by which a fresh and original poem or drama comes into being is doubtless analogous to that which originates and elaborates so-called scientific discoveries; but there is clearly a temperamental difference. The genesis and advance of painting, sculpture, and music offer still other problems. We really as yet know shockingly little about these matters, and indeed very few people have the least curiosity about them.[1] Nevertheless, creative intelligence in its various forms is what makes man. Were it not for its slow, painful, and constantly discouraged operations through the ages man would be no more than a species of primate living on seeds, fruit, roots, and uncooked flesh, and wandering naked through the woods and over the plains like a chimpanzee.

The origin and progress and future promotion of civilization are ill understood and misconceived. These should be made the chief theme of education, but much hard work is necessary before we can construct our ideas of man and his capacities and free ourselves from innumerable persistent misapprehensions. There have been obstructionists in all times, not merely the lethargic masses, but the moralists, the rationalizing theologians, and most of the philosophers, all busily if unconsciously engaged in ratifying existing

[1] Recently a re-examination of creative thought has begun as a result of new knowledge which discredits many of the notions formerly held about "reason." See, for example, *Creative Intelligence,* by a group of American philosophic thinkers: John Dewey, *Essays in Experimental Logic* (both pretty hard books): and Veblen, *The Place of Science in Modern Civilization.* Easier than these and very stimulating are Dewey, *Reconstruction in Philosophy,* and Woodworth, *Dynamic Psychology.*

ignorance and mistakes and discouraging creative thought. Naturally, those who reassure us seem worthy of honor and respect. Equally naturally those who puzzle us with disturbing criticisms and invite us to change our ways are objects of suspicion and readily discredited. Our personal discontent does not ordinarily extend to any critical questioning of the general situation in which we find ourselves. In every age the prevailing conditions of civilization have appeared quite natural and inevitable to those who grew up in them. The cow asks no questions as to how it happens to have a dry stall and a supply of hay. The kitten laps its warm milk from a china saucer, without knowing anything about porcelain; the dog nestles in the corner of a divan with no sense of obligation to the inventors of upholstery and the manufacturers of down pillows. So we humans accept our breakfasts, our trains and telephones and orchestras and movies, our national Constitution, or moral code and standards of manners, with the simplicity and innocence of a pet rabbit. We have absolutely inexhaustible capacities for appropriating what others do for us with no thought of a "thank you." We do not feel called upon to make any least contribution to the merry game ourselves. Indeed, we are usually quite unaware that a game is being played at all.

We have now examined the various classes of thinking which we can readily observe in ourselves and which we have plenty of reasons to believe go on, and always have been going on, in our fellow-men. We can sometimes get quite pure and sparkling examples of all four kinds, but commonly they are so confused and intermingled in our reverie as not to be readily distinguishable. The reverie is a reflection of our longings, exultations, and complacencies, our fears, suspicions, and disappointments. We are

chiefly engaged in struggling to maintain our self-respect and in asserting that supremacy which we all crave and which seems to us our natural prerogative. It is not strange, but rather quite inevitable, that our beliefs about what is true and false, good and bad, right and wrong, should be mixed up with the reverie and be influenced by the same considerations which determine its character and course. We resent criticisms of our views exactly as we do of anything else connected with ourselves. Our notions of life and its ideals seem to us to be *our own* and as such necessarily true and right, to be defended at all costs.

We very rarely consider, however, the process by which we gained our convictions. If we did so, we could hardly fail to see that there was usually little ground for our confidence in them. Here and there, in this department of knowledge or that, some one of us might make a fair claim to have taken some trouble to get correct ideas of, let us say, the situation in Russia, the sources of our food supply, the origin of the Constitution, the revision of the tariff, the policy of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, modern business organization, trade unions, birth control, socialism, the League of Nations, the excess-profits tax, preparedness, advertising in its social bearings; but only a very exceptional person would be entitled to opinions on all of even these few matters. And yet most of us have opinions on all these, and on many other questions of equal importance, of which we may know even less. We feel compelled, as self-respecting persons, to take sides when they come up for discussion. We even surprise ourselves by our omniscience. Without taking thought we see in a flash that it is most righteous and expedient to discourage birth control by legislative enactment, or that one who decries intervention in Mexico is clearly wrong, or that big advertising is essential to big business and that

big business is the pride of the land. As godlike beings why should we not rejoice in our omniscience?

It is clear in any case, that our convictions on important matters are not the result of knowledge or critical thought, nor, it may be added, are they often dictated by supposed self-interest. Most of them are *pure prejudices* in the proper sense of that word. We do not form them ourselves. They are the whispering of "the voice of the herd." We have in the last analysis no responsibility for them and need assume none. They are not really our own ideas, but those of others no more well informed or inspired than ourselves, who have got them in the same humiliating manner as we. It should be our pride to revise our ideas and not to adhere to what passes for respectable opinion, for such opinion can frequently be shown to be not respectable at all. We should, in view of the considerations that have been mentioned, resent our supine credulity. As an English writer has remarked:

"If we feared the entertaining of an unverifiable opinion with the warmth with which we fear using the wrong implement at the dinner table, if the thought of holding a prejudice disgusted us as does a foul disease, then the dangers of man's susceptibility would be turned into advantages." [1]

[1] Trotter, *op. cit.*, p. 45. The first part of this little volume is excellent.

Final examination by outside men.

WHAT DOES THE COLLEGE PREPARE FOR?[1]

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

COLLEGE education, like all other genuine education, is of course practical. It is preparation. Its underlying principle is very simple. Young people are to be called upon later to carry on certain activities. The purpose of the preparation is to bring it about that those activities will be better done than they would have been if the preparation had not been given. If in any case it can be shown that a student is not thus made ready for better doing, if it appears that the graduates of a school are not more successful than they would have been had they not attended the school, then study and school are alike condemned and should be discarded. School and college are both to be judged by practical standards.

But what are the activities in which students may be expected to engage, for which they should be prepared? In relation to the goods, the possessions of life, they fall into three groups. If our education prepares properly for each of these then it is socially justified.

The classification suggested above is obvious enough. First, men are making goods, making things which they want. Second, they are distributing these goods, are assigning to each man his share of them. And third, they

[1] From *The Liberal College*, by Alexander Meiklejohn. Copyright, 1920, by Marshall Jones Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Present system has grown out of all proportion and lacks unity.

College should be small 200; faculty 25:
1st year - Study of Greek Civilization

are using goods, each man the share which falls to his lot.

For example, men take the forces, the stuff of the material world and of human nature, and by processes of cultivation and of manufacture, make out of these books, trees, fruits, sermons, songs, boats, shoes, railways, tennis racquets — all the multitudinous things which taken together become the common stock of human possessions. Again, men build up ways of distributing these possessions, of determining to whom each bit of value shall go to be kept as his own. Thus we have the customs of rent and wages and property and courts and inheritance and taxes and all the rest of our machinery of social justice. And finally each man in his own way uses what he has for such purposes as he thinks best. He reads books, or puts them up for decoration; he listens to sermons, sails a boat, travels in a train, swings a tennis racquet, lies under the shade of a tree, sips the juice of a fruit, in general makes of what he has what he wants in the way of experience.

Now it is these three sets of activities for which our schools and colleges are making young people ready. We want manufacturing and growing better done; we want distributing better done; we want using better done. If these ends be accomplished then our teaching plays its proper part in social and individual living; if not, it fails to play its part.

As a teacher surveys these three sets of activities with which his work is concerned, two observations will readily occur to him — two judgments of comparison. He may ask first as to the relative importance of the three tasks assigned, and second, as to their relative difficulty. In both cases he will find, I think, an ascending scale running from manufacture, through distribution, to use, an ascending scale of importance and of difficulty.

The comparison as to importance is rather hard to put into a form which will stand the test of criticism. To ask whether the making or the distributing or the using of wealth is the most important is dangerously like inquiring whether chickens precede eggs, or eggs chickens. Obviously enough, all three activities are essential. There is not much to be gained by making things if they are not to be given to any one, nor much gained by giving them if they are not used. But they cannot be used unless they are given, nor can they be given unless they are made. To distinguish relative values in this realm seems like comparing white and black crows in the dark. And yet there is a certain sense in which the using of value is more fundamental than either making or distributing it. In a very real sense, using is human life itself, it is the human experience for the sake of which the other activities are carried on. To use what we have is the very process of living; to that end all other acts are merely contributory; they are its instruments and machinery.

The differences as to difficulty are much more readily perceived. Relatively manufacture, the production of goods, is an easy task for men. It is easy in the sense that we master it with ease. This does not mean that we are not called by it to strenuous endeavors. It does mean that our endeavors are successful. What we do in this field pays quickly and surely in terms of results. The last century has seen such a developing control of the processes of manufacture and growth that our wealth has increased by leaps and bounds. The technical processes which have been devised by the application of natural science to the accomplishment of human purposes have so enlarged our productive power that as compared with our fathers and grandfathers we roll in wealth and in the assurance of greater wealth in the future. Relatively

speaking, we have the processes of the production of wealth in hand.

In the distribution of wealth we are not so successful. The world is torn with conflicting theories as to how this should be done. Men are quarreling as to the possession of goods. Nations quarrel with nations, individuals with individuals, and we do not easily find a basis for the settlement of these quarrels.

In a country driven mad by injustice and tyranny, men have escaped from their bonds and are wildly seeking to formulate and to put into action principles of distribution subversive of all that men in other countries have counted secure and essential. In safer countries where the pressure is not so severe, men are in dread lest it may become so and are forming into parties which view each other with hostile eye and with stealthy suspicion. Here we find the men who believe that whatever has been is right. They hold to the view that to their grandfathers a scheme of social justice was revealed by splendid intuition and that he who would depart from this is a traitor and a thief. To such men the cries of the madmen in the country which has found release are so dreadful that they must stop their ears, nay, must stop the ears of their fellow-countrymen as well. These two groups are the extremists with respect to social justice — the men who would break our present scheme to pieces and start anew and those who hold that scheme so sacred that the suggestion of changing it is not simply false but also vicious and sacrilegious. Between these two are most of us, men who try to have patience and common sense, but who are sadly puzzled and perplexed just now. One thing we know, namely, that the way is not clear, old procedures are not surely right, old answers cannot be accepted without question. The world is seeking wisdom as to social

justice in distribution, and that wisdom is hard to get.

But more difficult yet than the distributing of values is the human task of using them. And the most serious aspect of the difficulty is that we do not feel it. We may be baffled by the problems of social justice but at least we are interested in them. In a college community, as well as in a public forum, men can be stirred to eager and desperate activity by the perception that other men are not being fairly treated, that human beings are being robbed of a fair chance at the opportunities of living. We may not know what to do but our impulse is generous and our will resolute to do something, if only the mind would tell us what it is. But in the realm of use, in apprehension of the necessity of taste and insight and appreciation of value, we are hardly conscious of difficulty at all. We have a certain blind faith that if only the opportunities of life are given they will be taken and human lives will be in general what they ought to be. Nothing could be more obvious than the falseness of such a faith as this. Wealth has not very generally brought to those who have it the fineness of taste and the niceness of discrimination which the use of it demands. Quite as often it has brought coarseness of feeling and dulness of appreciation. Our civilization does not very clearly become more fine as it becomes more rich. We are in danger of having the world in our hands and losing it because our fingers slip. What shall we do with the world which is given us? That is, I think, the hardest lesson which the teacher has to learn and teach.

Here then, are the three tasks of the teacher. How do they bear upon the work of the liberal college? In a broad general way it is true that the teaching of the production of value rests with the technical and professional schools. They are engaged in devising ways of

making goods. And again may we say that relatively speaking their task is an easy one. The liberal schools, on the other hand, are concerned with both the second and the third endeavors. They are expected to inform our people as to how the goods of life should be shared and how they should be used. These are the two fundamental aims of liberal teaching.

In the remainder of this paper I should like to press upon the college the claims of the third of these tasks as against a constant over-emphasis of the second. And may I protest that this is not because one loves the second less but rather because one loves the third more. It would perhaps be truer to say that the second without the third is nothing and that therefore love for it demands that we leave it no longer bereft of its fellow. If only we can show that the notion of social justice is not a complete account of life, that it needs the supplementation of this third conception, then perhaps in homes and churches and schools and colleges we may get a wiser and saner teaching of life than is now given. Let us then condemn and vilify the ideal of social justice in order to bring its adherents to their senses.

The point at issue was brought to clear formulation in a public discussion in which the writer of this paper took part a few years ago. The first of two speakers said, " I would not give a snap of my finger for a scheme of education which does not find its final term of value in Service." To which the second speaker replied, " I would not give a snap of my finger for a scheme of education which does find its final term of value in Service." Such statements as these have all the exaggeration of public controversy, but carefully considered they define an issue which demands the attention of the liberal teacher.

Strictly speaking it seems to me clear that the second

of the above statements is right. Service, as such, is not a term of value at all. To give to another is valuable only in a secondary and derivative sense, never in a final one. It is the thing given which is of value. There is nothing gained by giving to another something which is not worth giving. To serve one's fellows is to give to them what they need, what they enjoy, what is worth while. And if one is in search of the final term by which all our activities and all our teachings are to be justified we must find it among those things the having of which is good and the lack of which robs human living of its value. To serve is to give something and service is good only in so far as that something given is good.

At the risk of seeming flippant and unfair I should like to press this point home by a number of statements which though they are only half-truths are yet needed because the other half is so constantly torn away from its fellow and kept before our students as if it were the total and the sufficient truth.

Much of the teaching and preaching which our students hear is far too self-centered in its emphasis upon social justice and upon the duty of service. After all, the essential thing is not that we should make the world right, but that it should be right. One often feels that some of our youthful enthusiasts are haunted by the dreadful fear that there may be no sinners for them to save, no broken lives for them to put together again. As against this, one must protest that in the last analysis the receiving of value does as much for human living as does the giving of it. If for no other reason, this is true because after all no one can give unless there is some one who will take his gift. And if the taking be not good, then the giving, whose final justification lies within it, cannot be good either. Clearly enough, in the grand total of human experience, giving can-

not have more value than the taking and using of the thing given. If it be not good to use then it is not good to give the thing used.

And from another point of view, the determination to serve one's fellows needs to be kept clear in mind so that it may be successful. It is well enough for youthful enthusiasts to go out with the determination to make a hundred men happy, to make a hundred lives worth while. But simple arithmetical calculation assures us that such expectations will not be realized. On the average one man cannot make more than one life worth while, for the obvious reason that somebody must have the life which is so practiced upon. If we base our calculation upon "welfares" as the term of measurement, and say that each man would like to make as many welfares as possible, the hard fact remains that on the average we cannot each make more than one of them. A welfare must belong to somebody and if there were actually created more welfares than men, the trouble would be that there would not be enough men to take them. There is no danger of course of such a calamity as this. Human life hardly furnishes us on the whole with half a welfare apiece. But there is danger that our young people misconstrue their task, state it to themselves in exaggerated sentimental terms and so doom themselves to the disappointment and sense of futility which come when idle dreams collapse.

From still another point of view, one is here protesting against the externalism of our social teaching. We teach too much about the machinery of life and far too little about life itself. We tell too much about the things which may be done and too little about what they are done for. As a people we have immense admiration for a man who builds a great library and profound disdain for a man who sits down quietly in the library to read a book. What is

he doing there, we ask. Of what use is the reading of the book? What will it enable him to do? And if one answers that he reads because reading a good book is a good human experience and that therefore it may be done not for the sake of something else but for its own sake, practical men think that we have gone mad. But again, let us protest that if reading is not good then the building of the library was not good, and our benefactor is not good and nothing has been accomplished by all that he has given and done. If there are not values in life then doing has no value and the builder and the dreamer go down together in a common crash.

The same principle holds on other sides of our life. We admire men who can write books and men who can paint pictures. Such men seem to us to have succeeded — if someone else tells us that their work is highly regarded. But we as a people are robbing both writers and painters of their proper success because we do not give them readers and seers who can appreciate, who can take the meaning, the beauty which they give. It is true that we pay them money for their efforts, but it is also true that we say "Ah" in the wrong place, that we are thrilled by the vulgar and stupid thing and left cold by the beauty into which the spirit of the artist has poured itself. There is no surer way of killing artists and writers than to be stupid and dull in the presence of what they have created. For such murders a wealthy crass civilization has a heavy burden of guilt to bear.

What then shall the liberal teacher teach as the representation of the learning which seeks to know what life may be? Shall he forbid men to serve their fellows? We have not said that. To say that in colleges men preach service badly is not to say that in human society we have too much generous friendship. We have far too little of

it. By every means in our power we must build it up so that in the sharing of the goods of life men may act toward one another like friends and fellows rather than like competing beasts, each struggling for the plunder which strength and cunning will enable him to take from other men. College students, like other men, must learn how values should be shared and then must pledge themselves to see to it that justice is done, nay rather must be as eager that other men shall have the values which they crave as that the goods they wish should come to them.

But still the point holds good that all such eagerness as this will come to little unless the man who gives and he who takes have taste for life. There is the final test of value. There is the point where all our strivings succeed or fail.

Can college teachers teach that lesson? Perhaps they can if they have learned it. But they will find a hundred other teaching powers outside the college fighting against them. What shall they do? It seems to me that first they should remain apart from the machinery of life, refusing to be busy with it. And second they should with very steady eyes survey the goods which life affords, should try to see what life may be in terms of its experiences, should make a list of books, and trees, and songs, and friends, and games, and arguments, and all the other splendid things that men can use. And third they should be sensitive themselves, discerning what is fine and true and generous and permanent, and cutting it off with sharp, clear-cut avoidance from the vulgar, false, selfish, and transitory things that cheapen life. And finally, having some taste and insight, they should teach them to their pupils, in whatever ways teaching may be done.

There is no one in all our social scheme more ambitious

than is the teacher. He is making the mind of his pupil so that it may be fitted to the world in which he lives. Knowledge and skill must be developed for the making of wealth; wisdom and fairness must be established for the distributing and sharing of wealth. But above all, and as the end of all, taste and sensitiveness and fineness and intensity of appreciation must be built up, so that our wealth may be worth giving and worth having.

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2. Help him to find the keenest joy in the world – the thrill of learning and joy of scholarship.
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AMERICA AS AN EDUCATIONAL MOTIVE[1]

BY JAY WILLIAM HUDSON

FOR some time there have been leaders in education who have been well aware that the American college has not been fulfilling adequately its unwritten contract with society and the state. The result has been the proposal of educational aims intended to connect college education in some vital way with the social order. Education is to embrace not merely ideas, but ideals; not only subjects, but objects as well.

The proposed ideals are surprisingly various, and even conflicting. No one of them has gained both general and exclusive recognition; and some of those that have been most popular have not been effective, save as rhetorical shibboleths. There is a plenitude of educational purposes; but when was discussion concerning college education so bewildered with the lack of a common standard? When so tentative, so harassed with a multitude of conflicting theories? Everyone connects education with the social order in his own way; and this way is quite likely to be different from everybody else's way. Worst of all, it is likely to be vague. Education is learning to think; no, it is learning to do; not at all, it is for the training of citizens; but stop — it is for vocational efficiency; on the contrary, it is for liberal culture; ah, but do not forget

[1] From *The College and New America,* by Jay William Hudson. Copyright, 1920, by D. Appleton and Company. Reprinted by arrangement with the publishers.

that it is for moral self-realization — it is education for character that we want; no, it is for successful adaptation to the human environment of one's time; or, it is for social service. Its fundamental content is science; on the contrary, it is the humanities; no, the content is not the main thing at all, it is the discipline that counts; but discipline is a mistake, one can educate for concrete living only through the play of free interests, so what we need is freedom of election; no, we need more rigidly prescribed curricula. Education is for the few, anyway; what! education is for all; it is the spiritual expression, the guarantee and triumph of democracy!

These conflicts of theory are encouraging signs. For it is through such conflicts that a new motive must be formulated. None of these ideals may be efficient; but their mere existence signifies a strenuous idealism. This new idealism is the biggest thing in education to-day. The important thing is that there is an unprecedented search for the unacademic and true purpose of the college. We may still be idealists without a common ideal, but the significant fact is that we do inexorably demand it, and are conscious that education cannot intelligently proceed without it. Moreover, it is a critical idealism. The ideals of yesterday's education were largely traditional and unquestioned; they just grew. To-day, they must meet the challenge of a new self-conscious reason, clarified by the vantage-points of an insistent social reconstruction.

No one of these newer ideals has yet gained general and exclusive recognition over the traditional and tacitly understood ideal of scholarship. Still, one ideal has succeeded far beyond all others, and threatens to submerge the rest — the persistent and uncompromising ideal of vocational efficiency. This ideal has resolutely invaded the college, until its function has tended more and more to

be narrowed to that of preparing the student for his later technical specialization in a professional school. This means that when college education is not regarded from the standpoint of the academic, it is likely to be regarded from the standpoint of the vocational. If the choice were merely between liberal scholarship and vocational training, then this latter ideal might be the finally right one; it at least does connect education with some of life's most insistent values and obligations. But is our obligation to the social order chiefly or solely found within our vocations as doctors, or lawyers, or engineers? There are many who will say so; or will say that any other ideal is so vague as to be of no educational value. Such would transform the college of arts into little more than a prevocational school, with curricula adapted to just this purpose.

But we were men before we were engineers or lawyers, and ought to be men afterwards. We are of particular guilds; but we belong to a bigger thing than that, the only thing that makes any guild worth while. There is still a vocation above all vocations — or is this only one of those glamorous generalities that awake the academic mind's disdain? If so, the social order, in any real sense, is a shadow; obligations to it a myth; and truth the one thing that has no morals — save the bloodless morals of technical success. The vocational ideal is an excellent ideal — for the vocational school. It is not to be the supreme motive of the college, or of the university as a whole. The purpose of the college must be coincident with whatever is the supreme moral obligation of the age. It will be a wider and a deeper thing than scholarship on the one hand, or technical efficiency on the other; although it will demand both of these with all its soul.

To say that education must connect itself with the so-

cial order in general, and with the American social order in particular, through some bigger way than through training in the various vocations, is futile, unless we make our working conception of this social order exceedingly definite. The advantage of the vocational ideal, and one of the chief reasons for its vogue, is that it is at least specific — it is not a vapid generality. It means a definite purpose, to be attained by definite methods. The same cannot be said of any other social purpose yet proposed.

Yet, what we call the American social order is surely a definitely concrete social order — the social order that is here and now, uniquely organized, with its own intimate past and its own specific future, with exceedingly definite concrete problems and ideals. The maintenance of a very definite American order was the real motive of the American people in establishing education in the first place — not the motive of scholarship; not the vocational motive. Our whole common school movement arose for one central purpose — to serve a nation; to maintain the institutions of our democracy. Typical of the thought of the early advocates of American education are the words of Webster, " On the diffusion of education among the people rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions." In terms of this ideal is our recognition of a governmental responsibility for education, expressed in the constitutional provisions of the states; in our taxation for education; in our compulsory laws; in our national appropriations and land grants; and in the establishment and maintenance of our national Bureau of Education. Nor may it be claimed that this motive of obligation to the social order applies only to the elementary school, not to the high school and the college. In general, higher education in America is the inevitable, although scarcely calculated result of the momentum of the common school

movement. The belief in higher education is a corollary of the belief in education for a definite sort of civilization, coupled with the characteristically American demand for the best.

The initial motive of the American people in conceiving their well-known passion for education was right. *The aim of American education is to produce a definite American social order, in relation to a definite world-order.* But why, then, has not this initial purpose continued regnant? Why has it been abandoned gradually, almost insensibly, until it has become little more than a rhetorical flourish?

For the simple and sufficient reason that the conception of the American social order has been too nebulous, too vague, to be educationally efficient. It could hardly be otherwise. A well-defined national consciousness does not realize itself in a day.

But the time has come when a new national consciousness is both possible and necessary. It must be new in two senses: it must be critically defined; and it must be realized as a supreme obligation — a national consciousness, which is an ethical consciousness as well. For the aim of education is not merely to continue a social order, but to mold it; not merely to adapt the individual to it, but to train the individual to change both the social order and himself to the ideal of what the social order is not, but ought to be. The national consciousness is not to be static; it is to be dynamic. We need not only American ideas, but American *ideals*. And we have such ideals. It is characteristic of us Americans to think of ourselves in terms of the future. Our well-known optimistic temper bespeaks a firm faith in that future. We are a nation of idealists. And our ideal is made up of that complex of social and political institutions which can be characterized as "the American social order as we intend to make

it," in spite of the fact that many of us Americans are so careless in our optimism as to let the future take care of itself.

It is to this ideal that the college owes its first obligation. This America of ours is not made yet. The supreme business of the college is to create its fashioners. Educational monasticism is to give way to educational statesmanship.

Now, this ideal may be said to be vague. But it is not too vague for legislation to take place in terms of it every year; for policies of state-craft to flourish or fall by its judgments; for wide-spread and significant discussions of every conceivable social problem to proceed under the compelling power of its purpose and hope, and to be decided in its name. Strange if the social scientist could not define this American social order, when he is so fairly adept in defining the genius of Dante's Italy or of Elizabeth's England, which genius was a social tendency, unconsciously become a social purpose, pervading and molding a civilization. We have no hesitation in saying that there is such a thing as a characteristically Greek view of life, a Greek art, a Greek society, a Greek religion; and a Greek ideal pervading every one of these. If Greece had possessed a system of education that knew exactly what it was about, it would have discovered this ideal, and turned all education to its account. This is precisely what the two greatest Greeks, Plato and Aristotle, thought should be done. Well, just so, there is such a thing as an American view of life, and of American society, and of American literature, and the rest, in various degrees of accomplishment; and an American ideal pervading all these. And when college educators know exactly what they are about, they shall have discovered this ideal and turned our American education to its service.

But, one may answer, we have time's good perspective with which to evaluate those civilizations so "far away and long ago." It is perilous to attempt to estimate one's own age and one's own country. Is it? We do it anyway, and act every day upon the evaluation. The World War did not find us Americans entirely wanting in the consciousness of exceedingly definite and exacting ideals — ideals not only political, but social, industrial, cultural, moral, and even religious. When fighting Germany, we were confident of a very definite American social order as it is and as it shall be. Indeed, we told our youth to die for it — it was definite enough for that! Then why not definite enough for our youth to live for it, and so be educated for it? In preparing its soldiers for the war, our government went so far as to plan a War Aims Course for the thousands of members of the Student Army Training Corps, in attendance upon our colleges. It was specified that an important part of this course should be an exposition of the specific ideals pervading the various nations at war; including, with natural emphasis, our own country. The assumption was that we were fighting for worthy American ideals; that they could be ascertained; and that the soldier's heart and mind would be strengthened, even for the supreme sacrifice, by the knowledge. Was all this folly? If not, have these purposes of the American social order vanished with victory? Or, are they not needed now, more than ever before, to make sure the progress of those very institutions of civilization for which the war was fought and for which our soldiers died? Would it not be the supreme appeal if the American college could say to the young men who survive and enter its gates, "Your comrades died for a very definite and real thing called America; you and the youth of to-morrow are

to be educated for this same definite and real and priceless thing! "

This is no narrow conception of education. For, as will be shown, the American order and the world-order have common obligations in the larger terms of culture.

Our ideal is not living but doing.

"The American Scholar" - Emerson, our literary Declaration of Independence.

THE EXTIRPATION OF CULTURE[1]

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT is odd how words recur. There has been more talk about culture, among educated people in America, during the last months, than there had been for years. To be sure, the culture discussed since August, 1914, has been German Kultur; but that does not matter. We have actually been talking about culture once more; rehabilitating it, if only for the sake of denying that the Germans, by and large, have a monopoly of anything so good. To some of us, this recurrence of a word so long taboo is welcome — and as side-splittingly funny as it is welcome. For the fact is that for twenty years — ever since Matthew Arnold went out of fashion — to speak of culture has meant that one did not have it. The only people who have talked about it have been the people who have thought you could get it at chautauquas. To use the word damned you in the eyes of the knowing. Now I have always, privately and humbly, thought it a pity that so good a word should go out of the best vocabularies; for when you lose an abstract term, you are very apt to lose the thing it stands for. Indeed, it has seemed only too clear that we were doing all in our power to lose both the word and the thing. I fancy we ought to be grateful to the Germans for getting "culture" on to all the editorial pages of the country; though I admit it sometimes seems as if the Germans bore out the rule that only those people talk

[1] From *Modes and Morals*, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Copyright, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

about it who have it not. I should really like to make a plea for the temporary reversal of the rule. Indeed, I think we are getting to a point where we are so little "cultured" that we can really afford to talk about it. When the plutocrat goes bankrupt, he may once more, with decency, mention the prices of things. Culture has ceased to be a passionate American preoccupation. Perhaps we shall not offend modesty if we use the word once more.

Now there are some who, believing that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds, and that to-morrow is necessarily better than to-day, may think that if culture is a good thing we shall infallibly be found to have more of it than we had a generation since; and that if we can be shown not to have more of it, it can be shown not to be worth seeking. Having, myself, a congenital case of agoraphobia, I habitually say nothing to the professional optimists in the public square. The wilderness is a good place to cry in; the echoes are magnificent. So I shall not attempt to deprive any one of Candide's happy conviction. If any person is kind enough to listen, I will simply ask him to contemplate a few facts with me. No one will be too optimistic, I fancy, to grant that there are *proportionally* fewer Americans who care about culture — and who know the real thing when they see it — than there were one or two generations ago. Contact with "the best that has been thought and said in the world" is not desired by so large a proportion of the community as it was. That there are new and *parvenu* branches of learning, furiously followed, I, on my part, shall not attempt to deny. But culture is another matter. Perhaps the sociologists can show that this is a good thing. I do not ask any one to deplore anything. I only ask the well-disposed to examine the change that has come over the spirit of our American dream.

If I were asked to give, off hand, the causes of the gradual extirpation of culture among us, I should name the following:

1. The increased hold of the democratic fallacy on the public mind.
2. The influx of a racially and socially inferior population.
3. Materialism in all classes.
4. The idolatry of science.

Only one of these is purely intellectual; two might almost be called political. In point of fact, all four are interwoven.

I should be insultingly trite if I proceeded here to expound the fallacy of the historic statement that all men are born free and equal. We have all known for a long time that individual freedom and individual equality cannot coexist. I dare say no one since Thomas Jefferson (and may I express my doubts even of that inspired charlatan?) has really believed it. No one could believe it at the present day except the people who are flattered by it; and of people who are flattered by it, it is obviously not true. The democracy of the present day — like the aristocracy of another day — is fostered by the people whom it advantages; and the people whom it advantages are adding themselves, at the rate of a million a year, to our census lists. When even democracy has to reckon with the fact that its premises are all wrong, and that men are not born equal — that hierarchies are inherent in human kind regardless of birth or opportunity — it proceeds to do its utmost to equalize artificially; it becomes Procrustes. But will any one contend that Procrustes left people free?

Now, what has this to do with culture? Simply this: that culture is not a democratic achievement, because cul-

ture is inherently snobbish. Contact with "the best that has been thought and said in the world" makes people intellectually exclusive, and makes them draw distinctions. Those distinctions, seriously speaking, are not founded on social origins or great possessions; they are founded on states of mind. So long as democracy is simply a political matter, culture is left free to select its groups and proclaim its hierarchies. But it is characteristic of our democracy that political equality has not sufficed to it; the "I am as good as you are" formula has been flung out to every horizon. The people with whom it has become a mania insist that their equality with every one else in their range of vision is a moral, an intellectual, a social, as well as a political, equality. Let that formula prevail, and culture, with its eternal distinction-drawing, will naturally die. For contact with the best that has been thought and said in the world induces a mighty humility — and a mighty scorn of those who do not know enough to be humble before the Masters. They are an impersonal humility and an impersonal scorn — attitudes of the mind, both, not of the heart. But humility and scorn are both ruled, theoretically, out of the democratic court.

The pure-bred American once cared for culture, and no longer — to the same extent, at least — does. If any one asks why America (I use the word loosely, as meaning our United States), having always, since the Revolution, been a democracy, can have cared for so undemocratic a thing, the answer is simple. The democracy of our forefathers was a purely pragmatic affair. The Declaration of Independence was framed by men living in a world where it was almost true enough to be workable. Roughly speaking, in pioneer and colonial days — wherever and whoever the pioneers and colonists may be — the community is a democracy because it is an aristocracy. In those

grimmer worlds, the fittest do survive because there is no incubator process to keep the feeble going. A pioneer and colonial group, moreover, is apt to be like-minded; people do not exile themselves in each other's company unless they want the same things. Minor differences of opinion are swallowed up in like major needs: you form coalition governments against savages and famine or a specially detested tyranny. In the modern "I am as good as you are" sense, our ancestors were not democratic at all. They were democratic for their own special group, and a pragmatic truth misled them — as, because we admire them, we are permitting it to mislead us. They were Brahminical in their attitude to learning; they thought it supremely valuable, and they did not believe in — no Brahmin wants to believe in — a royal road to it, any more than they believed in a royal road to the salvation of the soul. They believed in intellectual, as much as they did in spiritual, election; and they certainly did not think that politics could influence either. Up to the last generation or two, they looked upon the cultured man as a peculiarly favored person; and because culture (unlike beauty, let us say) depended to some extent on the effort of the individual, they thought it fit to mention.

Now there is this about a pragmatic truth: like any other invention of the devil, it smooths the road for the lazy. If it did not smooth the road, it would not be, by pragmatic definition, truth. And the great bulk of us have found the "free and equal" statement such a help that, though we cannot pretend for a moment that it is true, we stick to it. The schoolboy sticks to it because it greases his oratory; the politician sticks to it because it is his only apology. And, just as you cannot suppress a word without eventually suppressing the thing it stands for, so you cannot utter a statement forever without im-

bibing some of its poison. Even as our reasonable national pride turned into the spread-eagleism that Dickens and Mrs. Trollope caricatured, so the "free and equal" shibboleth turned into the "I am as good as you are" formula. Why trouble about anything, if you were already lord of the world? At first, it was Europe we defied. What were the ancient oligarchies, to impose on us their standards, intellectual, social, or moral? We set up our own standards, because we were as good as any one else — and also because it was a little easier.

Let me say before going further, that I am not blaming the lower classes alone for the extirpation of culture among us. The upper classes are equally responsible — if, indeed, not even more to blame. We have become materialistic: our very virtues are more materialistic than they were. It is forgivable in the poor man to be materialistic; for unless he has bread to keep his body alive, he will presently have no soul to cherish. Materialism is less pardonable in the man who always knows where his next meal is coming from. He, if you like, does have time to worry about his soul. None the less, he worries about it very little. There used to be a good deal of fun poked at settlement-workers who tried to read Dante and Shakespeare to slum-dwellers. I am not sure that those misguided youths and maidens who first carried Dante and Shakespeare into the slums were not right as to substance, however wrong they were as to sequence. The only morally decent excuse for wanting to have a little more money than you actually need to feed and clothe your family is your ambition to have a little mental energy to spend on things not of the body. The ultimate tragedy of the slums is that, in slum conditions, one can scarcely think, from birth to death, of anything but the body. The upper-class people who think of pleasing their palates in-

stead of relieving hunger, of being in the fashion instead of covering their nakedness, are no more civilized than the slum-dwellers. They are apt, it is true, to become more so; for it is a strange fact that a family can seldom be rich through several generations without discovering some æsthetic truths. And æsthetic truths lead to moral perceptions. You cannot with impunity fill your ears with good music, your eyes with good painting and sculpture and architecture. Something happens to you, after a time, no matter how vulgar you may be. But wealth is very fluctuating in our country; and several generations of it are not often seen. The people who are now rich are generally people whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers were fighting for sheer existence. So we have the spectacle of the dominant plutocrats (no one will deny that plutocracy is the order of the day, both here and in Europe) either mindful themselves of the struggle for existence, or in a state of having only just forgotten it. They are not going to push their children into a race for intangible goods. And the more we recruit from immigrants who bring no personal traditions with them, the more America is going to ignore the things of the spirit. No one whose consuming desire is either for food or for motor-cars is going to care about culture, or even know what it is. And it is another misfortune of our over-quickened social evolution that the middle classes do not stay middle-class. They climb to wealth, or sink to indigence. Neither that quick rise nor that quick fall is a period in which to cherish their own or their children's intellects.

Both from above and from below, then, our colleges and schools have felt the hostile pressure. Colleges are, on the one hand, jeered at for doing their business badly, and, on the other, accused of being too difficult. We are always hearing that college is of no earthly use to a man

except as he learns there to rub up against other men. We are always hearing, also, that the college curriculum is a cruel strain on the average boy or girl. On one score or another, the colleges are always being attacked; and the attack usually includes the hint that the real test of a "college education" is not the intrinsic value, but its success or failure in preparing the youth for something that has nothing to do with learning. Will it be of social or financial use to him? If not, why make sacrifices to get it? Far be it from me to assert that the intellectual flame never burns in the breast of collegiate youth! But I do believe it provable that there is far less tendency to regard learning as a good in itself, and far more tendency to cheat scholarship, if possible, in the interest of some other things held good, than there was two generations ago. Ignorance of what real learning is, and a consequent suspicion of it; materialism, and a consequent intellectual laxity — both of these have done destructive work in the colleges.

The education of younger children is in like case. We put them into kindergartens where their reasoning powers are ruined; or, if we can afford it, we buy Montessori outfits that were invented for semi-imbeciles in Italian slums; or we send them to outdoor schools and give them prizes for sleeping. Every one knows what a fight the old universities have had to keep their entrance requirements at all. With the great new army of state universities admitting students from the public schools without examination, because they themselves are part of the big public-school system, how can it be otherwise?

Now the patriotic American may see — and rightly enough — in the public-school system which includes a college training, a relic of the desperate desire of our forefathers that education, as major good, should be within

the reach of all and sundry. But even the patriotic American must see another impulse at work: the impulse to put the college intellectually, as well as financially, within the reach of all. The colleges must not set up standards for themselves that the average boy or girl, from the ordinary school, cannot reach without difficulty, because that is undemocratic.

Now I know as well as other people that it is positively harder to get into our old universities to-day than it was in our fathers' day. But granted the enormously increased facilities for preparation all over the land, it is not relatively anything like so hard. Certainly, once in, it is possible to get through the college course with less work than ever before. In the first place, there is a much wider choice of subjects on which a boy can get his degree: his tastes are consulted as they never used to be. If he does not want to endure the discipline of Greek, he can get an A.B. at every college in the country — except Princeton — without knowing a word of Greek. Even at Princeton, he can take a Litt.B. and let Greek forever alone.[1] He can study sociology, or Spanish, or physical culture, or nearly anything he likes. I have even heard that in one of our state universities there is a department of hat-trimming, which contributes its quota to the courses for a (presumably feminine) academic degree.

It may be objected at this point that the fluctuations of colleges have nothing to do with our standards of culture. I think they have, a great deal. No one will deny that culture can be got elsewhere, or that colleges do not suffice

[1] I have been told, since writing this essay, that the University of Chicago demands a modicum of Greek for the A.B. degree. The Catholic University does the same. And it is only fair to say, also, that since this essay was written, Princeton has abdicated her well-nigh unique position. It will hereafter be possible to acquire the Princeton A.B. without knowing *alpha* from *omega*.

in themselves to give it. But if colleges do not consider themselves custodians of culture, warders and cherishers of the flame, they have no reason for existence. It is a platitude that business men consider college a worthless preparation for business life — save as a young man may have laid up there treasure for himself in the shape of valuable "connections." Even the conception of college as a four years' paradise intervening before the hell of an active struggle for existence, does not touch upon the original reason for universities' being at all. Universities were invented for the sake of bringing their fortunate students into contact with the precious lore of the world, there garnered and kept pure. There was no idea on the part of their founders that every one would or could partake of academic benefits. The social scheme would not originally have allowed that; still less would the conception of the public intellect have admitted the notion. Every one was not supposed to be congenitally qualified for intimacy with the best that has been thought and said in the world. They had no notion, until very recently, of so changing the terms of that intimacy that every one might think he could have it. Learning, culture, were not to be adulterated so that any mental digestive process whatsoever could take them in.

But now, in America, there is a tendency that way. If a boy does not feel a pre-established harmony between his soul and the humanities, then give him an academic degree on something with which his soul will be in pre-established harmony. And if there is no pre-established harmony between his soul and the form of learning, then create institutions that will give him a degree with no learning to speak of at all. I do not mean to deny that many of our virtually valueless colleges were founded in the pathetic inherited conviction that learning and culture

were too great goods not to be accessible to all who cared passionately for them. But I do believe that the reverence for learning and culture has been largely replaced by a conviction that anything which has so great a reputation as a college degree must be put within the reach of all, even at the risk of making its reputation a farce. The privileged have been unwilling that their children should be made to work; the unprivileged have been unwilling that their children should see anything of good repute, anything with a prestige value, denied to them. We have all demanded a royal road to a thing to which there is no royal road. The expensive schools lead their pupils from kindergarten to nature-study and eurythmics, with basket-work and gymnastics thrown in; the public schools follow them as closely as they can. Of real training of the mind there is very little in any school. The rich do not want their children overworked; the poor want a practical result for their children's fantastically long school hours. So domestic science comes in for girls, and carpentering for boys. Anything to make it easy, on the one hand; anything to make a universal standard possible, on the other.

Take one example only: the attitude towards Greek. There are two arguments against teaching our children Greek: one, that it is too hard; the other, that it is useless. The mere fact that public opinion has drummed Greek out of court as an inevitable part of a college curriculum shows that these arguments have been potent. No person who could be influenced by either has the remotest conception of the meaning or the value of culture. Culture has never renounced a thing because it was difficult, or because it did not help people to make money. And the mere fact that Greek is no longer supposed by the vast majority of parents to be of any "use" — even as

a matter of reputation — to their sons, shows that the old standards of culture have changed. The larger number of our public schools no longer teach Greek at all; a great many private schools have to make special arrangements for pupils who wish to study it. And the attitude towards Greek is only a sign of our democratic, materialistic times.

Now I have done with the colleges. I have dealt with them at all only by way of hinting that they have been so democratized that culture means, even to its avowed exponents, something different from what it has ever meant before. May I speak for one moment explicitly of the public schools? For we must trace all this back to the source — must begin with the ostensible homes of "culture" and follow up the stream to the latent public consciousness. Each class that comes into college has read fewer and fewer of what are called the classics of English literature. An astonishing number of boys and girls have read nothing worth reading except the books that are in the entrance requirements. An increasing proportion of the sons and daughters of the prosperous are positively illiterate at college age. They cannot spell; they cannot express themselves grammatically; and they are inclined to think that it does not matter. General laxity, and the adoption of educational fads which play havoc with real education, are largely responsible. In the less fortunate classes, the fact seems to be that the public schools are so swamped by foreigners that all the teachers can manage to do is to teach the pupils a little workable English. Needless to say, the profession of the public-school teacher has become less and less tempting to people who are really fit for it.

It is not only in the great cities that the immigrant population swamps the schoolroom. An educated woman told me, not long since, that there was no school in the place

where she lived — one of our oldest New England towns — to which she could send her boy. The town could not support a private school for young children; and the public school was out of the question. I had been brought up to believe that public schools in old New England towns were very decent places; and I asked her why. The answer made it clear. Three-fourths of the school-children were Lithuanians, and a decently bred American child could simply learn nothing in their classes. They had to be taught English, first of all; they approached even the most elementary subjects very slowly; and — natural corollary — the teachers themselves were virtually illiterate. Therefore she was teaching her boy at home until he could go to a preparatory school. Fortunately, she was capable of doing it; but there are many mothers who cannot ground their children in the languages and sciences. A woman who could not would have had to watch her child acquiring a Lithuanian accent and the locutions of the slum.

An isolated case is never worth much. But one has only to consider conditions at large to see that this has everything to make it typical. One has only to look at any official record of immigration, any chart of distribution of population by races, to see how the old American stock is being numerically submerged. If you do not wish to look at anything so dull as statistics, look at the comic papers. A fact does not become a stock joke until it is pretty well visible to the average man. Our forefathers cared immensely for education; they felt themselves humble before learning; and their schools followed, soon and sacredly, upon their churches. They stood in awe of the real thing; and they had no illusions as to the ease of the scholar's path. They legislated for their schools solemnly, and if not with complete wisdom, always at least with accurate ideals. Educational (like all other) legis-

lation nowadays is largely in the hands of illiterate people, and the illiterate will take good care that their illiteracy is not made a reproach to them. If any one chooses to say that culture must always be in the hands of an oligarchy, and that the oligarchy has not been touched, I will only ask him to consider the pupils and the teaching in most private schools. In the end, prestige values are going to tell; and the vast bulk of our population will see to it that the prestige values are not absolutely unattainable to them. The great fortunes have made their way to the top — yes, really to the top. In many cases there has been time for a quick veneer of grammar to be laid over their original English. In many cases there has not; and no one cares. The custodians of culture cannot afford to care; for their custody must either be endowed or be forsaken.

Oh, yes, there are a few Brahmins left; but one has only to look at the marriages of any given season to see what is becoming of the purity of the Brahmin caste. The Brahmins themselves are beginning to see that they are lost unless they compound with the materialists, and make or marry money — or increase, by aid of the materialists, what they have inherited. In what New England village, now, is the minister or the scholar looked up to as a fount of municipal wisdom because he is a learned man? Is he a "good mixer"? That is what they ask: I have heard them. Once it was possible in America for a poor man to hope to gain for his children, if they deserved it, the life of the intellect and of the spirit. Now it no longer is; for the poor themselves have defiled the fount. They are a different kind of poor, that is all; and they have become an active and discontented majority, with hands that pick and steal. When they no longer need to pick and steal, they carry their infection higher and

give it as a free gift. And they have been aided by the Brahmins themselves; who, having dabbled in sociology *pour se désœuvrer,* and then for charity's sake, are now finding that sociology is a grim matter of life and death, and endow chairs of self-preservation. But self-preservation is not culture and never will be; and no study of the manners and customs of savages or slums can call itself "contact with the best that has been thought and said in the world."

We owe, too, I think, a great deal of our cultural deterioration (which I admit is a villainous phrase) to science. Science has come in with a rush, and is at present — why deny it? — on top. "Scientific" is a word to charm with, even though it has already had time to be degraded. If Mrs. Eddy had called her bargain-counter Orientalism anything but "science," would she have drawn so many followers? Science has done great things for us; it has also pushed us hopelessly back. For, not content with filling its own place, it has tried to supersede everything else. It has challenged the super-eminence of religion; it has turned all philosophy out of doors except that which clings to its skirts; it has thrown contempt on all learning that does not depend on it; and it has bribed the sceptics by giving us immense material comforts. To the plea, "Men shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God," it has retorted that no word proceeds authentically out of the mouth of God save what it has issued in its own translations. It is more rigorous and more exclusive than the Index of the Roman Church. The Inquisition never did anything so oppressive as to put all men, innocent or guilty, into a laboratory. Science cares supremely for physical things. If it restricted itself to the physical world, it would be tolerable: we could shut ourselves away

with our souls in peace. But it must control the soul as well as the body: it insists on reducing all emotions, however miraculous and dear, to a question of nerve-centers. There has never been tyranny like this.

Now I do not mean to say that all scientists despise culture. That would be silly and untrue. But the "scientific" obsession has changed all rankings in the intellectual world. The insidiousness of science lies in its claim to be not a subject, but a method. You could ignore a subject: no subject is all-inclusive. But a method can plausibly be applied to anything within the field of consciousness. Small wonder that the study of literature turns into philology, the study of history into archæology, and the study of morals and æsthetics into physical psychology. With the finer appeals of philosophy and poetry and painting and natural beauty, science need not meddle; because about their direct effect on the thought and wills of men it can say nothing valuable. You cannot determine the value of a Velasquez by putting your finger on the pulse of the man who is looking at it; or the value of Amiens Cathedral by registering the vibration of his internal muscles; or of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado by declaring that all perception of beauty is a function of sex. Nor does it matter very much, at the moment, to the enraptured reader or observer that such and such a work of art was the logical result of a given set of conditions. The point is that it is there; and that it works potently upon us in ways which we can scarce phrase. Culture puts us disinterestedly in communication with the distilled and sifted lore of the world. Science is in comparison a prejudiced affair — prejudiced because it seeks always to bring things back to literal and physical explanations. Far be it from me to deny that geology, biology, physics, have given us unapprehended vistas down which to stray — only, strictly

speaking, it forbids the straying. The moment the layman's imagination begins to profit, begins to get real exhilaration from scientific discoveries, it contributes something unwelcome to science. Science has its own stern value; in the end we are all profoundly affected by its gains in the field of fact. One's quarrel is not with science as such, but with science as demanding an intellectual and spiritual hegemony. With nothing less than hegemony, however, will science be content.

Now if it is not yet clear what effect all this must have on culture, a few words may make it clearer. The great danger of the scientific obsession is not the destruction of all things that are not science, but the slow infection of those things. If the laboratory is your real test, then most philosophies and all art are no good. The scientists are not good philosophers, and they are not good artists; and if science is to rule everywhere, we must shelve philosophy and art, or else take them into the laboratory. I need not point out what has become of literature under a scientific régime. We all know the hopeless fiction that is created by the scientific method; fiction that banks on its anecdotal accuracy and has in it no spiritual truth. Literature is simply a different game: you do not get the greatest literary truth by the laboratory method. Art is not reducible to science, because science takes no account of the special truth which is beauty, of the special truth which is moral imagination.

It is not only by the laboratory method that our fiction has been ruined: a great many of our writers of fiction are not up to the laboratory method. But all our fiction has been harmed by the prevalent idea that no fiction is any good which is not done according to the laboratory method, and that even fiction which attempts that method is of little value in comparison with a card-catalogue.

There were some snobs who were not affected by the democratic fallacy; but even the snobs have been affected by scientific scorn.

I may have seemed to be showing rather the reasons for the extirpation of culture among us than the fact of the extirpation. Perhaps that is not the best way to go to work. But the actual evidence is so multitudinously at hand that it was hardly worth while beginning with solemn proofs of the fact. In all branches of art and learning we have a cult of the modern. Modern languages rank Latin and Greek in our schools and colleges; practical and "vocational" training is displacing the rudiments of learning in all of our public and many of our private institutions for the teaching of the young; the books admitted to the lists of "literature" include many that never have been and never will be literature. I found, a few years ago, the following books on a list from which students of English were allowed to choose their reading for the course — this, in one of the old and respectable high schools of Massachusetts, not twenty miles from Boston: *Soldiers of Fortune, Pushing to the Front, Greifenstein, Doctor Latimer, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Honorable Peter Stirling, The First Violin,* and "any of the works of Stewart Edward White." These, and many others, may be, in their way, good reading, but there is no excuse for offering them to the young student of English as examples of "literature."

Standards of beauty and truth are no longer rigidly held up. In philosophy we have produced pragmatism; in art we have produced futurism — and what not, since then? — in literature we have produced the pathologic and the economic novel, and no poetry worth speaking of. The "grand style" has gone out; and the classics are back numbers. Our children do not even speak good English;

and no one minds. They cannot be bored with Scott and Dickens; they cannot be bored with poetry at all. And why should they, when their fathers and mothers are reading *Laddie* and *The Sick-a-Bed Lady,* and their clergymen are preaching about *The Inside of the Cup* — or the latest work dealing with the slums by some one who was slum-born and slum-bred and is proud of it? You can be slum-born and slum-bred and still achieve something worth while; but it is a stupid inverted snobbishness to be proud of it. If one had a right to be proud of anything, it would be of a continued decent tradition back of one. The cultured person must have put in a great many years with nothing to show for it; his parents have usually put in a great many years for him, for which they have nothing to show. There is nothing to show, until you get the complex result of the disciplined and finished creature. "Culture" means a long receptivity to things of the mind and the spirit. There is no money in it; there is nothing striking in it; there is in it no flattery of our own time, or of the majority.

Ours is a commercial age, in which most people are bent on getting money. That is a platitude. It is also, intellectually speaking, a materialistic age, when most of our intellectual power is given either to prophylaxis, or to industrial chemistry, or to the invention of physical conveniences — all ultimately concerned with the body. Even the philanthropists deal with the soul through the body, and Christianity has long since become "muscular." How, in such an age, can culture flourish — culture, which cares even more about the spirit than about the flesh? It was pointed out not long ago, in an *Atlantic* article, that many of our greatest minds have dwelt in bodies that our eugenists would have legislated out of existence. Many of the greatest saints found sainthood precisely in denying the

power of the ailing flesh to restrict the soul. There is more in the great mystics than psychiatry will ever account for. But science, in spite of its vistas, is short-sighted. It talks in æons, but keeps it eye well screwed to the microscope. The geologic ages are dealt with by pick and hammer and reduced to slides, and the lore of the stars has become a pure matter of mathematical formulae. Human welfare is a question of microbes. Neither pundit nor populace cares, at the present day, for perspectives. The past is discredited because it is not modern. Not to be modern is the great sin.

So, perhaps, it is. But every one has, in his day, been modern. And surely even modernity is a poor thing beside immortality. Since we must all die, is it not perhaps better to be a dead lion than a living dog? And is it not a crime against human nature to consider negligible " the best that has been thought and said in the world " ? It is only by considering it negligible that we can consent to let ourselves be overrun by the hordes of ignorance and materialism — the people (God save the mark!) of to-morrow. Let us stand, if we must, on practical grounds: the bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. As if our only guaranty that to-morrow would be tolerable were not precisely that it is sprung from a past that we know to have been, at many points, noble! It is pathetic to see people refusing to learn the lessons of history; it is a waste that no efficiency expert ought to permit. All learning is a textbook which would save much time to him who works for the perfection of the world. But I begin to think that our age does not really care about perfection; and that it would rather make a thousand-year-old mistake than learn a remedy from history. So much the worse for to-morrow!

But meanwhile let us — those of us who can — see to

it that the preëminent brains of other ages shall not have passed away in vain. M. Anatole France, in *La Révolte des Anges,* has a good deal to say about the absurdity of a Jehovah who still believes in the Ptolemaïc system. Well, the Ptolemaïc system did not prevent the ancient world from giving us Greek theatres and Roman law, or England from giving us Magna Charta. We are still imitating Greek theatres (rather badly, I admit) in our stadia; Roman law is still, by and large, good enough for such an enlightened country as France; and Magna Charta — or its equivalent — had to be there before we could have a Declaration of Independence. Our superior scientific knowledge has not given us our standards of beauty or justice or liberty. Let us take what the present offers — airplanes and all. But let us not throw away what other men, in other ages, have died for the sake of discovering. If the lore of the past is useless, there is every chance — one must be very overweening indeed not to admit it — that the lore of our generation will be useless, too. Culture — whether you use the word itself or find another term — means only a decent economy of human experience. You cannot improve on things without keeping those things pretty steadily in mind. Otherwise you run the risk of wasting a lot of time doing something that has already been done. Any one, I think, will admit that. And it is not a far step to the realization that on the whole it is wise not to lose the past out of our minds. There is no glory in being wiser than the original savage; there is glory in being wiser than the original sage. But in order to be wiser than he, we must have a shrewd suspicion of how wise he was. By and large, without culture, that shrewd suspicion will never be ours.

AMERICAN EDUCATION AND CULTURE[1]

BY JOHN DEWEY

ONE can foretell the derision which will be awakened in certain quarters by a statement that the central theme of the current meeting of the National Educational Association is cultural education. What has culture to do with the quotidian tasks of millions of harassed pupils and teachers preoccupied with the routine of alphabetic combinations and figuring? What bond is there between culture and barren outlines of history and literature? So far the scene may be called pathetic rather than an occasion for satire. But one foresees the critics, the self-elected saving remnant passing on to indignant condemnation of the voluntary surrender of our educational system to utilitarian ends, its prostitution to the demands of the passing moment and the cry for the practical. Or possibly the selection of cultural education as a theme of discourse will be welcome as a sign of belated repentance, while superior critics sorrowingly wonder whether the return to the good old paths is sought out too late.

To those who are in closer contact with the opinions which hold conscious sway in the minds of the great mass of teachers and educational leaders there is something humorous in the assumption that they are given over

[1] From the *New Republic*, July 1, 1916. Reprinted by permission of the *New Republic* and Professor John Dewey.

to the worship of the vocational and industrial. The annual pilgrimage of the teachers of the country to European cathedral and art gallery is the authentic indication of the conscious estimate of the older ideal of culture. Nothing gets a hand so quickly in any gathering of teachers as precisely the sort of talk in which the critics engage. The shibboleths and the sentimentalities are held in common by critic and the workers criticized. "Culture and discipline" serve as emblems of a superiority hoped for or attained, and as catchwords to save the trouble of personal thought. Behind there appears a sense of some deficiency in our self-conscious devotion to retrospective culture. We protest too much. Our gestures betray the awkwardness of a pose maintained laboriously against odds. In contrast there is grace in the spontaneous uncouthness of barbarians whole-heartedly abandoned in their barbarism.

While the critics are all wrong about the conscious attitude and intent of those who manage our educational system, they are right about the powerful educational currents of the day. These cannot be called cultural — not when measured by any standard drawn from the past. For these standards concern the past — what *has* been said and thought — while what is alive and compelling in our education moves toward some undiscovered future. From this contrast between our conscious ideals and our tendencies in action spring our confuson and our blind uncertainties. We think we think one thing while our deeds require us to give attention to a radically different set of considerations. This intellectual constraint is the real foe to our culture. The beginning of culture would be to cease plaintive eulogies of a past culture, eulogies which carry only a few yards before they are drowned in the noise of the day, and essay an imaginative insight into the possibilities of what is going on assuredly although so blindly and crudely.

The disparity between actual tendency and backward-looking loyalty carries within itself the whole issue of cultural education. Measured in other terms than that of some as yet unachieved possibility of just the forces from which sequestered culture shrinks in horror, the cause of culture is doomed so far as public education is concerned. Indeed, it hardly exists anywhere outside the pages of Mr. Paul Elmer More, and his heirs and assigns. The serious question is whether we may assist the vital forces into new forms of thought and sensation. It would be cruel were it not so impotent to assess stumbling educational efforts of the day by ideas of archaic origin when the need is for an idealized interpretation of facts which will reveal mind in those concerns which the older culture thought of as purely material, and perceive human and moral issues in what seem to be the purely physical forces of industry.

The beginning of a culture stripped of egotistic illusions is the perception that we have as yet no culture: that our culture is something to achieve, to create. This perception gives the national assembly of teachers representative dignity. Our school men and women are seen as adventuring for that which is not but which may be brought to be. They are not in fact engaged in protecting a secluded culture against the fierce forays of materialistic and utilitarian America. They are, so far as they are not rehearsing phrases whose meaning is forgot, endeavoring to turn these very forces into thought and sentiment. The enterprise is of heroic dimensions. To set up as a protector of a shrinking classicism requires only the accidents of a learned education, the possession of leisure and a reasonably apt memory for some phrases, and a facile pen for others. To transmute a society built on an industry which is not yet humanized into a society which wields its knowledge

and its industrial power in behalf of a democratic culture requires the courage of an inspired imagination.

I am one of those who think that the only test and justification of any form of political and economic society is its contribution to art and science — to what may roundly be called culture. That America has not yet so justified itself is too obvious for even lament. The explanation that the physical conquest of a continent had first to be completed is an inversion. To settle a continent is to put it in order, and this is a work which comes after, not before, great intelligence and great art. The accomplishment of the justification is then hugely difficult. For it means nothing less than the discovery and application of a method of subduing and settling nature in the interests of a democracy, that is to say of masses who shall form a community of directed thought and emotion in spite of being the masses. That this has not yet been effected goes without saying. It has never even been attempted before. Hence the puny irrelevancy that measures our strivings with yard sticks handed down from class cultures of the past.

That the achievement is immensely difficult means that it may fail. There is no inevitable predestined success. But the failure, if it comes, will be the theme of tragedy and not of complacent lamentation nor wilful satire. For while success is not predestined, there are forces at work which are like destiny in their independence of conscious choice or wish. Not conscious intent, either perverse or wise, is forcing the realistic, the practical, the industrial, into education. Not conscious deliberation causes college presidents who devote commencement day to singing the praises of pure culture to spend their working days in arranging for technical and professional schools. It is not conscious preference which leads school superintendents

who deliver orations at teachers' meetings upon the blessings of old-fashioned discipline and culture to demand from their boards new equipment, new courses and studies of a more "practical" and appealing kind. Political and economic forces quite beyond their control are compelling these things. And they will remain beyond the control of any of us save as men honestly face the actualities and busy themselves with inquiring what education they impart and what culture may issue from *their* cultivation.

It is as elements in this heroic undertaking that current tendencies in American education can be appraised. Since we can neither beg nor borrow a culture without betraying both it and ourselves, nothing remains save to produce one. Those who are too feeble or too finicky to engage in the enterprise will continue their search for asylums and hospitals which they idealize into palaces. Others will either go their way till caught in the meshes of a mechanical industrialism, or will subdue the industrial machinery to human ends until the nation is endowed with soul.

Certain commonplaces must be reiterated till their import is acknowledged. The industrial revolution was born of the new science of nature. Any democracy which is more than an imitation of some archaic republican government must issue from the womb of our chaotic industrialism. Science makes democracy possible because it brings relief from depending upon massed human labor, because of the substitution it makes possible of inanimate forces for human muscular energy, and because of the resources for excess production and easy distribution which it effects. The old culture is doomed for us because it was built upon an alliance of political and spiritual powers, and equilibrium of governing and leisure classes, which no longer exists. Those who deplore the crudities and superficialities of thought and sensation which mark our day are rarely in-

human enough to wish the old régime back. They are merely unintelligent enough to want a result without the conditions which produced it, and in the face of conditions making the result no longer possible.

In short, our culture must be consonant with realistic science and with machine industry, instead of a refuge from them. And while there is no guaranty that an education which uses science and employs the controlled processes of industry as a regular part of its equipment will succeed, there is every assurance that an educational practice which sets science and industry in opposition to its ideal of culture will fail. Natural science has in its applications to economic production and exchange brought an industry and a society where quantity alone seems to count. It is for education to bring the light of science and the power of work to the aid of every soul that it may discover its quality. For in a spiritually democratic society every individual would realize distinction. Culture would then be for the first time in human history an individual achievement and not a class possession. An education fit for our ideal uses is a matter of actual forces not of opinions.

Our public education is the potential means for effecting the transfiguration of the mechanics of modern life into sentiment and imagination. We may, I repeat, never get beyond the mechanics. We may remain burly, merely vigorous, expending energy riotously in making money, seeking pleasure and winning temporary victories over one another. Even such an estate has a virility lacking to a culture whose method is reminiscence, and whose triumph is finding a place of refuge. But it is not enough to justify a democracy as against the best of past aristocracies even though return to them is forever impossible. To bring to the consciousness of the coming generation something of the

potential significance of the life of to-day, to transmute it from outward fact into intelligent perception, is the first step in the creation of a culture. The teachers who are facing this fact and who are trying to use the vital unspiritualized agencies of to-day as means of effecting the perception of a human meaning yet to be realized are sharing in the act of creation. To perpetuate in the name of culture the tradition of aloofness from realistic science and compelling industry is to give them free course in their most unenlightened form. Not chiding but the sympathy and direction of understanding is what the harsh utilitarian and prosaic tendencies of present education require.

OXFORD AS I SEE IT[1]

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

MY private station being that of a university professor, I was naturally deeply interested in the system of education in England. I was therefore led to make a special visit to Oxford and to submit the place to a searching scrutiny. Arriving one afternoon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre Hotel and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great university When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907 and spent a Sunday at All Souls with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

At any rate I can at least claim that my acquaintance with the British university is just as good a basis for reflection and judgment as that of the numerous English critics who come to our side of the water. I have known a famous English author to arrive at Harvard University in the morning, have lunch with President Lowell, and then write a whole chapter on the Excellence of Higher Education in America. I have known another one to come to Harvard, have lunch with President Lowell, and do an

[1] From *My Discovery of England,* by Stephen Leacock. Copyright, 1922, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

entire book on the Decline of Serious Study in America. Or take the case of my own university. I remember Mr. Rudyard Kipling coming to McGill and saying in his address to the undergraduates at 2.30 P.M., "You have here a great institution." But how could he have gathered this information? As far as I know he spent the entire morning with Sir Andrew Macphail in his house beside the campus, smoking cigarettes. When I add that he distinctly refused to visit the Palæontologic Museum, that he saw nothing of our new hydraulic apparatus, or of our classes in Domestic Science, his judgment that we had here a great institution seems a little bit superficial. I can only put beside it, to redeem it in some measure, the hasty and ill-formed judgment expressed by Lord Milner, "McGill is a noble university": and the rash and indiscreet expression of the Prince of Wales, when we gave him an LL.D. degree, "McGill has a glorious future."

To my mind these unthinking judgments about our great college do harm, and I determined, therefore, that anything that I said about Oxford should be the result of the actual observation and real study based upon a bona fide residence in the Mitre Hotel.

On the strength of this basis of experience I am prepared to make the following positive and emphatic statements. Oxford is a noble university. It has a great past. It is at present the greatest university in the world: and it is quite possible that it has a great future. Oxford trains scholars of the real type better than any other place in the world. Its methods are antiquated. It despises science. Its lectures are rotten. It has professors who never teach and students who never learn. It has no order, no arrangement, no system. Its curriculum is unintelligible. It has no president. It has no state legislature to tell it how to teach, and yet — it gets there. Whether we like it or not,

Oxford gives something to its students, a life and a mode of thought, which in America as yet we can emulate but not equal.

If anybody doubts this let him go and take a room at the Mitre Hotel (ten and six for a wainscoted bedroom, period of Charles I) and study the place for himself.

These singular results achieved at Oxford are all the more surprising when one considers the distressing conditions under which the students work. The lack of an adequate building fund compels them to go on working in the same old buildings which they have had for centuries. The buildings at Brasenose College have not been renewed since the year 1525. In New College and Magdalen the students are still housed in the old buildings erected in the sixteenth century. At Christ Church I was shown a kitchen which had been built at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey in 1527. Incredible though it may seem, they have no other place to cook in than this and are compelled to use it to-day. On the day when I saw this kitchen, four cooks were busy roasting an ox whole for the students' lunch: this at least is what I presumed they were doing from the size of the fire-place used, but it may not have been an ox; perhaps it was a cow. On a huge table, twelve feet by six and made of slabs of wood five inches thick, two other cooks were rolling out a game pie. I estimated it as measuring three feet across. In this rude way, unchanged since the time of Henry VIII, the unhappy Oxford students are fed. I could not help contrasting it with the cosy little boarding houses on Cottage Grove Avenue where I used to eat when I was a student at Chicago, or the charming little basement dining-rooms of the students' boarding houses in Toronto. But then, of course, Henry VIII never lived in Toronto.

The same lack of a building-fund necessitates the Ox-

ford students' living in the identical old boarding houses they had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Technically they are called "quadrangles," "closes" and "rooms"; but I am so broken in to the usage of my student days that I can't help calling them boarding houses. In many of these the old stairway has been worn down by the feet of ten generations of students: the windows have little latticed panes: there are old names carved here and there upon the stone, and a thick growth of ivy covers the walls. The boarding house at St. John's College dates from 1509, the one at Christ Church from the same period. A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to replace these old buildings with neat steel and brick structures like the normal school at Schenectady, N. Y., or the Peel Street High School at Montreal. But nothing is done. A movement was indeed attempted last autumn towards removing the ivy from the walls, but the result was unsatisfactory and they are putting it back. Any one could have told them beforehand that the mere removal of the ivy would not brighten Oxford up, unless at the same time one cleared the stones of the old inscriptions, put in steel fire-escapes, and in fact brought the boarding houses up to date.

But Henry VIII being dead, nothing was done. Yet in spite of its dilapidated buildings and its lack of fire-escapes, ventilation, sanitation, and up-to-date kitchen facilities, I persist in my assertion that I believe that Oxford, in its way, is the greatest university in the world. I am aware that this is an extreme statement and needs explanation. Oxford is much smaller in numbers, for example, than the State University of Minnesota, and is much poorer. It has, or had till yesterday, fewer students than the University of Toronto. To mention Oxford beside the 26,000 students of Columbia University sounds ridiculous. In point of

money, the $39,000,000 endowment of the University of Chicago, and the $35,000,000 one of Columbia, and the $43,000,000 of Harvard seem to leave Oxford nowhere. Yet the peculiar thing is that it is not nowhere. By some queer process of its own it seems to get there every time. It was therefore of the very greatest interest to me, as a profound scholar, to try to investigate just how this peculiar excellence of Oxford arises.

It can hardly be due to anything in the curriculum or program of studies. Indeed, to any one accustomed to the best models of a university curriculum as it flourishes in the United States and Canada, the program of studies is frankly quite laughable. There is less Applied Science in the place than would be found with us in a theological college. Hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognize a dynamo if he met it in broad daylight. The Oxford student learns nothing of chemistry, physics, heat, plumbing, electric wiring, gas-fitting or the use of a blow-torch. Any American college student can run a motor-car, take a gasoline engine to pieces, fix a washer on a kitchen tap, mend a broken electric bell, and give an expert opinion on what has gone wrong with the furnace. It is these things indeed which stamp him as a college man, and occasion a very pardonable pride in the minds of his parents. But in all these things the Oxford student is the merest amateur.

This is bad enough. But after all one might say this is only the mechanical side of education. True: but one searches in vain in the Oxford curriculum for any adequate recognition of the higher and more cultured studies. Strange though it seems to us on this side of the Atlantic, there are no courses at Oxford in Housekeeping, or in Salesmanship, or in Advertising, or on Comparative Religion, or on the influence of the Press. There are no lectures

whatever on Human Behaviour, on Altruism, on Egotism, or on the Play of Wild Animals. Apparently, the Oxford student does not learn these things. This cuts him off from a great deal of the larger culture of our side of the Atlantic. "What are you studying this year?" I once asked a fourth year student at one of our great colleges. "I am electing Salesmanship and Religion," he answered. Here was a young man whose training was destined inevitably to turn him into a moral business man: either that or nothing. At Oxford Salesmanship is not taught and Religion takes the feeble form of the New Testament. The more one looks at these things the more amazing it becomes that Oxford can produce any results at all.

The effect of the comparison is heightened by the peculiar position occupied at Oxford by the professors' lectures. In the colleges of Canada and the United States the lectures are supposed to be a really necessary and useful part of the student's training. Again and again I have heard the graduates of my own college assert that they had got as much, or nearly as much, out of the lectures at college as out of athletics or the Greek letter society or the Banjo and Mandolin Club. In short, with us the lectures form a real part of the college life. At Oxford it is not so. The lectures, I understand, are given and may even be taken. But they are quite worthless and are not supposed to have anything much to do with the development of the student's mind. "The lectures here," said a Canadian student to me, "are punk." I appealed to another student to know if this was so. "I don't know whether I'd call them exactly punk," he answered, "but they're certainly rotten." Other judgments were that the lectures were of no importance: that nobody took them: that they don't matter: that you can take them if you like: that they do you no harm.

It appears further that the professors themselves are not

keen on their lectures. If the lectures are called for they give them; if not, the professor's feelings are not hurt. He merely waits and rests his brain until in some later year the students call for his lectures. There are men at Oxford who have rested their brains this way for over thirty years: the accumulated brain power thus dammed up is said to be colossal.

I understand that the key to this mystery is found in the operations of the person called the tutor. It is from him, or rather with him, that the students learn all that they know: one and all are agreed on that. Yet it is a little odd to know just how he does it. "We go over to his rooms," said one student, "and he just lights a pipe and talks to us." "We sit round with him," said another, "and he simply smokes and goes over our exercises with us." From this and other evidence I gather that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars. If anybody doubts this, let him go to Oxford and he can see the thing actually in operation. A well-smoked man speaks and writes English with a grace that can be acquired in no other way.

In what was said above, I seem to have been directing criticism against the Oxford professors as such: but I I have no intention of doing so. For the Oxford professor and his whole manner of being I have nothing but a profound respect. There is indeed the greatest difference between the modern up-to-date American idea of a professor and the English type. But even with us in older days, in the bygone time when such people as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were professors, one found the English idea; a professor was supposed to be a venerable kind of person, with snow-white whiskers reaching to his stomach. He

was expected to moon around the campus oblivious of the world around him. If you nodded to him he failed to see you. Of money he knew nothing; of business, far less. He was, as his trustees were proud to say of him, " a child."

On the other hand he contained within him a reservoir of learning of such depth as to be practically bottomless. None of this learning was supposed to be of any material or commercial benefit to anybody. Its use was in saving the soul and enlarging the mind.

At the head of such a group of professors was one whose beard was even whiter and longer, whose absence of mind was even still greater, and whose knowledge of money, business, and practical affairs was below zero. Him they made the president.

All this is changed in America. A university professor is now a busy, hustling person, approximating as closely to a business man as he can do it. It is on the business man that he models himself. He has a little place that he calls his " office," with a typewriter machine and a stenographer. Here he sits and dictates letters, beginning after the best business models, " in re yours of the eighth ult., would say, etc., etc." He writes these letters to students, to his fellow professors, to the president, indeed to any people who will let him write to them. The number of letters that he writes each month is duly counted and set to his credit. If he writes enough he will get a reputation as an " executive," and big things may happen to him. He may even be asked to step out of the college and take a post as an " executive " in a soap company or an advertising firm. The man, in short, is a " hustler," an " advertiser " whose highest aim is to be a " live-wire." If he is not, he will presently be dismissed, or, to use the business term, be " let go," by a board of trustees who are themselves hustlers and live-wires. As to the professor's

soul, he no longer needs to think of it as being handed over along with all the others to a Board of Censors.

The American professor deals with his students according to his lights. It is his business to chase them along over a prescribed ground at a prescribed pace like a flock of sheep. They all go humping together over the hurdles with the professor chasing them with a set of " tests " and " recitations," " marks " and " attendances," the whole apparatus obviously copied from the time-clock of the business man's factory. This process is what is called " showing results." The pace set is necessarily that of the slowest, and thus results in what I have heard Mr. Edward Beatty describe as the " convoy system of education."

In my own opinion, reached after fifty-two years of profound reflection, this system contains in itself the seeds of destruction. It puts a premium on dulness and a penalty on genius. It circumscribes that latitude of mind which is the real spirit of learning. If we persist in it we shall presently find that true learning will fly away from our universities and will take rest wherever some individual and enquiring mind can mark out its path for itself.

Now the principal reason why I am led to admire Oxford is that the place is little touched as yet by the measuring of " results," and by this passion for visible and provable " efficiency." The whole system at Oxford is such as to put a premium on genius and to let mediocrity and dulness go their way. On the dull student Oxford, after a proper lapse of time, confers a degree which means nothing more than that he lived and breathed at Oxford and kept out of jail. This for many students is as much as society can expect. But for the gifted students Oxford offers great opportunities. There is no question of his hanging back till the last sheep has jumped over the fence. He need wait for no one. He may move forward as fast as he likes,

following the bent of his genius. If he has in him any ability beyond that of the common herd, his tutor, interested in his studies, will smoke at him until he kindles him into a flame. For the tutor's soul is not harassed by herding dull students, with dismissal hanging by a thread over his head in the class room. The American professor has no time to be interested in a clever student. He has time to be interested in his "department," his letter-writing, his executive work, and his organizing ability and his hope of promotion to a soap factory. But with that his mind is exhausted. The student of genius merely means to him a student who gives no trouble, who passes all his "tests," and is present at all his "recitations." Such a student also, if he can be trained to be a hustler and an advertiser, will undoubtedly "make good." But beyond that the professor does not think of him. The everlasting principle of equality has inserted itself in a place where it has no right to be, and where inequality is the breath of life.

American or Canadian college trustees would be horrified at the notion of professors who apparently do no work, give few or no lectures and draw their pay merely for existing. Yet these are really the only kind of professors worth having — I mean, men who can be trusted with a vague general mission in life, with a salary guaranteed at least till their death, and a sphere of duties entrusted solely to their own consciences and the promptings of their own desires. Such men are rare, but a single one of them, when found, is worth ten "executives" and a dozen "organizers."

The excellence of Oxford, then, as I see it, lies in the peculiar vagueness of the organization of its work. It starts from the assumption that the professor is a really learned man whose sole interest lies in his own sphere: and

that a student, or at least the only student with whom the university cares to reckon seriously, is a young man who desires to know. This is an ancient mediæval attitude long since buried in more up-to-date places under successive strata of compulsory education, state teaching, the democratization of knowledge and the substitution of the shadow for the substance, and the casket for the gem. No doubt, in newer places the thing has got to be so. Higher education in America flourishes chiefly as a qualification for entrance into a money-making profession, and not as a thing in itself. But in Oxford one can still see the surviving outline of a nobler type of structure and a higher inspiration.

I do not mean to say, however, that my judgment of Oxford is one undiluted stream of praise. In one respect at least I think that Oxford has fallen away from the high ideals of the Middle Ages. I refer to the fact that it admits women students to its studies. In the Middle Ages women were regarded with a peculiar chivalry long since lost. It was taken for granted that their brains were too delicately poised to allow them to learn anything. It was presumed that their minds were so exquisitely hung that intellectual effort might disturb them. The present age has gone to the other extreme: and this is seen nowhere more than in the crowding of women into colleges originally designed for men. Oxford, I regret to find, has not stood out against this change.

To a profound scholar like myself, the presence of these young women, many of them most attractive, flittering up and down the streets of Oxford in their caps and gowns, is very distressing.

Who is to blame for this and how they first got in I do not know. But I understand that they first of all built a private college of their own close to Oxford, and then

edged themselves in foot by foot. If this is so they only followed up the precedent of the recognized method in use in America. When an American college is established, the women go and build a college of their own overlooking the grounds. Then they put on becoming caps and gowns and stand and look over the fence at the college athletics. The male undergraduates, who were originally and by nature a hardy lot, were not easily disturbed. But inevitably some of the senior trustees fell in love with the first year girls and became convinced that coeducation was a noble cause. American statistics show that between 1880 and 1900 the number of trustees and senior professors who married girl undergraduates or who wanted to do so reached a percentage of — I forget the exact percentage; it was either a hundred or a little over.

I don't know just what happened at Oxford but presumably something of the sort took place. In any case the women are now all over the place. They attend the college lectures, they row in a boat, and they perambulate the High Street. They are even offering a serious competition against the men. Last year they carried off the ping-pong championship and took the chancellor's prize for needlework, while in music, cooking, and millinery the men are said to be nowhere.

There is no doubt that unless Oxford puts the women out while there is yet time, they will overrun the whole university. What this means to the progress of learning few can tell and those who know are afraid to say.

Cambridge University, I am glad to see, still sets its face sternly against this innovation. I am reluctant to count any superiority in the University of Cambridge. Having twice visited Oxford, having made the place a subject of profound study for many hours at a time, having twice addressed its undergraduates, and having stayed at

the Mitre Hotel, I consider myself an Oxford man. But I must admit that Cambridge has chosen the wiser part.

Last autumn, while I was in London on my voyage of discovery, a vote was taken at Cambridge to see if the women who have already a private college nearby, should be admitted to the university. They were triumphantly shut out; and as a fit and proper sign of enthusiasm the undergraduates went over in a body and knocked down the gates of the women's college. I know that it is a terrible thing to say that any one approved of this. All the London papers came out with headings that read — ARE OUR UNDERGRADUATES TURNING INTO BABOONS? and so on. The *Manchester Guardian* draped its pages in black and even the London *Morning Post* was afraid to take bold ground in the matter. But I do know also that there was a great deal of secret chuckling and jubilation in the London clubs. Nothing was expressed openly. The men of England have been too terrorized by the women for that. But in safe corners of the club, out of earshot of the waiters and away from casual strangers, little groups of elderly men chuckled quietly together. "Knocked down their gates, eh?" said the wicked old men to one another, and then whispered guiltily behind an uplifted hand, "Serve 'em right." Nobody dared to say anything outside. If they had some one would have got up and asked a question in the House of Commons. When this is done all England falls flat upon its face.

But for my part when I heard of the Cambridge vote, I felt as Lord Chatham did when he said in parliament, "Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted." For I have long harbored views of my own upon the higher education of women. In these days, however, it requires no little hardihood to utter a single word of criticism against it. It is like throwing half a brick through the glass roof of

a conservatory. It is bound to make trouble. Let me hasten, therefore, to say that I believe most heartily in the higher education of women; in fact, the higher the better. The only question to my mind is: What is "higher education" and how do you get it? With which goes the secondary enquiry, What is a woman and is she just the same as a man? I know that it sounds a terrible thing to say in these days, but I don't believe she is.

Let me say also that when I speak of coeducation I speak of what I know. I was coeducated myself some thirty-five years ago, at the very beginning of the thing. I learned my Greek alongside of a bevy of beauty on the opposite benches that mashed up the irregular verbs for us very badly. Incidentally, those girls are all married long since, and all the Greek they know now you could put under a thimble. But of that presently.

I have had further experience as well. I spent three years in the graduate school of Chicago, where coeducational girls were as thick as autumn leaves — and some thicker. And as a college professor at McGill University in Montreal, I have taught mingled classes of men and women for twenty years.

On the basis of which experience I say with assurance that the thing is a mistake and has nothing to recommend it but its relative cheapness. Let me emphasize this last point and have done with it. Coeducation is of course a great economy. To teach ten men and ten women in a single class of twenty costs only half as much as to teach two classes. Where economy must rule, then, the thing has got to be. But where the discussion turns not on what is cheapest, but on what is best, then the case is entirely different.

The fundamental trouble is that men and women are

different creatures, with different minds and different aptitudes and different paths in life. There is no need to raise here the question of which is superior and which is inferior (though I think, the Lord help me, I know the answer to that too). The point lies in the fact that they are different.

But the mad passion for equality has masked this obvious fact. When women began to demand, quite rightly, a share in higher education, they took for granted that they wanted the same curriculum as the men. They never stopped to ask whether their aptitudes were not in various directions higher and better than those of the men, and whether it might not be better for their sex to cultivate the things which were best suited to their minds. Let me be more explicit. In all that goes with physical and mathematical science, women, on the average, are far below the standard of men. There are, of course, exceptions. But they prove nothing. It is no use to quote to me the case of some brilliant girl who stood first in physics at Cornell. That's nothing. There is an elephant in the zoo that can count up to ten, yet I refuse to reckon myself his inferior.

Tabulated results spread over years, and the actual experience of those who teach show that in the whole domain of mathematics and physics women are outclassed. At McGill the girls of our first year have wept over their failures in elementary physics these twenty-five years. It is time that some one dried their tears and took away the subject.

But, in any case, examination tests are never the whole story. To those who know, a written examination is far from being a true criterion of capacity. It demands too much of mere memory, imitativeness, and the insidious willingness to absorb other people's ideas. Parrots and

crows would do admirably in examinations. Indeed, the colleges are full of them.

But take, on the other hand, all that goes with the æsthetic side of education, with imaginative literature and the cult of beauty. Here women are, or at least ought to be, the superiors of men. Women were in primitive times the first story-tellers. They are still so at the cradle side. The original college woman was the witch, with her incantations and her prophecies and the glow of her bright imagination, and if brutal men of duller brains had not burned it out of her, she would be incanting still. To my thinking, we need more witches in the colleges and less physics.

I have seen such young witches myself — if I may keep the word: I like it — in colleges such as Wellesley in Massachusetts and Bryn Mawr in Pennsylvania, where there isn't a man allowed within the three mile limit. To my mind, they do infinitely better thus by themselves. They are freer, less restrained. They discuss things openly in their classes; they lift up their voices, and they speak, whereas a girl in such a place as McGill, with men all about her, sits for four years as silent as a frog full of shot.

But there is a deeper trouble still. The careers of the men and women who go to college together are necessarily different, and the preparation is all aimed at the man's career. The men are going to be lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men, and politicians. And the women are not.

There is no use pretending about it. It may sound an awful thing to say, but the women are going to be married. That is, and always has been, their career; and, what is more, they know it; and even at college, while they are studying algebra and political economy, they have their eye on it sideways all the time. The plain fact is that,

after a girl has spent four years of her time and a great deal of her parents' money in equipping herself for a career that she is never going to have, the wretched creature goes and gets married, and in a few years she has forgotten which is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, and she doesn't care. She has much better things to think of.

At this point some one will shriek: "But surely, even for marriage, isn't it right that a girl should have a college education?" To which I hasten to answer: most assuredly. I freely admit that a girl who knows algebra, or once knew it, is a far more charming companion and a nobler wife and mother than a girl who doesn't know x from y. But the point is this: Does the higher education that fits a man to be a lawyer also fit a person to be a wife and mother? Or, in other words, is a lawyer a wife and mother? I say he is not. Granted that a girl is to spend four years in time and four thousand dollars in money in going to college, why train her for a career that she is never going to adopt? Why not give her an education that will have a meaning and a harmony with the real life that she is to follow?

For example, suppose that during her four years every girl lucky enough to get a higher education spent at least six months of it in the training and discipline of a hospital as a nurse. There is more education and character making in that than in a whole bucketful of algebra.

But no, the woman insists on snatching her share of an education designed by Erasmus or William of Wykeham or William of Occam for the creation of scholars and lawyers; and when later on in her home there is a sudden sickness or accident, and the life or death of those nearest to her hangs upon skill and knowledge and a trained fortitude in emergency, she must needs send in

all haste for a hired woman to fill the place that she herself has never learned to occupy.

But I am not here trying to elaborate a whole curriculum. I am only trying to indicate that higher education for the man is one thing, for the woman another. Nor do I deny the fact that women have got to earn their living. Their higher education must enable them to do that. They cannot all marry on their graduation day. But that is no great matter. No scheme of education that any one is likely to devise will fail in this respect.

The positions that they hold as teachers or civil servants they would fill all the better if their education were fitted to their wants.

Some few, a small minority, really and truly "have a career" — husbandless and childless — in which the sacrifice is great and the honor to them, perhaps, all the higher. And others no doubt dream of a career in which a husband and a group of blossoming children are carried as an appendage to a busy life at the bar or on the platform. But all such are the mere minority, so small as to make no difference to the general argument.

But there — I have written quite enough to make plenty of trouble except perhaps at Cambridge University. So I return with relief to my general study of Oxford. Viewing the situation as a whole, I am led then to the conclusion that there must be something in the life of Oxford itself that makes for higher learning. Smoked at by his tutor, fed in Henry VIII's kitchen, and sleeping in a tangle of ivy, the student evidently gets something not easily obtained in America. And the more I reflect on the matter the more I am convinced that it is the sleeping in the ivy that does it. How different it is from student life as I remember it!

When I was a student at the University of Toronto

thirty years ago, I lived — from start to finish — in seventeen different boarding houses. As far as I am aware these houses have not, or not yet, been marked with tablets. But they are still to be found in the vicinity of McCaul and Darcy, and St. Patrick Streets. Any one who doubts the truth of what I have to say may go and look at them.

I was not alone in the nomadic life that I led. There were hundreds of us drifting about in this fashion from one melancholy habitation to another. We lived as a rule two or three in a house, sometimes alone. We dined in the basement. We always had beef, done up in some way after it was dead, and there were always soda biscuits on the table. They used to have a brand of soda biscuits in those days in the Toronto boarding houses that I have not seen since. They were better than dog biscuits but with not so much snap. My contemporaries will all remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms, nothing. We never saw the magazines — personally I didn't even know the names of them. The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Cær Howell Hotel on University Avenue and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake but merely to emphasize the point that when I speak of students' dormitories, and the larger life which they offer, I speak of what I know.

If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormitories and dormitory life that they have at Oxford, I don't think I would ever have graduated. I'd have been there still. The trouble is that the universities on our Continent are only just waking up to the idea of

what a university should mean. They were, very largely, instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a place where young men were sent to absorb the contents of books and to listen to lectures in the class rooms. The student was pictured as a pallid creature, burning what was called the " midnight oil," his wan face bent over his desk. If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a book: if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still further and be a benefactor to the college at large, you endowed a competitive scholarship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death to get it.

The real thing for the student is the life and environment that surrounds him. All that he really learns he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what he really needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a big dining room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and the stained glass in the windows, and with a shield or tablet here or there upon the wall, to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get from his college what it ought to give him, a college dormitory, with the life in common that it brings, is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a university — and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable — I would found

first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some text books.

This chapter has sounded in the most part like a continuous eulogy of Oxford with but little in favor of our American colleges. I turn therefore with pleasure to the more congenial task of showing what is wrong with Oxford and with the English university system generally, and the aspect in which our American universities far excel the British.

The point is that Henry VIII is dead. The English are so proud of what Henry VIII and the benefactors of earlier centuries did for the universities that they forget the present. There is little or nothing in England to compare with the magnificent generosity of individuals, provinces and states, which is building up the colleges of the United States and Canada. There used to be. But by some strange confusion of thought the English people admire the noble gifts of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII and Queen Margaret, and do not realize that the Carnegies and Rockefellers and the William Macdonalds are the Cardinal Wolseys of to-day. The University of Chicago was founded upon oil. McGill University rests largely on a basis of tobacco. In America the world of commerce and business levies on itself a noble tribute in favor of the higher learning. In England, with a few conspicuous exceptions, such as that at Bristol, there is little of the sort. The feudal families are content with what their remote ancestors have done: they do not try to emulate it in any great degree.

In the long run this must count. Of all the various re-

forms that are talked of at Oxford, and of all the imitations of American methods that are suggested, the only one worth while, to my thinking, is to capture a few millionaires, give them honorary degrees at a million pounds sterling apiece, and tell them to imagine that they are Henry the Eighth. I give Oxford warning that if this is not done the place will not last another two centuries.

THE CHANGING MIND OF MAN[1]

Destructive + pessimistic

BY EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director of Science Service, Washington.

WHEN this weary old World got to the end of Chapter XIX of his history he turned over the page with a yawn and the wish that he would find Chapter XX more exciting than the *fin de siècle* stuff he had been reading. He found it so.

The real dividing line between the two eras is not the century mark, but August 1, 1914. If any book written after that date is the same as though it had been written before we may safely say that it has little relation to actual life. It is not merely in trivial externalities such as the use of Petrograd instead of St. Petersburg but an indefinable though easily detectable alteration of spirit. In more than one post bellum novel it is possible to tell just how far the author had got when he opened the morning paper and saw that war was declared. We of the present generation used to be amused at our parents because they dated every event in their lives as "before the war" or "after." But we are already falling into the habit.

What an effect the Civil War had upon American literature is more readily realized by an outsider than by one of us. It is not merely that the struggle against slavery brought out the best of our poetry and prose, but that the great conflict is still furnishing our writers with motives and plots. A few years before the War when I was on a

[1] An address delivered at Dartmouth College. Reprinted by special permission of the author.

Pacific steamer, I got to talking with a young New Zealander about American literature. "I have stopped reading American novels," he said. "They are all the same and I know the formula. Virginia mansion — southern girl — northern lover — southern rival — Fort Sumter fired upon — war — wounded — she saves him — he saves her — peace and wedding bells."

Of course I denied the slander on American literature, but I could not help thinking of it the other night when I dropped into a motion picture show and found them reeling off this same old plot. Now if sixty years after the Civil War is over its incidents are still the staple of our stories, we may imagine how long literature will be concerned with the Great War.

There was at first manifest as a reaction from the long strain upon our sympathies a disposition to ignore not only the war but whatever else is repugnant in life. This feeling gave rise to an ostrich-literature of astonishing extent and variety. The movement in its best forms may be what William James called it, "the religion of healthy-mindedness;" in its worst forms it is hardly more than a callous hēdonism. A single Mark Tăpley is a blessing to the community, but when everybody tries to look on the bright side of things all at once, there is apt to be a jam, and toes are likely to get stepped on. Some one has defined a pessimist as "one who has been living in the society of optimists." It was natural that an overdose of the gladiola books should plunge us later into Schopenhauerean gloom. If we do too much whistling to keep our courage up we are likely to get down in the mouth.

Now we are in the midst of a reaction from the war enthusiasm. Pessimism is a dominant note among conquerors and conquered, alike victims of the great catastrophe.

Anatole France says: "Europe is ill, dying. It is Europe that is now the sick man of the world. And peace has not brought its balm."

In France Professor Demangeon of the Sorbonne writes of *Le Déclin de l'Europe,* published in the United States under the title of *America and the Race for World Dominion.* He sees the center of gravity of international politics removed from Europe and the hegemony of the world passing into the hands of Asiatic and American peoples. In England Webb's *Collapse of Capitalism,* in our own country Stoddard's *Revolt Against Civilization* are indicative of this trend.

In Germany Oswald Spengler has produced a book which in scope of scholarship and eloquence of style reminds one of Schopenhauer, Hegel, and Hartmann. British writers already speak of the "Spengler School" of younger historians. It is *Der Untergang des Abendlandes,* "The Downfall of Western Europe;" a comparative morphology of world history, in two large volumes. Spengler claims to have discovered the universal formula for the development and decline of political institutions, art, science, religion, and philosophy. He shows the courage of his convictions in daring to project his curve into the future and lay out a course of events. According to Spengler's theory Europe passed from the stage of Culture to that of Civilization in 1800 and has before it the stage of Cæsarism (2000 to 2200) manifested by increasing naturalism in political forms; decomposition of folk organisms into amorphous masses of men; their reabsorption in an empire gradually assuming the character of primitive despotism. The final state (after 2200) is "Egyptianism, Mandarinism, Byzantinism"; torpidity and dissolution of the imperial mechanism; the booty of younger peoples or foreign robbers; slow relapse into the state of early man.

Whether or not we believe with Spengler that political life and philosophic thought moves in cycles, it is evident that there is in history an alternation of periods of integration and disintegration, of synthesis and analysis. The political and intellectual worlds are, like the physical world, balanced between centrifugal and centripetal forces and they sway alternately to either side. The nineteenth century was an epoch of aggregation, of the drawing together of nations into empires and of like-minded groups of different nationalities into world-wide organizations. In the twentieth century the opposite tendency obviously prevails. The great empires are split up into little, isolated, jealous, and antagonistic nationalities. Probably none of us — perhaps no future generation — will live to see as much international intercourse and individual freedom of movement as we saw in 1914. While engineering is reducing the national barriers that have held peoples apart, while railroads and radios are short-circuiting time and space and, as we say, "making the world smaller," the artificial barriers of national boundaries, tariff walls, divergent speech, and hostile attitude are being erected or resurrected. It is an era of secession, of separation, when the desire for self-determination may overcome the instinct for self-preservation and the lure of self-interest. Languages are being resolved into their constituent dialects and obsolescent tongues revived to serve as a basis for further sub-division. The Ukrainian, Irish, Finnish, Latvian, Lithuanian, and Hebrew languages are ardently cultivated, but the advocates of Esperanto and Ido are now rarely heard. Race prejudices are encouraged and systematically cultivated. Sectarian distinctions are being emphasized.

The partition of the common world is naturally followed by the partition of the common mind. The Balkani-

zation of Europe results necessarily in the Balkanization of the mentality. The new map of Europe looks like a patch-work crazy-quilt, and doubtless our brains seen under the proper rays would look the same. We are living in an era of speeding up and splitting up. The general trend of the times is toward particularization in politics, science, art, and philosophy.

In literature we have shorter stories and shorter paragraphs, shorter sentences and shorter words. The jerky journalistic style has taken the place of the long sweeping sentences of classic English. The short story is the popular form. A volume of fiction is usually made up of a chain of short stories. We might call it the catenary type of fiction as distinguished from the reticulate of the last century.

In painting we see the stipple, the pointillist, the separately discernible brush-strokes. In a futuristic portrait arms, legs, ears, and eyes are scattered over the canvas as though it were a battlefield.

In the most popular form of art today, the motion picture, each scene lasts but a thirtieth of a second and an act of over thirty-five seconds is considered long and tedious.

In education specialization has been carried to the extreme and the field of scholarship is parceled out in private claims like the map of an oil field in a boom.

Nature study in its modern form is characterized by the recognition of individuality in animals and plants. The old idea of evolution was a long slow accumulation of minute differences, no sudden breaks. The new theory is evolution by jerks. Darwin's favorite was *Natura non fecit saltum,* "Nature never makes a jump." The Mendelist keeps nature on the jump all the time.

In physics we have the jerk theory of energy taking the

place of the old continuum. The ether is abrogated by edict of Einstein. He denies the possibility of simultaneity and has given us the conception of local time. Instead of an infinite expansion of space and time Einstein confines us to a cosy universe of only a hundred million light-years around. The ultimate indivisible unit of matter that the Greek named the " atom " proves to be divisible. It should henceforth be deprived of its alpha privative and be called the " tom." The elusive electron, though thousands of times smaller than the atom and moving with almost the speed of light, can be handled as an individual. Professor Millikan catches and counts them as though they were baseballs.

In philosophy we may trace the same trend in the dominance of pluralism over monism and of pragmatism over universalism.

It would be highly improbable that all these converging tendencies should be disconnected. We must assume that they are all characteristic of the man's mental mood in the present time though what may be their common cause we may be able to discover.

I must not be understood as meaning that I object to all these movements or any of them. That would be as erroneous as it would be futile. Some of them I like and some I do not like, but that makes no difference to anybody but myself. I do not say they are right or wrong. I merely say they exist. I am not criticizing. I am describing. The same tendency that is an advance in science and philosophy may be a retrogression in art or literature.

What makes our age different from all the preceding and invalidates the deductions from history is the possession of inanimate power. Man is drawing upon the accumulated capital of the millions of years prior to his advent.

In his use of coal and oil he is lighting his houses and running his machines with the sunshine of the Carboniferous Era. Science has given each of us, every man, woman, and child in America, if the apportionment were equal, a train of twenty slaves to wait upon him night and day.

What this acquisition of inanimate energy might mean for the advancement of civilization we can hardly conceive, for of late it has been largely used for the destruction of civilization.

We have now come to realize that what is done by an engine depends as much on the character of the engineer as on the power of the machine. Our horse-power per capita has risen to an unprecedented height. But has our mind-power per capita increased with it in proportion? If not this new-found force may prove dangerous to us. The question on which the future depends is whether men can muster up among them enough mentality and morality to manage the stupendous powers which applied science has recently placed in their hands. Once upon a time, long before the oldest of us was born, before any man was born for that matter — I refer to the Jurassic Era — the ruling race was composed of creatures much larger and more powerful than we are. There were giants on the earth in those days, gigantic saurians which when they stood up on their hind legs would tower up four times as tall as a man. But their cranial cavity was smaller than ours. The Jurassic saurians had grown too big for their brains; so they perished.

Now the addition of machine power to the natural strength of man is equivalent to adding more powerful arms and legs, more skilful hands, and sharper senses. It increases his physical capacity but does not directly enlarge his mental ability. It endows him with a giant's strength but does not teach him how to use it.

Among the horrid fancies that haunted the head of Samuel Butler of Erewhon was a nightmare of a coming age when the machines that man has made for his service should rise in Spartacan revolt and enslave man. This skit of Butler's on " The Mechanical Creation " is brought to mind by recent events.

The last few years have made it manifest that in our civilization the mechanical forces have got ahead of the moral forces. Man is mounted on a bigger horse than he can ride. Making war was an efficient process; making peace is — not. The chemist did his bit with amazing, even alarming, proficiency. The diplomat fell down on his job. The physical sciences have evidently been developed so far beyond the political sciences as to constitute a menace to civilization. The modern man, like the Arabian fisherman, has liberated from the bottle genii that he does not know how to control.

The late War revealed to the horror of the world the possibilities for destruction that science has placed in the hands of mortal man. Unless he has undergone a moral reformation, of which there is no apparent sign, he is not likely to be deterred from using them by a paper prohibition. The Prince of the Power of the Air will be the ruling spirit in the next war — if there is a next war. It is now possible to send an airplane, with or without a pilot, by day or night, over the enemy's country to sprinkle the ground with a liquid so deadly that a whiff inhaled or a few drops touching the skin will cause death. There is no need for fine sighting and mathematical calculations such as the artillery man requires; no need to know where the enemy is. The airships or self-propelled projectiles will simply move over the land, as a farmer's potato-bug sprinkler goes over a field, and a certain strip of territory, say a mile wide and a hundred miles long, will be instan-

taneously depopulated and will remain uninhabitable for days to come. In the next war there will be no frontiers, no entrenched line, no exempt cities, no distinction between combatant and non-combatant. Fortifications will be futile, for the wall that will withstand a forty-two centimeter projectile is easily penetrable to a molecule of poison gas. On sea the revolution will be quite as complete. There will be no need to sink ships in the next war, for the reason that it is not worth while shooting a riderless cavalry horse.

Can we say that man has reached a moral and mental maturity so that he can be safely entrusted with such dangerous weapons? We cannot take them from him as we can take a revolver from a child. But it is clear that unless man can learn how to make proper use of his new-found knowledge he is likely to destroy himself. Science has endowed man with the power of a superman, but his mind remains human, all too human. He is like a pauper come into a fortune, a laborer who has been put into the position of boss of the shop, a private promoted to command the regiment, a slave made the master of slaves. Man has had no training for such responsibilities as have now been thrust upon him. This new command of time and space, this mastery of unknown forces, this apparition of new perils, this entrance into untried fields, all these are too much for man of today. He secretly shrinks and openly blusters. He alternately cowers and brags. He lacks confidence in himself and therefore he suspects others. He is afraid of the dark. He is afraid of his shadow, for that is dark. He shudders with ancient fears. The modern man is suffering from shell shock. He has all the various symptoms. Those who stayed at home are often worse than those that went over there. The victorious nations show the same symptoms as the defeated.

The causeless suspicions, the sudden hatreds, the erratic actions, the intolerance of opposing opinion, the unwillingness to face facts, the return to primitive modes of thought, the alternations of despair and dissipation, the substitution of emotionalism for rationality, the revival of superstition — such are the stigmata of hysteria and such are the characteristics of our time.

In mental diseases where the conscious will relaxes and the more recent centers of thought decay, the patient relapses into a sort of second childhood, using baby-talk, drawing the crude pictures that he made when first he took pencil in hand and reverting consciously to the unconscious voices of infancy.

An uprush of infantilism from the unconscious mind of the human race is dragging the modern world back to the superstitions, obscurantism, formalism, gargoylism, and parochialism of the Dark Ages.

Our most advanced artists take as their teachers the most backward savages surviving on the earth. Formerly ambitious young painters went to Greece or Rome to study. Now they journey to Tahiti or the Congo. If a modernist art gallery should be preserved for several thousand years the archeologist of that day studying the style would unhesitatingly assign it to a period prior to, and more primitive than, the Upper Palæolithic when the Cro-Magnon man depicted the mammoth and the reindeer on the walls of the caves of Altamira, 25,000 years ago.

Modern literature, especially poetry, shows marked reversion to infantile types, in the breaking up of the logical sentence into disconnected fragments, in the appearance of nouns without verbs and adjectives without nouns, in the shortened paragraphs, in the ejaculatory style, in the overruling of sense by sound, in the repetitions almost reaching the point of echolalia.

In music the same reversion to the childhood of the race is apparent. The tom-tom sets the pace for modern progress and the primitive piper calls the tune to which we dance.

The movement toward mediævalism in art, religion, industrial organization, and social forms is gaining strength under the leadership of such brilliant writers as Gilbert K. Chesterton. It seems as if man, with his eyes half opened, resents the light. "Pull down the curtain," he shouts to the scientist, "or I'll pitch you out of the window." Then he rolls over and pulls the cover over his head to get another nice long sleep such as he had from A.D. 300 to A.D. 1200.

The world, like a child at Christmas, is willing to receive the material gifts of science but refuses its moral lessons. The world will accept from the hands of science, railroads and radios, soft raiment and foreign foods, airplanes and submarines, but turns a deaf ear when science would talk of peace, efficiency, economy, foresight, and the frank facing of facts.

It was commonly supposed that the fights for evolution and the higher criticism of the Bible which had absorbed so large a part of the intellectual activity of the nineteenth century had been virtually won by the beginning of the twentieth, but we see now a strong movement against both. Our eloquent ex-Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, is carrying on a vigorous campaign against evolution and the Fundamentalists are endeavoring to eliminate the teaching of evolution in the schools and colleges. It is even proposed to go further and to prohibit by law the teaching of anything that offends the religious sentiment or undermines the faith of anyone. Under this law it would be impossible to teach that the earth is round or that the Indians are not descendants of the lost Jewish tribes or that there is any

such thing as disease in a school containing a Dowieite, Mormon, or Christian Science child.

We became accustomed to the censorship and the mass suppression of unpopular opinions during the war, and the disposition to use such legal and illegal means for the repression of undesirable views has been growing ever since. The most remarkable feature of the situation is that there is almost universal acquiescence in the restriction of the rights of free speech and propaganda for which our ancestors fought and suffered martyrdom.

One of the curious though natural results of the War is the millennialist movement which is now sweeping over the country and has appeared in Europe. It is not due to the influence of one powerful personality, but has sprung up spontaneously in various churches and localities, an instinctive outbreak of the folk-psychology, of a state of mind such as prevailed in the year 1000 when it was commonly believed that the end of the world was at hand. In the United States the movement is admirably organized and substantially financed and its missionaries enter in all sorts of circles, preaching the literalist interpretation of the Scriptures and its prophecies.

Along with the suspicion of science and scholarship comes a distrust and dislike of modern civilization, which is built on a scientific foundation. People are looking back with longing eyes to a presumed primitive paradisical period, to an Edenic or Arcadian life. Some would have us take to the woods; some to the South Seas. "Back to Nature" is the theme of poets, romancers and even preachers. In India Mahatma Ghandi heads a powerful movement for the elimination of machine power and its products.

The revival of the worship of the heathen earth-goddess, Magna Mater, began in an inoffensive fashion in the literature of the latter part of the eighteenth century and has

since infected all classes and countries. It is now securely enthroned in the two strongholds that were erected against it, church and school. The neo-pagan poet Swinburne, who wrote

> Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean;
> The world has grown gray from thy breath.

was premature in his despair. He might better have written

> Thou hast conquered, O rosy Rousseau;
> The world has grown gay from thy breath.

Those who say "God made the country but the devil made the city" are reading history backward. The word "pagan" means literally "countryman" (paganus). "Civilization" is by self-definition a product of the city dweller (civis). Our modern nature-lovers are trying to rob the Creator of credit for the highest products of creative activity. They would make a scapegoat of God and drive him out of the town into the desert. But God is not in the thunder or whirlwind, but in the voice, the artificial creation of man. It is only by overcoming nature that man can rise.

The cult of naturalism is now dominant everywhere. The call of the wild is drowning out the appeal of civilization. "Back to barbarism!" is the slogan of the hour. Sink into savagery. Praise the country and denounce the city. Admire cliffs but make fun of skyscrapers. Extol forests and despise laboratories. Exalt the physical and ignore the intellectual. Spend $250,000 on a new gymnasium and let the old library go to ruin. Abolish compulsory Latin and establish compulsory swimming. Patronize football and neglect debating. Up with the soldier and down with the savant. Jazz your music and cube your painting. Roughcast your walls, corrode your bricks, deckle your

bookedges, wormhole your furniture, coarsen your fabrics, and deform your pottery. Condemn everything new and worship everything old. Regenerate obsolescent languages, restore antiquated spelling, adopt mediæval costumes, revive ancient rituals, inflame traditional animosities, resurrect forgotten realms, reërect overthrown barriers. Cultivate the primitive virtues of personal bravery and clan loyalty. Reprove and repress the Christian virtues of kindliness and universal sympathy.

Some of the signs of the times I have enumerated are good things in themselves, some are trifles of no consequence, but they all hang together and a floating straw shows the current of a river as well as a log. A change in taste is often the precursor of a shift of the trend of human affairs. The dominant tendency of the times is undoubtedly downward and backward, and the advance of science has not yet availed to check it.

It is a reactionary spirit, antagonistic to progress and destructive to civilization. Science and Christianity are at one in abhorring the natural man and calling upon the civilized man to fight and subdue him. The conquest of nature, not the imitation of nature, is the whole duty of man.

We should "move upward, working out the brute, and let the ape and tiger die." Our sins are mostly survivals. Like the vermiform appendix they are vestigial organs, needing excision. It is those who believe in perpetuating the pugnacious propensities of the lower animals and man in his lower stages who are responsible for these years of war and the consequent anarchy. Modern literature is tainted throughout by that most pestilential heresy, zoolatry. From the child's primer to the sociological treatise, animals and insects are held up for our admiration and imitation.

The back-to-Nature movement is more psychological than actual. Hundreds of books appear annually in favor of country life, and the only volume in opposition is the decennial census report. For in spite of the eloquent advocates of rurality the cities continue to grow. Thousands of square miles of forests are ground to pulp in order to proclaim the witchery of forestry. Thousands of men are forced to labor in dark coal mines in order that they may read the praises of God's own sunshine. Thousands of editors, artists, and nature-writers live in the largest city in the world all the year round in order that they may depict its horrors and hardships and urge others to flee to the freedom of the country.

I have often seen and admired the editor of some metropolitan garden magazine, sticking bravely at his desk in the hottest days of summer and pursuing his studies late at night in the roof garden or the winter garden. Others may take his advice and take to the woods but he, like Casabianca, still stands upon the burning deck of the mammoth metropolis. Such heroism inspires like unselfishness. The youths and maidens of our villages and farms, reading in these journals how much more happily situated they are near to nature's heart, are seized with compassion for the unfortunate urbanite and rush into the largest city within reach in order to leave more room in the country for the over-crowded city dwellers.

I have referred to the reversion to primitive modes of thought and expression, the blind worship of Nature, meaning by that the sub-human, or sub-civilized.

Along with the increasing admiration for the natural comes an increasing belief in the supernatural. The modern believer is disposed to repudiate the Saints and prophets and to pin his faith on Sir Oliver Lodge and Eusapia Palladino.

Amulets are again in fashion. The ouija board rivals the typewriter in the production of literature. Astrology has more adherents than lived in ancient Egypt and Babylon. Palmistry is more studied than botany. Rosicrucianism has had a renaissance. The old Roman method of divination has been revived and the apparatus consisting of a ball on the end of a thread is being sold for $2.00 to determine the sex of a chicken from the egg. The magic wand, the divining rod, is used now to find water and gold and lost articles. Witchcraft has appeared again in our courts. In a recent French trial evidence was brought forward in court to prove that the accused had killed people by sticking pins into their wax figures. Satan-worship has become a cult and the Black Mass is celebrated in Paris. That Lord Carnarvon was the victim of Tut-Ankh-Amen's curse is commonly believed. Bleeding images appear in Ireland and weeping virgins in France. Necromancy, or communion with the spirits of the dead, is the fashionable faith of the hour. Sir Conan Doyle, doctor and detective, published photographs of fairies. The Great War was most prolific in miracles. Volumes have been written on the visions and legends of this War. St. George and St. Jeanne d'Arc made up their ancient quarrel and fought on the same side, as numerous witnesses attest. The angels of Mons formed the theme of many a sermon and learned article, and the fact that the vision was traced back to a short story in a London daily did not shake faith in it. The 80,000 Russian soldiers who were transported from Archangel to Scotland and down through England to France were seen by many people *en route*. One lady who reported seeing them in a railway station said she knew they were Russians because "they wore their cossacks." It seems this legend originated in the fact that the supply of Russian eggs was

cut off when Petrograd was blockaded, and so the exporter telegraphed to the London house " 80,000 Russians shipped via Archangel."

Against witchcraft and necromancy State and Church fought for hundreds of years by all the means in their power. It must not be assumed that the warfare against witches was altogether irrational and unjustified. There was really never any such thing as witchcraft, but there have always been witches. Some of them were harmless; some of them were harmful. A malignant old woman who was believed and believed herself to have the power to inflict injury on her neighbors by her curses and conjurations was undeniably a nuisance to the community. There were two ways the community might have adopted to get rid of the nuisance; one was to punish witches, the other was not to believe in them. The latter course was impracticable in most communities until recent times; so the former was generally adopted. The same penalty was imposed as for catching a hare or cutting down a tree; that is to say, death. But killing off witches did not eliminate the belief in witchcraft. On the contrary it gave it judicial confirmation. So the laws against witchcraft have been abrogated or allowed to fall into innocuous desuetude.

The last prosecution under the witchcraft law in England took place in 1904, when Sir Alfred Harmsworth, editor of the *Daily Mail,* instituted proceedings against Professor and Madame Keiro, palmists and crystal gazers. The jury found them guilty of both fortune telling and of obtaining money under false pretenses, but the judge only took into consideration the latter count and suspended sentence at that. Instead of burning witches we advertize them.

One of the changes that we must frankly face is the rebellion against the code of morals on which our civilization is based. Formerly those who broke with the Church were

careful to declare that they acted in the interests of a purer religion and a higher morality. Those who denied the divinity of Christ were loud in their profession of admiration for the teachings of Jesus. Now, however, we must recognize that a large and increasing class of people in every country not only violate the standards of Christian ethics, but explicitly repudiate them. Violence is advocated as a necessity of the class struggle and even as a desirable thing in itself. Murder is taught as a fine art; the opium dream of De Quincey has become a reality. The destruction of property, the smashing of machines, the damaging of products, the ruination of business, are urged as a sacred duty. Handbooks on the theory and practice of sabotage are published. Work is neglected, not merely from natural laziness, but from conscientious causes. The violation of contract, the breaking of promises, is regarded as the highest ethics. Hatred is diligently cultivated. Licentiousness is openly advocated. Altruism is denied as undesirable or impossible. Sympathy is denounced as a symptom of weakness and degeneracy. Charity is considered as a double injury; it curses him that gives and him that takes. Thrift and industry are classed as vices instead of virtues. Cursing is commended; drunkenness is defended; family quarrels are encouraged; and wife-beating is advocated by popular writers of the day.

Such sentiments in one form or another crop up in current literature so frequently and in such varied forms that it is vain to try to suppress them by any sort of censorship. If it were possible to crush out the Bolsheviki in Russia, the syndicalists of France, the anarchists of Italy, the Nietzscheans of Germany and the I. W. W. of America, there would still persist this spirit of denial of the established principles of ethics. It is not merely anti-Christian; it is clearly anti-moral, for it is a challenge to all that has

been regarded as the code of morality throughout the recorded history of the human race. The code of Hammurabi of Babylon, the maxims of Ptah-Hotep of Egypt and the laws of Moses show that essentially the same fundamental principles of right and justice were held then as now. In the seven thousand years since, few persons have questioned them though many have disregarded them. The new thing is that now we hear them openly and emphatically denied and denounced. We can only hope that the advocates of the new immorality may be as unsuccessful as the preachers of the old morality in persuading the people to follow their injunctions. Irony-

CASTLES IN SPAIN[1]

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WE of the modern world, what do we dream of? What are our castles in Spain?

The thought came to me in Seville Cathedral, the stone fabric of man's greatest dream in those ages to which we have been accustomed to apply the word "dark." They who, traveling in Spain, consult their guide-books, may read these words: "On the eighth day of July in the year 1401 the Dean and Chapter of Seville assembled in the court of the elms and solemnly resolved: 'Let us build a church so great that those who come after us may think us mad to have attempted it!' . . . The church took one hundred and fifty years to build."

Men dreamed in those "dark" days, and carried out their dreams. In that silent building, incredibly beautiful, in that grove of sixty great trees of stone, whose vast trunks are jeweled by sunlight filtering through the high stained glass, in that stupendous and perfected work of art, raised by five succeeding generations to the glory of themselves and their God, one stood wondering wherein lay the superiority of ourselves, Children of Light, over those Sons of Darkness.

We, too, dream. I have seen some of the results — the Great Dam at Assuan, the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, the Woolworth Building, the Forth Bridge, the Power Works

[1] From *The Yale Review*, October, 1921. By permission of the author and of *The Yale Review*.

at Niagara — not yet the greatest of them all, the Panama Canal (which actually took one-tenth of the time it took the Sons of Darkness to achieve Seville Cathedral). But all these were dreamed and fabricked out for immediate material benefit.

The builders of the giant mosques, the Temples of the Sun, the marvelous old churches, builded for no physical advantage in this life. They carved and wrought and slowly lifted stone on stone, to remote, and, as they thought, spiritual ends.

We moderns mine and forge, and mason up our monuments, to the immediate profit of our bodies. Have we raised anything really great in stone or brick *for a mere idea,* since Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral?

Now, the Sons of Darkness and the Children of Light, both, I think, have worshipped a half-truth. In the streets of Spain, in the Indian or Egyptian village, to this day you may see the shadow of these ancient great buildings fall as if with dark weight on a miserably poor humanity. The ancients builded for to-morrow in another world; they forgot that all of us have a to-day in this. They spent riches and labor to save the souls of their hierarchy, but they kept their laborers so poor that they had no souls to save. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, majestic creations which can uplift the spirit of anyone who has eyes to see; but with all their dreams in stone to the glory of their gods, they kept simple man a beast of burden. And it never seems to have ruffled their consciousness that they purchased much of that ideal beauty with slavery, misery, and blood.

We moderns have gone another way to work, worshipping our half-truth. In place of those ideals for which the ancients worked — art, and the future life of their princes, politicians, and prelates — we moderns pursue what we call

" progress." All our stupendous achievements have this progressive notion at their back. We worship industry and trade. We think that if we make the wheels go round fast enough, mankind is bound to rise on the wings of wealth. Look after the body, we say, and the spirit will look after itself. Whether we save a greater proportion of our bodies than the ancients did of souls, is more than doubtful. But no such trifling doubts shake our belief in " progress."

Our modern castle in Spain is, in a word, " production," and we have no other. It terrifies us, it paralyzes us, it is like a snake in front of a rabbit. It is like that Chinese general at whose name a million trembled. And what was his name? " Wu."

It is machinery, of course, which has divided us from the ancients, given us a new culture and ideal.

Machinery has quietly and gradually shifted the central point of man's philosophy. Before the industrial era set in, men used to make things by hand; they were in some sort artists, with the artist's — or at least the craftsman's — pride in their work. Now they press buttons, they turn wheels; they don't make completed articles, they work with monotony at the section of an article; so many hours of machine-driving per day, the total result of which is never a man's individual achievement. " Intelligent specialism," says an English writer, " is one thing. It consists in one man learning how to do one thing specially well. But the sort of specializing which consists in setting thousands of human beings during their whole working lives to such a soul-destroying job as fixing the bristles into a hair-brush, pasting labels on jam-pots, or nearly any one of the varieties of machine minding, is quite another thing. It is an utter negation of human nature."

A man's real interest in life is now not in his working

day, but outside of it. The old artificers drew in their culture, such as it was, from their work; in these days, culture, such as it is, is grafted on to the workman in his leisure, as a sort of antidote to wheel driving. I don't want to exaggerate — hewers, delvers, drawers of water could never have taken much pride in their work, and, on the other hand, we still have many among us to whom their work is of absorbing interest. The modern architect and engineer, for example, have a great deal of the artist in them — they have a passion for the perfection of their job, which they communicate to many of those working under them. But though they may raise in Brooklyn Bridge, or the Woolworth Building, a marvel of efficiency, which in certain lights is also a thing of beauty, Society did not commission them to erect these wonders primarily for the sake of their beauty, or in order that Presidents Wilson and Harding might go to heaven. And, on the whole, I think there has been a great change; pride of quality has given way to pride of quantity. Men used to make things as well as they could for the pride they took in making them (and because they sometimes used the thing themselves). Now it is to their interest to turn out the cheapest, most quickly made, and lowest form of article that the public will take; and we have to rely for quality, not on the maker's pride of work, but on a grafted culture which keeps the public up to demanding a better sort of article. In old days the good thing was naturally supplied, nowadays it is artificially demanded.

Of course there is much truth in the vague modern notion that if you take care of the body the spirit will take care of itself. Only, you must really take care of the body, and not just pretend to. And the trouble about this progress of ours — which is supposed to take care of our bodies, and of which machinery is the mistress — is that it doesn't

progress. We used to have the manor-house, with half a dozen hovels in its support. Now we have, say, twenty miles of handsome residences, with a hundred and twenty miles of ugly back streets, reeking with smoke and redolent of dulness, dirt, and discontent. Proportions are unchanged. The purple patches of our great towns are too often as rouge on the cheeks and salve on the lips of a corpse. Real progress would level up and gradually extinguish the disproportion between manor and hovel, residence and back street.

Let us be fantastic for a moment and conceive the civic authorities of London on the eighth day of July in the year 1922, solemnly resolving: "We will remake of London a city so beautiful and sweet to dwell in that those who come after us shall think us mad to have attempted it." It might well take five generations, but it would be real progress. Alas! Our civic authorities have not been brought up to care a button for anything so unpractical as a castle in Spain. And say what you will in favor of democracy, there is always the trouble of getting any far-sighted and unbroken policy pursued. If anyone can furnish an antidote to the wasting tendency of short immediate policies, inherent in the system of government by bodies elected for short terms, he will be the greatest benefactor of the age. The life of a civic body is, I believe, about four years; we should want a procession of civic bodies who steadily loved castles in Spain, to make of London a stainless city of Portland stone, full of baths and flowers and singing birds — not in cages.

But, seriously, we are very unfortunate in letting our civic life be run in the main by those who were born seeing two inches before their noses, and whose education, instead of increasing, has reduced those inches to one. It seems ungrateful to critcize the practical business man whose facul-

ties and powers, stamina and energy, make the more imaginative person gasp. One owes him, in fact, so much, that one would like to owe him more. But does his vision as a rule extend beyond keeping pace with the present? And without vision the people perish! Why, the age is so practical that the word "visionary" has actually a slighting significance. And yet the really great practical adminstrators have all had vision — men like Cæsar, Chatham, Lincoln. And great men apart, there are really many naturally both practical and visionary. But in an age of specialism our method of education ever tends to develop one side of our natures at the expense of the other.

If we can't incorporate beauty in our scheme of life to-day, and foster the love of beauty in our children, the life of to-morrow and the children thereof must necessarily be as far from beauty as we are now. Surely it is strange to set men to direct the education, housing, and amusements of their fellow citizens, if they haven't a love of beauty, and some considerable knowledge of art! And is it really going too far to say that the present generation of business men — with, of course, many notable exceptions — have a sort of indulgent contempt for art and beauty? Would they admit that art has been the greatest of all factors in raising mankind from its old savage state? And yet it is the contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts, and dreams, expressed beautifully in stone, metal, paint, words, and music, which has slowly, generation by generation, lifted man to his present stature, such as it is, and mollified his savage nature. If it hasn't been that, ask yourselves what it has been! Religion? The uplifting part of religion is the beautiful expression of exalted feeling. The rest of religion is but superstition. Think of the thousand wars fought in the name of superstition; of the cannibal feasts, the human sacrifices; the tor-

tures of the Inquisition; the peresecutions, intolerances, and narrow cruelties perpetrated even to this day. The stories and teachings of Buddha, of Christ, of St. Francis d'Assisi, were the beautiful expressions of exalted feeling, simple, and touching the hearts of men, as all true beauty does; and so they have done their ennobling work. They belong to the cult of beauty.

Has trade, perhaps, been the mollifying influence and elevator of mankind? I think, only so far as it has widened the reach of beauty, brought beauty within the range of multitudes, by opening up the lines of communication. In that sense, no doubt, trade has helped. But trade as trade has no real elevating influence — rather the contrary.

No! Only beauty, in the largest sense of the word, the yearning for it, the contemplation of it, has civilized mankind. And yet we don't really take beauty seriously. Immediate profit rules the roost of us all in this age of ours. I leave it to the conscience of the age to decide whether that is good. For every age has a conscience, but it never comes to life till the age is on its death-bed.

The fault of all ages has been this: beauty — the knowledge and the love of it — has been kept as a preserve of the few, as the possession of a caste or clique. No great proportion of us are capable of creating or expressing beauty; but an immensely greater proportion of us are capable of appreciating it than ever have been given a real chance of so doing.

It should be our castle in Spain to clear our age of that defect, and put beauty within the reach of all. Machinery has come to stay, so that we must perforce rely on grafted culture — in other words, on education. We must teach the young now to feel and see the beauties of nature and art. The modern age is not easy to teach. But we have exceptional facilities in these days for teaching what helps

to keep life dignified, besides those simple accomplishments, cooking and keeping clean; we could bring an inkling at least of the fine arts, the architecture, literature, and music of the past to children even in the humblest schools. And why should not the children of labor have as much chance to be familiar with beauty as the children of the rich? All economic revolution or evolution is hollow unless it means more demand for beauty — greater dignity of human life. Without that it must be simply retrograde, destroying what beauty and love of it we have, with all to begin over again. What use in B's despoiling A, if B is going to use his spoils no better, probably worse, than A? A mere lap of luxury would only make B fat.

This is all platitude; and a great fuss about beauty, which cannot feed or clothe or warm the body, whatever it may do to that sentimental appanage, the spirit.

I read in a journal not long ago: "One always suspects Mr. Galsworthy of a certain deep-seated sentimentalism." I think the writer must have sold his castles in Spain at a loss. The fact is, one must be sentimental in this life to do anything except make money, and it is really better to have a castle in Spain than a villa at Newport or Cannes.

The precise definitions of beauty are without number or — value, to speak of. I just use the word to mean everything which promotes the real dignity of human life. To illustrate the width of the word beauty as I am using it, I mention what we all understand: good sportsmanship. To be a good "sportsman," a man shuns that which lowers his dignity, that which dims his idea of his own quality; and — his conception of quality derives obscurely from his sense of beauty. The dignity of human life demands in fact not only such desirable embroideries as pleasant sound, fine form, and lovely color, but health, strength,

cleanliness, balance, joy in living, just conduct and kind conduct, for there is no beauty in the sight of tortured things. A man who truly loves beauty hates to think that he enjoys it at the expense of starved and stunted human beings or suffering animals. A cruel or pettifogging æstheticism has sometimes smeared the word beauty and given it a bad odor. But that is not the beauty which gleams on the heights in the sunrise. That is not our castle in Spain.

But to put aside for a moment the sentimental, and come to business. Beauty, and the love of it, is surely the best investment modern man can make; for nothing else — most certainly not trade — will keep him from destroying the human species.

Consider what science has become in the hands of engineers and chemists; its destructive powers increase a hundred-fold with each decade; and the reproductive powers and inclinations of the human being do not vary. Recollect that nothing in the world but the love of beauty in its broad sense stands between man and the full and reckless exercise of his competitive greed; and remember the great war — a little war compared to that which, through the development of scientific destruction, we shall be able to wage next time! Remembering all this, we get an inkling of the sheer necessity there is for us to invest in beauty and the love thereof. No other investment will give us interest on our money and our money back. Unbalanced trade, science, industry, will give us a high momentary rate of interest, but only till the crash comes again, and the world goes even more bankrupt than it is at present.

The professor who has invented a rocket which will go to the moon and find out all about it (though whether it is to be boomerang enough to come back with the story, we

are not told), that professor would, I venture to think, have done more real good if he had taught a school full of children to see the beauty of — moonshine.

The next war will be fought from the air with explosives and gas, and may very likely be over before war is declared. The war after that will be fought with the germs of disease, distributed by wireless or something choice of that character. The final war necessary for the complete extirpation of mankind will be fought with radium or atomic energy; and we shall have no need to examine the moon, for the earth will be as lifeless.

So much for business! To go back to sentiment, which is really what makes the wheels go round. Not even " big business " rules our instincts, and our passions. Imperialists, chemists, engineers, merchants, militarists — we are all deep-seated sentimentalists. The only question for us is: What shall we be sentimental about? Which is the fairer castle in Spain — quantity or quality?

Consider for a moment the ideals which have been offered us instead of the pursuit of beauty, or quality, if that be a preferable word.

Take, for instance, the ideal of happiness in a future life. If there be a future life for the individual, we obviously cannot reach happiness therein without having longed for and served quality in this, without having had that kind and free and generous philosophy which belongs to the cult of beauty and alone gives peace of mind. The pursuit of beauty includes, then, whatever may be true in the ideal — happiness in a future life.

Take the ideal of material comfort in this life. But the cult of beauty, of quality, includes all that is good in this ideal, for it surely demands physical health and well-being; sane minds in sane bodies, which depend of course on a sufficiency of material comfort. All the rest of the ideal

of wealth is mere fat, sagging beyond the point of balance. As a fact, modern civilization is offering us a compound between happiness in a future life, and material comfort in this, lip-serving the first, and stomach-serving the second. We get the keys of heaven from our banks, and we don't get them if we haven't a good balance. Modern civilization is, on the whole, camouflaged commercialism, wherein to do things well, *for the joy of doing them well,* is rarer than we think. We have even commercialized salvation — for so much virtue, so much salvation. Always — always — *quid pro quo.*

But let us give the devil its due. Let us admit at once that in spite of everything this is still the best age on the whole that man has lived in. It is in its own way very thorough — our modern civilization. It has made advertisement into a fine art, equipped bedrooms with telephones; it diagnoses maladies with extreme punctilio. A doctor examined a young lady the other day, and among his notes were these: "Not afraid of small rooms, ghosts, or thunderstorms; not made drunk by hearing Wagner; brown hair, artistic hands; had a craving for chocolate in 1918." The age is thorough in its way. But there's a kind of deadly practicality about its production: all for to-day, none for to-morrow! The future will never think us mad for attempting what we do attempt; we build no Seville cathedrals. We don't get ahead of time.

We have just let slip, in England, the chance to get our country life going thoroughly once more. At demobilization we might have put hundreds of thousands on the land, which needs them so badly for a dozen reasons. How many have we put? Not so many as the war took away from the land. Admitted that life on the land means hard work, burnt faces, and maybe bowed backs; it also means hearty stock for the next generation. A nation concerned only

with its present is like the man who was fishing, and, feeling sleepy, propped his rod up on the bank, with the line in the water. A wag spied him sleeping, took the rod, waded across the river, propped up the rod on the opposite bank, and lay down behind a hedge to watch for the awakening. Such is the awakening in store for nations which enjoy their present and forget there is a future.

The pursuit of beauty as a national ideal, the building of that castle in Spain, is no picnic. Idlers need not apply. Consider the rank growth which must be cut down, the stumps and roots to be burned out and cleared, the swamps to be drained, before even the foundations can be laid. And — after — what long and patient labor and steadfastness of ideal before we begin to see rise a fair edifice of human life upon this earth.

Members of a practical race will say: "Well, what do you want us to do? Cut the flower and come to the fruit?" Alas! All literary men can tell people what they oughtn't to be; that's — literature. But to tell them what they ought to do is — politics, of which no literary man is guilty; for politics and literature afford the only instance known — in virtuous countries — of divorce by mutual consent. The contempt of politicians for literary men is only equalled by the contempt of literary men for politicians. It would be impertinent, then, for a literary man to suggest anything practical. Let me, however, make a few affirmations. I do believe that, on the whole, modern man is a little further from being a mere animal than the men of the Dark Ages, however great the castles in Spain those men built and left for us to look upon; but I am sure we are in far greater danger than ever they were, of a swift decline. From that decline I am convinced that only the love and cult of beauty will save us!

By the love and cult of beauty I mean a great deal —

higher and wider conception of the dignity of human life; the teaching of what beauty is, to all, not merely to the few; the cultivation of good will so that we wish and work and dream that not only ourselves but everybody may be healthy and happy; and, above all, the fostering of the habit of doing things and making things well for the joy of the work and the pleasure of achievement, rather than for the gain they will bring us. With these as the rules, the wheels of an insensate industrialism, whose one idea is to make money and get ahead of other people — careless of direction towards hell or heaven — might conceivably be spoked.

As it seemed to me, the great lack of our age is an ideal, expressed with sufficient concreteness to be like a vision, beckoning. To me there is no other ideal worthy of us, or indeed possible to us in these unsuperstitious days, save beauty — or call it, if you will, the dignity of human life. One or two writers of late have urged the need of more *spiritual* beauty in our lives. They mean what I mean, but it is unfortunate to talk of *spiritual* beauty. We must be able to smell, and see, hear, feel, and taste our ideal as well. We must know by plain evidence that it is lifting human life, that it is the heritage of all, not merely of the refined and leisured among us. The body and soul are one for the purpose of all real evolution, and I regret any term which suggests a divorce between them. But nobody, I think, can mistake what is meant by quality, or the dignity of human life. Anything which crosses and offends against that ideal is our Satan. And the only way in which each one can say *"Retro Satana"* is to leave his or her tiny corner of the universe a little more dignified, a little more lovely and lovable than he or she found it.

It may seem absurd to be writing like this in a world whose general mood at the moment is utter disillusionment

and gloomy spite. The world is cross-eyed just now; when it weeps out of one eye, the tear runs down the other cheek. And it is difficult to be in love with a lady like that. I, for one, find it extremely hard not to be a cynic. Latest opinion assigns eight or ten thousand years as the outside length of time during which what we know as civilization has been at work. Still — ten thousand years is a considerable period of mollification. One had rashly hoped that mankind was not to be so speedily stampeded; that traditions of gentleness, fair play, chivalry, had a little more strength among Western peoples than they have been proved to have had since 1914; that mob feeling might be less, instead of, as it seems, more potent than it used to be. Only very constant self-reminding that the fault was in one's self, that one was a facile observer, a dreamer who did not look deeply enough beneath the surface; a rider before the hounds; only that, and a constant self-reminding of the individual patience, good humor, endurance, and heroism which goes so queerly hand in hand with stupidity, savagery, greed, and mob violence, can save a man from turning his back on the world with the words: "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats, all life is there!"

Fear is at the back of nearly all the savagery in the world; and if there be not present in the individual that potent antidote — the sense of human dignity, which is but a love of and a belief in beauty, he must infallibly succumb to fear. There are tremendous difficulties in the way of coherent progress, of all fair and far ideals under the régime of short-lived elective bodies, a régime essentially exposed to stampede through popular opinion and the emotions of the moment. Seeing the violence of which military autocracy is capable, one is liable to become too blind a devotee of democracy. But democracy has no greater ene-

mies than her unthinking friends. Short sight is her danger, short sight verging on blindness. What will happen if democracy really goes blind? She must have an ideal, a star on which to fix her eyes — something distant and magnetic to draw her on, something to strive towards, beyond the troubled and shifting needs, passions, and prejudices of the moment. Lovers of beauty, those who wish to raise the dignity of human life, should try to give her that ideal, to equip her with the only vision which can save the world from spite and the crazy competition which leads thereto.

We of this still young century may yet leave to those who come after us at least the foundations of a castle in Spain such as the world has not yet seen; leave our successors in mood and heart to continue our work; so that one hundred and fifty years perhaps from now, human life may really be dignified and beautiful, not just a breathless, grudging, visionless scramble from birth to death, of a night with no stars out.

Dreamer — deep-seated sentimentalist — the immortal Don riding his Rosinante on the bare brown uplands of Spain never saw so crazy a vision, so fickle-shining a mirage! Who knows? The world is changing. It *must* change, or perish; the forces of destruction, the inherent futilities of the present order, are too great. And there is in human nature, after all, the instinct of self-preservation, a great saving common-sense.

The past six years have been the result of the past six hundred years. The war was no spasmodic visitation; it was the culmination of age-long competitions. The past six years have devoured many millions of grown men, more millions of little children — prevented their birth, killed them, or withered them for life. If we begin again these crazy competitions, without regard for beauty or the dig-

nity of human life, we shall live to see ten millions perish for every million perished in this war. We shall live to curse the day — this day when, at the end of so great a lesson, we were too sane to take it to heart; too sensible and practical and business-like and unemotional to see visions and dream dreams, and build our castle in Spain.

Remedy: localize industries by going back to Medieval Guild system - a local community producing for all needs

Gandi gave up his battle against machinery because civilization is too strong for the past.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM[1]

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

THE solution of the industrial and economic problem that now confronts the entire world with an insistence that is not to be denied, is contingent on the restoration, first of all, of the holiness and the joy of work. Labor is not a curse, it is rather one of the greatest of the earthly blessings of man, provided its sanctity is recognized and its performance is accomplished with satisfaction to the laborer. In work man creates, whether the product is a bushel of potatoes from a space of once arid ground, or whether it is the Taj Mahal, Westminster Abbey, or the Constitution of the United States, and so working he partakes something of the divine power of creation.

When work is subject to slavery, all sense of its holiness is lost, both by master and bondman; when it is subject to the factory system all the joy in labor is lost. Ingenuity may devise one clever panacea after another for the salving work and for lifting the working classes from the intolerable conditions that have prevailed for more than a century; they will be ephemeral in their existence and futile in their results unless sense of holiness is restored, and the joy in production and creation given back to those who have been defrauded.

[1] From *Toward the Great Peace*, by Ralph Adams Cram. Copyright, 1922, by Marshall Jones Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Before Christianity prevailed slavery was universal in civilized communities; labor, as conducted under that régime, was a curse, and this at length came home to roost on the gaunt wreckage of imperialism. Thereafter came slowly increasing liberty under the feudal system with its small social units and its system of production for use not profits, monasticism with its doctrine of the sanctity of work, and the Church with its progressive emancipation of the spiritual part of man. Work was not easy; on the contrary it was very hard throughout the Dark Ages and Mediævalism, but there is no particular merit in easy work. It was virtually free except for the labor and contributions in kind exacted by the over-lord (less in proportion than taxes in money have been at several times since) from the workers on the soil, and in the crafts of every kind redeemed from undue arduousness by the joy that comes from doing a thing well and producing something of beauty, originality, and technical perfection. Cellini in pride in workmanship.

The period during which work possessed the most honorable status and the joy in work was the greatest, extends from the beginnings of the twelfth century well into the sixteenth. In some centuries, and along certain lines of activity, it continued much longer, notably in England and the United States, but social and industrial conditions were rapidly changing, the old aristocracy was becoming perverted, Lutheranisms, Calvinism, and Puritanism were breaking down the old communal sense of brotherhood so arduously built up during the Middle Ages, capitalism was ousting the trade and craft guilds of free labor, and political absolutism was crushing ever lower and lower a proletariat that was fast losing the last vestiges of old liberty. The fact of slavery without the name was gradually imposed on the agricultural classes, and after the

suppression of the monasteries in England work as work lost its sacred character and fell under contempt. With the outbreak of industrialism in the last quarter of the eighteenth century through the institution and introduction of "labor-saving" machinery and the consequent division of labor, the factory system, the joint-stock company, and capitalism, this new slavery was extended to industrial workers, and with its establishment disappeared the element of joy in labor.

For fifty years, about the blackest half-century history has had to record, this condition of slavery continued with little amendment. Very slowly, however, the workers themselves, championed by certain aristocrats like the seventh Earl of Shaftsbury against professional Liberals like Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone in England, began to loosen the shackles that bound them to infamous conditions, and after the abrogation of laws that made any association of workingmen a penal offense, the labor unions began to ameliorate certain of the servile conditions under which for two generations the workman had suffered. Since then the process of abolishing wage-slavery went slowly forward until at last the war came not only to threaten its destruction altogether but also to place the emancipated workers in a place where they could dictate terms and conditions to capital, to employers, to government, and to the general public; while even now in many parts of Europe and America, besides Russia, overt attempts are being made to bring back the old slavery, only with the former bondsmen in supreme dictatorship, the former employers and the bourgeoisie in the new serfage.

The old slavery is gone, but the joy in work has not been restored; instead, those who have achieved triumphant emancipation turn from labor itself with the same distaste, yes, with greater aversion than that which ob-

tained under the old régime. With every added liberty and exemption, with every shortening of hours and increase of pay, production per hour falls off and the quality of the output declines. What is the reason for this? Is it due to the viciousness of the worker, to his natural selfishness, greed, and cruelty? I do not think so, but rather that the explanation is to be found in the fact that the industrial system of modernism has resulted in a condition where the joy has been altogether cut out of labor, and that until this state of things has been reversed and the sense of the holiness of work and the joy of working have been restored, it is useless to look for workable solutions of the labor problem. The *fact* of industrial slavery has been done away with but the sense of the servile condition that attaches to work has been retained; therefore the idea of the dignity and holiness of labor has not come back any more than the old joy and satisfaction. Failing this recovery, no reorganization of industrial relations, neither profit-sharing nor shop committees, neither nationalization nor state socialism, neither the abolition of capital nor soviets nor the dictatorship of the proletariat will get us anywhere. It is all a waste of time, and, through its ultimate failure and disappointments, an intensification of an industrial disease.

Why is it that this is so? For an answer I must probe deep and, it may seem, cut wildly. I believe it is because we have built up a system that goes far outside the limits of human scale, transcends human capacity, is forbidden by the laws and conditions of life, and must be abrogated if it is not to destroy itself and civilization in the process. What, precisely, has taken place? Late in the eighteenth century two things happened; the discovery of the potential inherent in coal and its derivative, steam, with electricity yet unexploited but ready to hand, and

the application of this to industrial purposes, together with the initiating of a long and astounding series of discoveries and inventions all applicable to industrial purposes. With a sort of vertiginous rapidity the whole industrial process was transformed from what it had been during the period of recorded history; steam and machinery took the place of brain and hand power directly applied, and a revolution greater than any other was effected.

The new devices were hailed as "labor-saving" but they vastly increased labor both in hours of work and in hands employed. Bulk production through the factory system was inevitable, the result being an enormous surplus over the normal and local demand. To organize and conduct these processes of bulk-production required money greater in amount than individuals could furnish; so grew up capitalism, the joint-stock company, credit, and cosmopolitan finance. To produce profits and dividends markets must be found for the huge surplus product. This was accomplished by stimulating the covetousness of people for things they had not thought of, under normal conditions would not, in many cases, need, and very likely would be happier without, and in "dumping" on supposedly barbarous peoples in remote parts of the world, articles alien to their traditions and their mode of life and generally pestiferous in their influence and results. So came advertising in all its branches, direct and indirect, from the newspaper and the bill-board to the drummer, the diplomatic representative, and the commercial missionary.

Every year saw some new invention that increased the product per man, the development of some new advertising device, the conquest of some new territory or the delimitation of some new "sphere of influence," and the revelation of some new possibility in the covetousness of man. Profits rose to new heights and accumulating divi-

dends clamored for new opportunities for investment. Competition tended to cut down returns; therefore labor was more and more sustained through diminished wages and laws that savagely prevented any concerted effort towards self-defense. Improvements in agricultural processes and the application of machinery and steam power, together with bulk-production and scientific localization of crops, threw great quantities of farm-laborers out of work and drove them into the industrial towns, while advances in medical science and in sanitation raised the proportion of births to deaths and soon provided a surplus of potential labor so that the operation of the "law of supply and demand," extolled by a new philosophy and enforced by the new "representative" of democratic and parliamentary government, resulted in an unfailing supply of cheap labor paid wages just beyond the limit of starvation.

At last there came evidences that the limit had been reached; the whole world had been opened up and preëmpted, labor was beginning to demand and even get more adequate wages; competition, once hailed as "the life of trade," was becoming so fierce that dividends were dwindling. Something had to be done and in self-defense industries began to coalesce in enormous "trusts" and "combines" and monopolies. Capitalization of millions now ran into billions; finance became international in its scope and gargantuan in its proportions and ominousness; advertising grew from its original simplicity and naïveté into a vast industry based on all that the most ingenious professors could tell of applied psychology, subsidizing artists, poets, men of letters, employing armies of men along a hundred different lines, expending millions annually in its operations, making the modern newspaper possible, and ultimately developing the whole system of

propaganda which has now become the one great determining factor in the making of public opinion.

When the twentieth century opened, that industrialism which had begun just a century before, had, with its various collateral developments, financial, educational, journalistic, etc., become not only the greatest force in society, but as well a thing operating on the largest scale that man had ever essayed: beside it the Roman Empire was parochial.

The result of this institution, conceived on such imperial lines, was, in the field we are now considering, the total destruction of the sense of the holiness of labor and of joy in work. It extended far beyond the limits of pure industrialism; it moulded and controlled society in all its forms, destroying ideals old as history, reversing values, confusing issues and wrecking man's powers of judgment. Until the war it seemed irresistible, now its weakness and the fallacy of its assumptions are revealed, but it has become so absolutely a part of our life, indeed of our nature, that we are unable to estimate it by any sound standards of judgment, and even when we approximate this we cannot think in other terms when we try to devise our schemes of redemption. Even the socialist and the Bolshevik think in imperial terms when they try to compass the ending of imperialism.

Under this supreme system, as I see it, the two essential things I have spoken of cannot be restored, nor could they maintain themselves if, by some miracle, they were once re-established. The indictment cannot be closed here. The actual condition that has developed from industrialism presents certain factors that are not consonant with sane, wholesome, and Christian living. Not only has the unit of human scale in human society been done away with, not only have the sense of the nobility of work and

joy in the doing been exterminated, but, as well, certain absolutely false principles and methods have been adopted which are not susceptible of reform but only of abolition.

Of some of these I have spoken already; the alarming drift towards cities, until now in the United States more than one-half the population is urban; the segregation of industries in certain cities and regions; the minute division of labor and intensive specialization; the abnormal growth of a true proletariat or non-land-holding class; the flooding of the country by cheap labor drawn from the most backward communities and from peoples of low race-value. Out of this has arisen a bitter class conflict and the ominous beginnings of a perilous class consciousness, with actual warfare joined in several countries, and threatened in all others where industrial civilization is prevalent. With this has grown up an artificially stimulated covetousness for a thousand futile luxuries, and a standard of living that presupposes a thousand non-essentials as basic necessities. Production for profit, not use, excess production due to machinery, efficient organization, and surplus of labor, together with the necessity for marketing the product at a profit, have produced a state of things where at least one-half the available labor in the country is engaged in the production and sale of articles which are not necessary to physical, intellectual, or spiritual life, while of the remainder hardly more than a half is employed in production, the others are devoting themselves to distribution and to the war of competition through advertising and the capturing of trade by ingenious and capable salesmen. It is a significant fact that two of the greatest industries in the United States are the making of automobiles and moving pictures.

It is probably true to say that of the potential labor in the United States, about one-fourth is producing those

things which are physically, intellectually, and spiritually necessary; the remaining three-fourths are essentially non-producers: they must, however, be housed, fed, clothed, and amused, and the cost of this support is added to the cost of the necessities of life. The reason for the present high cost of living lies possibly here.

Lest I be misunderstood, let me say here that under the head of necessities of life I do not mean a new model automobile each year, moving pictures, mechanical substitutes for music or any other art, and the thousand catch-trade devices that appear each year for the purpose of filching business from another or establishing a new desire in the already over-crowded imaginations of an over-stimulated populace. Particularly do I not mean advertising in any sense in which it is now understood and practised. If, as I believe to be the case, production for profit rather than use, the reversal of the ancient doctrine that the demand must produce the supply, in favor of the doctrine that the supply must foster the demand, is the foundation of our economic error and our industrial ills, then it follows that advertising as it is now carried on by bill-boards, circulars, and newspapers, by drummers, solicitors, and consular agents, falls in the same condemnation, for except by its offices the system could not have succeeded or continue to function. It is bad in itself as the support and strength of a bad institution, but its guilt does not stop here. So plausible is it, so essential to the very existence of the contemporary régime, so knit up with all the commonest affairs of life, so powerful in its organization and broad in its operations, it has poisoned, and continues to poison, the minds of men so that the headlong process of losing all sense of comparative values is accelerated, while every instinctive effort at recovery and readjustment is nullified. How

far this process has gone may be illustrated by two instances. It is only a few months ago that a most respected clergyman publicly declared that missionaries were the greatest and most efficient asset to trade because they were unofficial commercial agents who opened up new and savage countries to Western commerce through advertising commodities of which the natives had never heard, and arousing in them a sense of acquisitiveness that meant more wealth and business for trade and manufacture, which should support foreign missions on this ground at least. More recently the head of an advertising concern in New York is reported to have said: "It is principally through advertising that we have arrived at the high degree of civilization which this age enjoys, for advertising has taught us the use of books and how to furnish our homes with the thousand and one comforts that add so materially to our physical and intellectual well-being. The future of the world depends on advertising. Advertising is the salvation of civilization, for civilization cannot outlive advertising a century."

It is tempting to linger over such a delectable morsel as this, for even if it is only the absurd and irresponsible output of one poor, foolish man, it does express more or less what industrial civilization holds to be true, though few would avow their faith so whole-heartedly. The statement was made as propaganda, and propaganda is merely advertising in its most insidious and dangerous form. The thing revealed its possibilities during the war, but the black discredit that was then very justly attached to it could not prevail against its manifest potency, and it is now universally used after the most comprehensive and frequently unscrupulous fashion, with results that can only be perilous in the extreme. The type and caliber of mind that has now been released from long bondage, and

by weight of numbers is now fast taking over the direction of affairs, is curiously subservient to the written word, and lacking a true sense of comparative values, without effective leadership either secular or religious, is easily swayed by every wind of doctrine. The forces of evil that are ever in conflict with the forces of right are notoriously ingenious in making the worse appear the better cause, and with every desire for illumination and for following the right way, the multitude, whether educated or illiterate, fall into the falsehoods of others' imaginings. Money, efficiency, an acquired knowledge of mob psychology, the printing press, and the mail service acting in alliance, and directed by fanatical or cynical energy, form a force of enormous potency that is now being used effectively throughout society. It is irresponsible, anonymous, and pervasive. Through its operation the last barriers are broken down between the leadership of character and the leadership of craft, while all formal distinctions between the valuable and the valueless are swept away.

I have spoken at some length of this particular element in the present condition of things, because in both its aspects as the support of our present industrial and economic system and as the efficient moulder of a fluid and unstable public opinion, it is perhaps the strongest and most subtle force of which we must take account.

With a system so prevalent as imperial industry, so knit up with every phase of life and thought, and so determining a factor in all our concepts, united as it is with two such invincible allies as advertising and propaganda, it is inconceivable that it should be overthrown by any human force from without. Holding it to be essentially wrong, it seems to me providential that it is already showing signs of falling by its own weight. Production

of commodities has far exceeded production of the means of payment, and society is now running on promises to pay, on paper obligations, on anticipations of future production and sale — on credit, in a word. The war has enormously magnified this condition until an enforced liquidation would mean bankruptcy for all the nations of the earth, while the production of utilities is decreasing in proportion to the production of luxuries, labor is exacting increasing pay for decreasing hours of work and quality of output, and the enormous financial structure, elaborately and ingeniously built up through several generations, is in grave danger of immediate catastrophe. The whole world is in the position of an insolvent debtor who is so deeply involved that his creditors cannot afford to let him go into bankruptcy, and so keep him out of the Poor Debtor's Court by doling out support from day to day. Confidence is the only thing that keeps matters going; what happens when this is lost is now being demonstrated in many parts of Europe. The optimist claims that increased production, coupled with enforced economy, will produce a satisfactory solution, but there is no evidence that labor, now having the whip-hand, will give up its present advantage sufficiently to make this possible; even if it did, payment must be in the form of exchange or else in further promises to pay, while the capacity of the world for consumption is limited somewhere, though thus far " big business " has failed to recognize this fact. At present the interest charges on debts, both public and private, have reached a point where they come near to consuming all possible profits even from a highly accelerated rate of production. Altogether it is reasonable to assume that the present financial-industrial system is near its term for reasons inherent in itself, let alone the possibility of a further extension of the drastic and com-

pletely effective measure of destruction that are characteristics of Bolshevism and its blood-brothers.

Assuming that this is so, two questions arise: what is to take the place of imperial industry, and how is this substitution to be brought about?

I think the answer to the first is: a social and industrial system based on small, self-contained, largely self-sufficing units, where supply follows demand, where production is primarily for use not profit, and where in all industrial operations some system will obtain which is more or less that of the guilds of the Middle Ages. I should like to go into this a little more in detail before trying to answer the second question.

The normal social unit is a group of families predominantly of the same race, territorially compact, of substantially the same ideals as expressed in religion and the philosophy of life, and sufficiently numerous to provide from within itself the major part of those things which are necessary to physical, intellectual, and spiritual well-being. It should consist of a central nucleus of houses, each with its garden, the churches, schools, and public buildings that are requisite, the manufactories and workshops that supply the needs of the community, the shops for sale of those things not produced at home, and all necessary places of amusement. Around this residential center should be sufficient agricultural land to furnish all the farm products that will be consumed by the community itself. The nucleus of habitation and industry, together with the surrounding farms, make up the social unit, which is to the fullest possible degree, self-contained, self-sufficient, and self-governing.

Certain propositions are fundamental, and they are as follows: Every family should own enough land to support itself at need. The farms included in the unit must pro-

duce enough to meet the needs of the population. Industry must be so organized that it will normally serve the resident population along every feasible line. Only such things as cannot be produced at home on account of climatic or soil limitations should be imported from outside. All necessary professional services should be obtainable within the community itself. All financial transactions such as loans, credits, banking, and insurance should be domestic. Surplus products, whether agricultural, industrial, or professional, should be considered as by-products, and in no case should the producing agency acquire such magnitude that home-consumption becomes a side issue and production for profit takes the place of production for use.

All this is absolutely opposed to our present system, but our present system is wasteful, artificial, illogical, unsocial, and therefore vicious. I have said enough as to the falsities, the dangers, and the failures of bulk-production through the operations of capitalism, the factory system, and advertising, but its concomitant, the segregation of industries, is equally objectionable. To ship hogs 1,500 miles to be slaughtered and packed in food form, and then ship this manufactured product back to the source from which the raw material came; to feed a great city with grain, potatoes, and fruits coming from 1,000 to 3,000 miles away, and vegetables from a distance of several hundred miles, while the farms within a radius of fifty miles are abandoned and barren; to make all the shoes for the nation in one small area, to spin the wool and cotton and weave the cloth in two or three others; to make the greater part of the furniture in one state, the automobiles in a second, and the breakfast food in a third, is so preposterous a proposition that it belongs in *Gulliver's Travels*, not in the annals of a supposedly in-

telligent people. The only benefit is that which for a time accrued to the railways, which carted raw materials and finished products back and forth over thousands of miles of their lines, the costs of shipment and reshipment being naturally added to the price to the consumer. The penalties for this uneconomic procedure were borne by society at large, not only in the increased costs but through the abnormal communities, each with its tens of thousands of operatives all engaged in the same work and generally drawn from foreign races (with the active coöperation of the steamship lines), and the permanent dislocation of the labor supply, together with the complete disruption of the social synthesis.

With production for profit and segregation of industries has come an almost infinitesimal division and specialization of labor. Under a right industrial system this would be reduced, not magnified. The dignity of labor and the joy of creation demand that in so far as possible each man should carry through one entire operation. This is of course now, and always has been under any highly developed civilization, impossible in practice, except along certain lines of art and craftsmanship. The evils of the existing system can in a measure be done away with the moment production for use is the recognized law, for it is only in bulk-production that this intensive specialization can be made to pay. Bulk-production there will always be until, and if, the world is reorganized on the basis of an infinite number of self-contained social units, but in the ideal community — and I am dealing now with ideals — it would not exist.

Allied with this is the whole question of the factory method and the use and misuse of machinery. It seems to me that the true principle is that machinery and the factory are admissible only when so employed they actu-

ally do produce, in bulk operations, a better product, and with less labor, than is possible through hand work. Weaving, forging, and all work where human action must be more or less mechanical, offer a fair field for the machine and the factory, but wherever the human element can enter, where personality and the skilled craft of the hand are given play, the machine and the factory are inadmissible. The great city, creation of " big business," segregation of industries, advertising, salesmanship, and a hundred other concomitants of modernism, have built up an abnormal and avaricious demand for bulk-production along lines where the handicraft should function. It becomes necessary — let us say — to provide a million dollars worth of furniture for a ten million dollar hotel (itself to be superseded and scrapped in perhaps ten years) and naturally only the most intensive and efficient factory system can meet this demand. Rightly, however, the furniture of a community should be produced by the local cabinet makers, and so it should be in many other industries now entirely taken over by the factory system.

For the future then we must consciously work for the building upward from primary units, so completely reversing our present practice of creating the big thing and fighting hopelessly to preserve such small and few doles of liberty and personality as may be permitted to filter downward from above. This is the only true democracy, and the thing we call by the name is not this, largely because we have bent our best energies to the building up of vast and imperial aggregates which have inevitably assumed a complete unity in themselves and become dominating, tyrannical, and ruthless forces that have operated regardless of the sound laws and wholesome principles of a right society. Neither the vital democracy of principle nor the artificial democracy of practice can exist in con-

junction with imperialism, whether this is established in government, in industry, in trade, in society, or in education.

If we can assume, then, the gradual development of a new society in which these principles will be carried out, a society that is made up of social units of human scale, self-contained, self-supporting, and self-governed, where production is primarily for use, not profit, and where bulk-production is practically non-existent, the sub-division of labor reduced to the lowest practicable point, machinery employed to a much less extent than now, and the factory system abolished, what organic form will labor take on in place of that which now obtains? It is possible to forecast this only in the most general terms, for life itself must operate to determine the lines of development and dictate the consequent forms. If we can acquire a better standard of comparative values, and with a clearer and more fearless vision estimate the rights and wrongs of the contemporary system, rejecting the ill thing and jealously preserving, or passionately regaining, the good, we shall be able to establish certain broad, fundamental and governing principles, and doing this we can await in confidence the evolution of the organic forms that will be the working agencies of the new society.

I have tried to indicate some of the basic principles of a new society. The operating forms, so far as industry is concerned, will, I think, follow in essential respects the craft-guilds of the Middle Ages. They will not be an archæological restoration, as some of the English protagonists of this great revolution seem to anticipate, they will be variously adapted to the peculiar conditions of a new century, but the basic principles will be preserved. Whatever happens, I am sure it will not be either a continuation of the present system of capitalism and profit-hunt-

ing, or nationalization of industries, or state socialism in any form, or anything remotely resembling Bolshevism, syndicalism, or a " dictatorship of the proletariat." Here, as in government, education, and social relations, the power and the authority of the state must decline, government itself withdrawing more and more from interference with the operation of life, and liberty find its way back to the individual and to the social and economic groups. We live now under a more tyrannical and inquisitorial régime, in spite of (partly perhaps because of) its democratic forms and dogmas, than is common in historical records. Nationalization or state socialism would mean so great a magnifying of this condition that existence would soon become both grotesque and intolerable. We must realize, and soon, that man may lose even the last semblance of liberty, as well under a nominal democracy as under a nominal despotism or theocracy.

OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS[1]

liberal - neo-platonist - idealist

BY WILLIAM RALPH INGE (Eng.)

Dean of St. Paul's (London)

DEMOCRACY is a form of government which may be rationally defended, not as being good, but as being less bad than any other. Its strongest merits seem to be: first, that the citizens of a democracy have a sense of proprietorship and responsibility in public affairs, which in times of crisis may add to their tenacity and endurance. The determination of the Federals in the American Civil War, and of the French and British in the four years' struggle against Germany, may be legitimately adduced as arguments for democracy. When Tocqueville says that "it is hard for a democracy to begin or to end a war," the second is truer than the first. And, secondly, the educational value of democracy is so great that it may be held to counterbalance many defects. Mill decides in favor of democracy mainly on the ground that "it promotes a better and higher form of national character than any other polity," since government by authority stunts the intellect, narrows the sympathies, and destroys the power of initiative. "The perfect commonwealth," says Mr. Zimmern, "is a society of free men and women, each at once ruling and being ruled." It is also fair to argue that monarchies do not escape the worst evils of democracies. An autoc-

[1] From *Outspoken Essays: First Series*, by Dean William Ralph Inge. Copyright, 1920, by Longmans, Green and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

racy is often obliged to oppress the educated classes and to propitiate the mob. Domitian massacred senators with impunity, and only fell "*postquam cerdonibus esse timendus coeperat.*" If an autocracy does not rest on the army, which leads to the chaos of prætorianism, it must rely on "*panem et circenses.*" Hence it has some of the worst faults of democracy, without its advantages. As Mr. Graham Wallas says: "When a tsar or a bureaucracy finds itself forced to govern in opposition to a vague national feeling which may at any moment create an overwhelming national purpose, the autocrat becomes the most unscrupulous of demagogs, and stirs up racial or religious or social hatred, or the lust for foreign war, with less scruple than a newspaper proprietor under a democracy." The autocrat, in fact, is often a slave, as the demagogue is often a tyrant. Lastly, the democrat may urge that one of the commonest accusations against democracy — that the populace chooses its rulers badly — is not true in times of great national danger. On the contrary, it often shows a sound instinct in finding the strongest man to carry it through a crisis. At such times the parrots and monkeys are discarded, and a Napoleon or a Kitchener is given a free hand, though he may have despised all the demagogic arts. In other words, a democracy sometimes knows when to abdicate. The excesses of revolutionists are not an argument against democracy, since revolutions are anything rather than democratic.

Nevertheless, the indictment against democracy is a very heavy one, and it is worth while to state the main items in the charge.

1. Whatever may be truly said about the good sense of a democracy during a great crisis, at ordinary times it does not bring the best men to the top. Professor

Hearnshaw, in his admirable *Democracy at the Crossroads,* collects a number of weighty opinions confirming this judgment. Carlyle, who proclaims the merits of silence in some thirty volumes, blames democracy for ignoring the "noble, silent men" who could serve it best, and placing power in the hands of windbags. Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Sir James Stephen, Sir Henry Maine, and Lecky, all agree that "the people have for the most part neither the will nor the power to find out the best men to lead them." In France the denunciations of democratic politicians are so general that it would be tedious to enumerate the writers who have uttered them. One example will suffice; the words are the words of Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu in 1885:

> The wider the circle from which politicians and state-functionaries are recruited, the lower seems their intellectual level to have sunk. This deterioration in the personnel of government has been yet more striking from the moral point of view. Politics have tended to become more corrupt, more debased, and to soil the hands of those who take part in them and the men who get their living by them. Political battles have become too bitter and too vulgar not to have inspired aversion in the noblest and most upright natures by their violence and their intrigues. The élite of the nation in more than one country are showing a tendency to have nothing to do with them. Politics is an industry in which a man, to prosper, requires less intelligence and knowledge than boldness and capacity for intrigue. It has already become in some states the most ignominious of careers. Parties are syndicates for exploitation, and its forms become ever more shameless.

A later account of French politics, drawn from inside knowledge and experience, is the remarkable novel, *Les Morts qui parlent,* by the Vicomte Le Vogüé. Readers of this book will not forget the description of the *bain*

de haine in which a new deputy at once finds himself plunged, and the canker of corruption which eats into the whole system. It is no wonder that the majority of Frenchmen do not care to record their votes. In 1906, 5,209,606 votes were given, 6,383,852 electors did not go to the polls. The record of democracy in the new countries is no better. We must regretfully admit that Louis Simond was right when he said, "Few people take the trouble to persuade the people, except those who see their interest in deceiving them."

2. The democracy is a ready victim to shibboleths and catchwords, as all demagogs know too well. "The abstract idea," as Scherer says, "is the national ailment of popular rhetoric, the fatal form of thought which, for want of solid knowledge, operates in a vacuum." The politician has only to find a fascinating formula; facts and arguments are powerless against it. The art of the demagogue is the art of the parrot; he must utter some senseless catchword again and again, working on the suggestibility of the crowd. Archbishop Trench, *On the Study of Words,* notices this fact of psychology and the use which is commonly made of it.

> If I wanted any further evidence of the moral atmosphere which words diffuse, I would ask you to observe how the first thing men do, when engaged in controversy with others, is ever to assume some honorable name to themselves, such as, if possible, shall beg the whole subject in dispute, and at the same time to affix on their adversaries a name which shall place them in a ridiculous or contemptible or odious light. A deep instinct, deeper perhaps than men give any account of to themselves, tells them how far this will go; that multitudes, utterly unable to weigh the arguments on one side or the other, will yet be receptive of the influences which these words are evermore, however imperceptibly, diffusing. By argument they might hope to gain

over the reason of a few, but by help of these nicknames the prejudices and passions of the many.

The chief instrument of this base art is no longer the public speech but the newspaper.

The psychology of the crowd has been much studied lately, by Le Bon and other writers in France, by Mr. Graham Wallas in England. I think that Le Bon is in danger of making The Crowd a mystical, superhuman entity. Of course, a crowd is made up of individuals, who remain individuals still. We must not accept the stuffed idol of Rousseau and the socialists, "The General Will," and turn it into an evil spirit. There is no General Will. All we have a right to say is that individuals are occasionally guided by reason, crowds never.

3. Several critics of democracy have accused it not only of rash iconoclasm, but of obstinate conservatism and obstructiveness. It seems unreasonable to charge the same persons with two opposite faults; but it is true that where the popular emotions are not touched, the masses will cling to old abuses from mere force of habit. As Maine says, universal suffrage would have prohibited the spinning-jenny and the power-loom, the threshing-machine and the Gregorian calendar; and it would have restored the Stuarts. The theory of democracy — *vox populi vox dei* — is a pure superstition, a belief in a divine or natural sanction which does not exist. And superstition is usually obstructive. "We erect the temporary watchwords of evanescent politics into eternal truths; and having accepted as platitudes the paradoxes of our fathers, we perpetuate them as obstacles to the progress of our children."[1]

4. A more serious danger is that of vexatious and inquisitive tyranny. This is exercised partly through public

[1] [London] *Times Literary Supplement*, July 18, 1918.

opinion, a vulgar, impertinent, anonymous tyrant who deliberately makes life unpleasant for anyone who is not content to be the average man. But partly it is seen in constant interference with the legislature and the executive. No one can govern who cannot afford to be unpopular, and no democratic official can afford to be unpopular. Sometimes he has to wink at flagrant injustice and oppression; at other times a fanatical agitation compels him to pass laws which forbid the citizen to indulge perfectly harmless tastes, or tax him to contribute to the pleasures of the majority. In many ways a Russian under the tsars was far less interfered with than an Englishman or American or Australian.

5. But the two diseases which are likely to be fatal to democracy are anarchy and corruption. A democratic government is almost necessarily weak and timid. A democracy cannot tolerate a strong executive for fear of seeing the control pass out of the hands of the mob. The executive must be unarmed and defenceless. The result is that it is at the mercy of any violent and anti-social faction. No civilized government has ever given a more ludicrous and humiliating object-lesson than the Cabinet and House of Commons in the years before the war, in face of the outrages committed by a small gang of female anarchists. The legislation of terrorism by the trade-unions was too tragic a surrender to be ludicrous, but it was even more disgraceful. None could be surprised when, during the war, the Government shrank from dealing with treasonable conspiracy in the same quarter.

The *Times* for May 24, 1917, contained a noteworthy example of justice influenced by pressure, and therefore applied with flagrant inequality. In parallel columns appeared reports of "sugar-sellers fined" and "strike leaders released." The former paid the full penalty of their misdeeds because no body of out-

side opinion maintained them. The latter, who were stated to have committed offences for which the maximum penalty was penal servitude for life, got off scot-free because they were members of a powerful organization which was able to bring immense weight to bear on the Government.[1]

The " immense weight " was, of course, the threat of virtually betraying the country to the Germans. The country is at this moment at the mercy of any lawless faction which may choose either to hold the community to ransom by paralyzing our trade and channels of supply, or by organized violence against life and property. Democracy is powerless against sectional anarchism; and when such movements break out there is no remedy except by substituting for democracy a government of a very different type.

Democracy is, in fact, a disintegrating force. It is strong in destruction, and tends to fall to pieces when the work of demolition (which may of course be a necessary task) is over. Democracy dissolves communities into individuals and collects them again into mobs. It pulls up by the roots the social order which civilization has gradually evolved, and leaves men *déracinés*, as Bourget says in one of his best novels, homeless and friendless, with no place ready for them to fill. It is the opposite extreme to the caste system of India, which, with all its faults, does not seem to breed the European type of *enragé*, the enemy of society as such.

6. The corruption of democracies proceeds directly from the fact that one class imposes the taxes and another class pays them. The constitutional principle, " No taxation without representation," is utterly set at nought under a system which leaves certain classes without any effective representation at all. At the present time it is said that

[1] Hearnshaw, *Democracy at the Crossroads*, p. 63.

one-tenth of the population pays five-sixths of the taxes. The class which imposes the taxes has refused to touch the burden of the war with one of its fingers; and every month new doles at the public expense are distributed under the camouflage of "social reform." At every election the worldly goods of the minority are put up to auction. This is far more immoral than the old-fashioned election bribery, which was a comparatively honest deal between two persons; and in its effects it is far more ruinous. Democracy is likely to perish, like the monarchy of Louis XVI, through national bankruptcy.

Besides these defects, the democracy has ethical standards of its own, which differ widely from those of the educated classes. Among the poor, "generosity ranks far before justice, sympathy before truth, love before chastity, a pliant and obliging disposition before a rigidly honest one. In brief, the less admixture of intellect required for the practice of any virtue, the higher it stands in popular estimation.[1] In this country, at any rate, democracy means a victory of sentiment over reason. Some may prefer the softer type of character, and may hope that it will make civilization more humane and compassionate than it has been in the past. Unfortunately, experience shows that none is so cruel as the disillusioned sentimentalist. He thinks that he can break or ignore nature's laws with impunity; and then, when he finds that nature has no sentiment, he rages like a mad dog, and combines with his theoretical objection to capital punishment a lust to murder all who disagree with him. This is the genesis of Jacobinism and Bolshevism.

But whether we think that the bad in democracy predominates over the good, or the good over the bad, a question which I shall not attempt to decide, the popular

[1] Miss M. Loane. Mr. Stephen Reynolds has said the same.

balderdash about it corresponds to no real conviction. The upper class has never believed in it; the middle class has the strongest reasons to hate and fear it. But how about the lower class, in whose interests the whole machine is supposed to have been set going? The working man has no respect for either democracy or liberty. His whole interest is in transferring the wealth of the minority to his own pocket. There was a time when he thought that universal suffrage would get for him what he desires; but he has lost faith in constitutional methods. To levy blackmail on the community, under threats of civil war, seems to him a more expeditious way of gaining his object. Monopolies are to be established by pitiless coercion of those who wish to keep their freedom. The trade unions are large capitalists; they are well able to start factories for themselves and work them for their own exclusive profit. But they find it more profitable to hold the nation to ransom by blockading the supply of the necessaries of life. The new laborer despises productivity for the same reason that the old robber barons did: it is less trouble to take money than to make it. The most outspoken popular leaders no longer conceal their contempt for and rejection of democracy. The socialists perceive the irreconcilable contradiction between the two ideas [1] and they are right. Democracy postulates community of interest or loyal patriotism. When these are absent it cannot long exist. Syndicalism, which seems to be growing, is the antipodes

[1] Professor Hearnshaw quotes: "Il y a opposition évidente et irréducible entre les principes socialistes et les principes démocratiques. Il n'y a pas de conceptions politiques qui soient séparées par des abîmes plus profonds que la démocratie et le socialisme" (Le Bon). "Socialism must be built on ideas and institutions totally different from the ideas and institutions of democracy" (Levine). "La démocratie tend à la conciliation des classes, tandis que le socialisme organise la lutte de classe" (Lagardelle).

of socialism, but, like socialism, it can make no terms with democracy. "If syndicalism triumphs," says its chief prophet Sorel, "the parliamentary régime, so dear to the intellectuals, will be at an end." "The syndicalist has a contempt for the vulgar idea of democracy; the vast unconscious mass is not to be taken into account when the minority wishes to act so as to benefit it."[1] "The effect of political majorities," says Mr. Levine, "is to hinder advance." Accordingly, political methods are rejected with contempt. The anarchists go one step further. Bakunin proclaims that "we reject all legislation, all authority, and all influence, even when it has proceeded from universal suffrage." These powerful movements, opposed as they are to each other, agree in spurning the very idea of democracy, which Lord Morley defines as government by public opinion, and which may be defined with more precision as direct government by the votes of the majority among the adult members of a nation. Even a political philosopher like Mr. Lowes Dickinson says, "For my part, I am no democrat."

Who then are the friends of this *curieux fétiche,* as Quinet called democracy? It appears to have none, though it has been the subject of fatuous laudation ever since the time of Rousseau. The Americans burn incense before it, but they are themselves ruled by the Boss and the Trust.

[1] A. D. Lewis, *Syndicalism and the General Strike.*

Materialism is limited by matter and incapable of transcending it

All is built on despair; only belief is in creative thinking and living. communism

WHAT MAKES A SOCIAL SYSTEM GOOD OR BAD?[1]

BY BERTRAND AND DORA RUSSELL

I

ANY man who desires, as I do, a fundamental change in the structure of society is forced sooner or later to ask himself the question: what is it that makes one social system seem to him good and another bad? This is undoubtedly very largely a matter of individual caprice. In history, for example, some prefer one epoch, some another. Some admire the polished and civilized ages, while others profess to admire the rude virtues of more barbarous times. One does not wish to think that one's political opinions result from mere fanciful preferences of this sort, yet I believe that an enormous proportion of political opinion comes, in the last analysis, from some untested, unexamined, almost unconscious love for a certain type of society actual or imagined. I think it is possible to arrive at something less subjective than such tastes and fancies, and I think the advocate of fundamental change, more obviously than any one else, needs to find ways of judging a social system which do not embody merely his individual tastes.

Men's proximate political opinions are defended by arguments — arguments as to the effect of this course or

[1] From *Prospects of Industrial Civilization*, by Bertrand and Dora Russell. Copyright, 1923, by The Century Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

that: such a course will lead to war; such another to economic slavery; such another to starvation. But in choosing the danger we most wish to avoid or the advantage we most wish to secure, we are almost all of us dominated by some more or less vague picture of the sort of society we should like to see existing. One man is not afraid of war because he has a picture of Homeric heroes whose fighting he finds it agreeable to contemplate. Another is not afraid of economic slavery because he thinks that he himself and his friends will be the slave-drivers rather than the slaves. Another is not afraid of starvation because he has a secret hoard and therefore believes that privation brings out the latent heroism in men. And so they differ as to the course which is best to be pursued, and the grounds of their differences remain obscure to themselves and others. Being obscure, they are suitable subjects for endless quarrels. The only way to make people's political judgments more conscious, more explicit, and therefore more scientific is to bring to the light of day the conception of an ideal society which underlies each man's opinion, and to discover, if we can, some method of comparing such ideals in respect of the universality, or otherwise, of their appeal.

I propose first of all to examine some ways of judging a social system which are common but which I believe to be erroneous, and then to suggest the ways in which I think such judgments should be formed.

Among most people at most times, the commonest way of judging is simply by inherited prejudices. Any society which is not in a state of rapid transition has customs and beliefs which have been handed down from previous generations, which are unquestioned, and which it appears utterly monstrous to go against. Such are the customs connected with religion, the family, property, and so on.

The peculiar merit of the Greeks was due largely to the fact that, being a commercial and seafaring people, they came across the customs and beliefs of innumerable and widely differing nations and were thus led to a skeptical examination of the basis of all such customs, including their own. If my memory serves me, there is somewhere in Herodotus a story of a conversation between some Greeks and a barbarian tribe, in which the Greeks expressed horror of the barbarians for the practice of eating their dead; but the barbarians expressed quite equal horror of the practice of burying the dead, which to them was just as shocking as the other to the Greeks. Such experiences of intercourse with other nations diminish the hold which merely inherited beliefs have upon the man who lives in a fixed environment. In our age, this effect is produced not only by travel and commerce, but also by the changes in social custom inevitably produced by the growth of industrialism. Wherever industry is well developed and not very new, one finds that religion and the family, which are the twin props of every merely traditional social structure, lose their hold over men's minds. Consequently the force of tradition is less in the present age than it has ever been before. Nevertheless, it is even now as great probably as all other forces combined. Take, for example, the belief in the sacredness of private property — a belief bound up originally with the patriarchal family, the right which a man was supposed to have to the produce of his own labor, and the right which he was able to extort to what he had conquered by the sword. In spite of the antiquity and diminishing strength of these ancient grounds of belief in private property, and in spite of the fact that no new grounds are suggested, the enormous majority of mankind have a deep and unquestioning belief in its sacredness, due largely to the taboo effect

of the words "Thou shalt not steal." It is clear that private property is an inheritance from the pre-industrial era when an individual man or family could make an individual product. In an industrial system a man never makes the whole of anything, but makes the thousandth part of a million things. Under these circumstances, it is totally absurd to say that a man has a right to the produce of his own labor. Consider a porter on a railway whose business it is to shunt goods-trains: what proportion of the goods carried can be said to represent the produce of his labor? The question is wholly insoluble. Therefore it is impossible to secure social justice by saying that each man shall have what he himself produces. Early socialists in the days before Marx were apt to suggest this as a cure for the injustices of capitalism, but their suggestions were both utopian and retrograde, since they were incompatible with large-scale industry. It is therefore evident that the injustice of capitalism cannot be cured so long as the sacredness of private property is recognized. The Bolsheviks have seen this and have therefore confiscated all private capital for the use of the state. It is because they have challenged men's belief in the sacredness of private property that the outcry against them has been so great. Even among professing socialists there are many who feel a thrill of horror at the thought of turning rich men out of their mansions in order to make room for overcrowded proletarians. Such instinctive feelings are difficult to overcome by mere reason. The few men who do so, like the leading Bolsheviks, have to face the hostility of the world. But by the actual creation of a social order which does not respect merely traditional prejudices, more is done to destroy such prejudices in ordinary minds than can be done by a century of theoretical propaganda. I believe it will appear, when time

enables men to see things in due proportion, that the chief service of the Bolsheviks lies in their practical challenge to the belief in private property, a belief existing by no means only among the rich, and forming at the present time an obstacle to fundamental progress — so great an obstacle that only its destruction will make a better world possible.

Another thing which affects people's instinctive judgment of a social system, whether actual or imagined, is whether it would provide a career for the sort of person they think they are. One cannot imagine that Napoleon, even in youth, could have been very enthusiastic about dreams of universal peace, or that captains of industry would be attracted by Samuel Butler's *Erewhon,* where all machines were illegal. Similarly, the artist will not enjoy the thought of a society where no man is allowed to paint unless his pictures are pleasing to the town council. And on this ground many artists are opponents of socialism. Men of science struggled against the system which existed in the seventeenth century and compelled them to teach nothing contradictory to revealed religion; and in like manner intellectuals in Russia object to having to teach their subjects from a Marxian point of view. People who find a pleasure in ordering others about (and this includes most of the energetic people in the world) will not like anarchism, where every man can do as he pleases. They will be in rebellion against existing authority unless they are part of it, but will wish to replace it by their own authority, not to abolish it, because in a world where every man could do as he pleases executive people would find no career. On the other hand, easy-going people will hate strenuous systems. They will oppose the setting up of drill and severe educational methods. During the war, they called such things " Prussianism." If they were better informed about Russia, they would

now call them " Bolshevism." I confess to a temperamental sympathy with this point of view, and my sympathy was confirmed by what I saw of China, the most easy-going country left in the world. But this is not an easy-going age, nor one in which such temperamental preferences can be allowed to weigh. It is an age in which we have to think less of the present than of the future, less of the lives of our own generation than of the lives they are preparing for the generations to come.

Another thing which influences people, more or less unconsciously, in their judgment as to a suggested social system, is the question whether the activities involved in the creating of it would be agreeable to them. I fear that revolutionaries are not always exempt from this motive. There are certainly some in whom hatred of the possessing classes is stronger than love for the dispossessed; there are some to whom mere benevolent feeling appears to be repulsive humbug, and who derive the zeal of their revolutionary ardor mainly from the delight which they feel in the thought of punishing the bourgeoisie. Such men will, of course, always be found among the advocates of violent tactics, since without violence there is no satisfaction for their impulses. Patriotism and militarism have, in many men, a similar origin. The thought of fighting, or, more probably, the thought of setting others to fight, is delightful to them, and patriotism recommends itself to them as a creed likely to produce fighting. I do not mean that men are conscious of these impulsive sources of their beliefs, but I do mean that such impulses operate in the kind of way studied by psychoanalysis, and I believe that it is of great importance to drag the operation of these impulses into the light of day, to be aware of their operation in ourselves, and to do what we can to make others similarly aware;

for an underground, unconscious force operates against reason, eludes discussion, and makes objectivity impossible while it remains undetected.

Among writers on sociology and political theorists generally, a very common way of judging the social structure is by whether it constitutes a pleasant pattern to contemplate. Many social theorists forget that a community is composed of individuals, and that whatever of good or bad it may contain must be embodied in those individuals. They think of the state as something having a good of its own, quite distinct from the good of the citizens; and what they call the good of the state is usually, unconsciously to themselves, what gives them a certain æsthetic or moral satisfaction. We know that when God created the world he saw that it was good, obviously not from the point of view of the unfortunates who have to live in it, but from a higher point of view, presumably that of æsthetic contemplation. In like manner, social theorists create worlds in their imagination which they also see to be good in spite of the fact that they would be intolerable to live in. Such worlds are neat and tidy; everybody does at each moment something which is in accordance with the central plan; they obey the will of the administrator as the universe obeys the will of God. The theorist, of course, is always in imagination himself the administrator. This kind of social theory was made popular among professors by Hegel; it was used by him to laud the Prussian state, and has been used by his academic followers to support the conservatisms of their several countries. Since the war, the Hegelian theory has been at a discount, having been supposed in some mysterious way to have inspired the invasion of Belgium; but in other forms a similar outlook remains common. Much of the belief in industrialism, particularly as applied to

backward countries, is of this sort; it is intolerable to the industrially minded to think of lazy populations sitting under banana-trees, eating the fruit as it drops, and being happy in unproductive idleness. Some forms of socialism are not free from this defect: they aim rather at creating the kind of state which is pleasing to theoretical contemplation than the kind which will suit the temperaments of its citizens. A very great deal of imperialism is also of this sort; it is pleasant to see much of one's national color on the map, and it is unpleasant to see one's dominions jagged and scattered owing to the intrusion of foreign territories. The habit of judging the state as it is to contemplate, not as it is to live in, arises from giving more importance to the faint and transient sentiments of an observer (when that observer happens to be oneself) than to the vivid and continual experiences of those who have to live under the government of the state. It is certainly a very potent source of bad social theory. Whoever wishes to be a social theorist should daily remind himself of the very simple but important maxim that a state is something in which people have to live, and not merely something to be read about in books, or contemplated as we contemplate the view from a mountain-top.

II

So far we have been concerned with ways of judging a society which we believe to be mistaken. It is time to turn to those to which we can assent.

There are two elements in a good society, namely: first, the present well-being of those who compose it, and secondly, its capacity for developing into something better. These two do not, by any means, always go together. Sometimes a society in which there is little present well-being may contain within itself the seeds of something

better than any previous system. Sometimes, on the other hand, a society in which there is much diffused well-being may be unprogressive, for a time static, and ultimately decadent. It is, therefore, necessary to take account of both elements as independent ingredients of the sort of society we should wish to see existing. If the science of social dynamics were more developed and the art of prophecy less insecure, progressiveness would be a much more important quality in a society than present well-being. But politics is so far from scientific and the social future so very uncertain that present well-being, which is indubitable, must be allowed as much weight as an uncertain future good, although this future good, if realized, will outweigh anything merely present because of its longer extension in time. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and this is particularly true when we are not sure there are any birds in the bush at all. Let us therefore begin with what makes the present well-being of a community.

In judging of the present well-being of a community, there are two opposite fallacies to be avoided. We may call these, respectively, the fallacy of the aristocrat and the fallacy of the outside observer. We considered a moment ago the fallacy of the outside observer. The fallacy of the aristocrat consists in judging a society by the kind of life it affords to a privileged minority. The ancient empires of Egypt and Babylonia afforded a thoroughly agreeable existence for kings and priests and nobles, but the rest of the community were mostly slaves or serfs, and must have had an existence composed of unremitting toil and hardship. Modern capitalism affords a delightful existence for the captains of industry: for them there is adventure and free initiative, luxury and the admiration of contemporaries. But for the great mass of the workers, there

is merely a certain place in the great machine. To that place they are confined by the need of a livelihood, and no effective choice is open to them except the collective stopping of the whole machine by strikes or revolutions, which involve imminent risk of starvation. Defenders of the capitalist régime are apt to vaunt the liberty which it grants to men of enterprise, but this is an example of the aristocratic fallacy. In new countries, such as the United States used to be, and such as South America still is, there may be some truth in it, and therefore in such countries one sees capitalism at its best; but in older countries, whose resources are developed and whose population is nearly as great as present methods of industry can support, the supposed freedom of enterprise exists only for a few. The early history of railways in the United States is full of bold piratical adventures; the railroad kings of that period remind one of Elizabethan buccaneers. But a railway in modern England is a very sober affair: its capital is held largely by innumerable maiden ladies and orphans whose funds are administered by trustees; its directors are sleepy peers; its policy is traditional; and it does nothing to encourage new men with bold schemes. This is not due, as superficial observers suppose, to a difference between the British and American temperaments, but to a difference in their geography and industrial antiquity. But even taking the capitalist case at its best, even considering America as it was forty years ago, it was only the men of unusual enterprise and push and unscrupulousness who came to the top. Such men are, by definition, the minority, and a society which suits only them cannot be considered satisfactory except by one who commits the aristocratic fallacy. I am afraid there are many socialists who commit the same fallacy; they imagine industry developed under state control, and they visualize themselves in that future millen-

nium as part of the state control, not as part of the ordinary workaday labor. In a system of centralized bureaucratic state socialism, those who direct the machine will have all the advantages at present enjoyed by the captains of industry, with the exception of enormous wealth, which to a vigorous, executive, and combative person is one of the smallest advantages of business success, being valued mainly as a tangible proof of ability and power and as a means of acquiring the respect of the herd. But it is not only the great captains of industry who will enjoy an exceptionally agreeable life under state socialism; it is also the whole army of officials. It is obvious that the man who sits in a government office, and spends his time interfering with the other people, has a pleasanter life than the man who works in a mine or stokes a liner. Yet there are many forms of socialism which would do nothing to remedy this inequality. The industrial machine as it has been developed by capitalism is full of injustices other than the inequality of wealth. Unless these other injustices are also remedied, a socialistic society may be scarcely pleasanter to the average manual worker than the existing system. This is concealed from labor politicians and from men with bureaucratic minds because they envisage themselves in the new order as leaders or officials, not as ordinary workers. Their judgment of the society they aim at creating is, in fact, vitiated by the aristocratic fallacy. It may be that the evils of the present world must be cured one by one, that inequality of wealth must be tackled first, leaving inequality of power for a later stage, and inequality in the pleasantness of labor for perhaps a still later stage. It may be that a bureaucratic centralized state socialism is the necessary first step. It is not this that I am denying. What I am denying is that such a society is good in itself, and I do not think that any one who

imagines with equal vividness the lives of all the members of the community can remain contented with an ideal which confines initiative, power, and the use of intelligence to a few.

A society which is to bring diffused well-being not only to one class or to one type of character, but as far as possible to every member of the community, must not be too systematic nor too orderly. It must not be the kind of society which a man of administrative temperament plans in his head and enforces by bayonets and the criminal law. Different individuals have different needs, and it is important to suit all needs that can be suited without damage to others. It is, of course, necessary to restrain predatory impulses. The insufficient amount of such restraint is one of the greatest evils of the world as it is. But it is at least equally disastrous to restrain creative impulses. This is the danger of what one may call tight systems. A military machine or an industrial machine treats men as all alike, with the exception of the privileged few who direct it; it has no room for other exceptions, no desire for the kind of work that would not be ordered from above, no toleration for the kind of person to whom it is difficult to become a mere cog in the machinery.

Perhaps the most important of all the qualities that a social system can possess is that it must be such as people can *believe* in. Europe during the last five centuries has advanced with quite extraordinary rapidity in all that makes what we call civilization, but step by step with this advance has gone a progressive disintegration of belief. I do not mean merely belief in religious dogma, though this also has played its part. I mean belief in all the assumptions on which the social order is based; all the sources of authority have become suspect, and all inherited institutions have ceased to command assent. The war and the

Russian revolution gave the *coup de grâce* to such beliefs as remained. At the beginning of the war, democracy was still a fighting creed, something for which men were willing to die. At the end, poor President Wilson was left its one remaining votary, proclaiming his gospel in pathetic isolation to a world which shrugged its shoulders and went about its business as if he had not spoken. It may be that some element of injustice is essential to the existence of a social order, at any rate for many ages to come. But in ages of faith men believe in the social order even when it makes them suffer, even when they are victims of what to a later age appears unmerited misfortune. Nowadays this is not the case. The only men nowadays who believe in injustice are those who profit by it, and even they in their hearts feel that their belief is not genuine but merely an embodiment of self-interest. I except from this indictment the big capitalists of America, who are more naïve, more untouched by modern thought, than any other set of men with the exception possibly of a few Central African negroes. American business men still believe in the capitalist system, but business men elsewhere merely hope it will last their lifetime, provided they can obtain sufficient machine-guns and ships to shoot down or starve those who advocate systems which, in their hearts, they know to be better. Such half-hearted belief does not bring happiness. The capitalists tried to persuade themselves that their war against Russia was a holy crusade, but in this attempt they were very unsuccessful throughout Europe. And everybody except the capitalists is unable to create in himself even a semblance of belief in the old order, the order which made the war and blockaded Russia, the order which devastated Ireland, starves Germany and Austria, imprisons or kills socialists, and, amid the tottering ruins of our old civilization, pursues the old absurd diplomatic game of haggling for territories

and arming against nominally friendly nations. This old order is no longer capable of bringing happiness. It is not only its nominal victims who suffer; it is not only the defeated nations or the proletarians who find that life has lost its meaning. Even the well-to-do classes of western Europe have no longer the sense of anything to live for. Having no purpose in life, they have plunged into a frantic pursuit of pleasure. But with every added pleasure comes added unhappiness; while the senses are gratified, the soul remains hungry — there is no inward sense of well-being, but only futility and despair.

There is only one cure for this despair, and that is a faith that a man can believe. No man can be happy unless he feels his life in some way important; so long as his life remains a futile round of pleasures or pains leading to no end, realizing no purpose that he can believe to be of value, so long it is impossible to escape despair. In most men at the present time this despair is dumb and unconscious, and, because it is unconscious, it cannot be avoided. It is like a specter always looking over a man's shoulder and whispering acid words into his ear, but never seen, never looked at face to face. Once acknowledged, once faced, this despair can be coped with, but it can be coped with only by a new belief, by something which supersedes the search for pleasure. Although it may sound old-fashioned to say so, I do not believe that a tolerable existence is possible for an individual or a society without some sense of duty.

There is only one kind of duty that the modern man can acknowledge without superstition, and that is a duty to the community. There was a time when such ideals as God, country, family, could move men. That time is past. All such ideals were used by elderly rulers throughout the war to drive the young to slaughter each other in futile

carnage. Most of the young at the time believed that the war was about something important, but, now that it is nominally over, they see their mistake. Nothing good has come out of it except revolt against the system which caused it; the vices of the vanquished have been acquired by the victors, and the only new hope has come from Russia, the most defeated of all the nations in the Great War. Socialism is, I believe, the only faith which can restore happiness to the world, which can cure it of the sickness left by the war, which can give men the sense that their lives are capable of something better than pleasure and can end the despair that drives men to frivolous cruelty. The faith of the Russian communists in the new thing they are endeavoring to create is rather crude, rather ruthless, possibly rather premature, but it makes their lives happy as hardly any western life is happy; it enables them to endure privations and dangers, and preserves throughout a kind of joy and freshness in the soul such as one does not find in the weary West. If there were no other argument for socialism, the fact that it is a creative faith which the modern man can believe would be alone enough to make it the hope of the world.

And this brings me to the second of the two characteristics which a good society must have. It must be progressive; it must lead on to something still better. Now fundamental progress seldom comes from those who fit comfortably and easily into the existing system. It is not, for example, from trust magnates that we expect the inauguration of the new era. In like manner, if we imagine socialism established, it will not be from those who administer it or from those who have least difficulty in adapting themselves to it that new growth will come. New growth will come from the creative people, the men of science, the artists, the thinkers, many of whom very probably will be

critics of the new order. Under the influence of commercialism, many men have come to think that the important progress is progress in the technical methods of production, better machinery, better means of communication, and so on. This has been true, since in the past labor was not sufficiently productive to provide a good life for all. But it is true no longer, and with our existing technical knowledge, if we had a scientific socialist organization, every man could have enough without long hours of work. When once men have enough of material commodities, there is no great importance in providing them with a superfluity. It is only commercialism, the competitive struggle for markets, as reinforced by the luxury of the very rich, that has made mere quantity of goods seem so important. We have reached the point where we could organize our material resources in a way that would leave sufficiency and leisure for all. Therefore the important progress now is not in industrial production but in ideas. One might hope that under socialism the energy liberated from the production of luxuries and armaments would be employed in the pursuit of knowledge and in the beautifying of life, bringing back for the many that artistic excellence which existed in the pre-industrial era for the few. But if this is to happen, there must be freedom for the creative people, the men of science and the artists. They must not be controlled at every point by state officials, or obliged to do work at every moment which is pleasing to existing prejudices. Without freedom, the man who is ahead of his age is rendered impotent. All innovations are, to begin with, displeasing to the majority, yet without innovations no society can progress. Freedom for exceptional people, provided their work is creative and not predatory, is the most important condition of progress in any society. There is always a tendency for the administrator to think of himself as God Almighty

and to imagine himself capable of judging the good or bad in every new idea. This tendency is dangerous, and would be particularly dangerous in the earlier phases of socialism, where the administrator may be expected to have more power than he has ever had before. The danger can only be met by acknowledging the importance of creative work and the fact that the best creative work often does not commend itself to contemporaries. It is not in the least necessary that the artists and men of science should be rewarded for their work, since the best of them are indifferent to rewards and do their work merely because they love it. But it is necessary that they should be free to do it and free to make it known — that, for example, a man of science should be able to print his work without having first to find favor in the eyes of officials. All this will come about of itself if socialism comes as a liberation for the many, not as a punishment for the few, if it is love for the good we are creating that inspires us, and not merely hatred for the evil we are destroying. It would be demanding the impossible to suggest that hatred should be wholly absent as a generator of energy in the time of transition, but it is important that it should not be the fundamental motive. If hatred is the fundamental motive, the régime created will be oppressive and restrictive, not only where it must be, but also in many directions where oppression and restriction must be avoided if progress is not to cease. It is a world full of hope and joy that we must seek to create, not a world mainly designed to restrain men's evil impulses. Evil impulses must be restrained, especially during the time of transition while they are still strong, but this is an incidental part of our task, not its main purpose or inspiration. The main purpose and inspiration of any reconstruction which is to make a better world must be the liberation of creative impulses, so that men may see that

out of them a happier life can be built than out of the present frantic struggle to seize and hold what others desire. Socialism, once established, may so regulate the material side of existence as to enable men to take it for granted and to leave their minds free to employ their leisure in those things which make the true glory of man.

DRIFT[1]

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IT seems as if the most obvious way of reacting toward evil were to consider it a lapse from grace. The New Freedom, we are told, is "only the old revived and clothed in the unconquerable strength of modern America." Everywhere you hear it: that the people have been "deprived" of ancient rights, and legislation is framed on the notion that we can recover the alleged democracy of early America.

I once read in a learned magazine an essay on "The Oblivescence of the Disagreeable." As I remember it, the writer was trying to demonstrate what he regarded as a very hopeful truth — that men tend to forget pain more easily than pleasure. That is no doubt a comfortable faculty, but it plays havoc with history. For in regard to those early days of the Republic, most of our notions are marked by a well-nigh total oblivescence of the disagreeable. We find it very difficult to remember that there were sharp class divisions in the young Republic, that suffrage was severely restricted, that the Fathers were a very conscious upper class determined to maintain their privileges. Nations make their histories to fit their illusions. That is why reformers are so anxious to return to early America. What they know of it comes to them filtered through the

[1] From *Drift and Mastery*, by Walter Lippmann. Copyright, 1914, by Henry Holt and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers and of the author.

golden lies of school-books and hallowed by the generous loyalty of their childhood.

Men generally find in the past what they miss in the present. During the Paterson strike of 1913, I heard a very drastic I. W. W. agitator tell a meeting of silk-weavers that they had fallen low since the days of the great Chief Justice Marshall. In those days there were no rich and poor, and the Constitution had not yet been abrogated by an impudent Chief of Police! Yet in the days of Marshall even the most peaceful trade union was outlawed, and as for the doctrines of the I. W. W. — imagine the sentiments of Alexander Hamilton. A few years ago I was living in Boston when an old gentleman, unhappy over the trend of democracy, published a book to glorify the American Tories. It consisted largely of intimate details from the private lives of the revolutionary heroes. Boston wouldn't have the book, true or untrue. So the old gentleman was denounced and his book forgotten.

For most of us insist that somewhere in the past there was a golden age. The modern puritan locates it in the period of the most famous ancestors from whom he can claim descent. That ancestor regretted the loss of Eden. Rousseau's millennial dream was a "state of nature." Hard-headed Adam Smith had his "original state" which was all that England wasn't. I know literary men who lament the passing of the eighteenth century coffee house, and New York is full of artists who dream of Parisian cafés. Zionists go back to David and Solomon; Celtic revivalists worry about Kathleen ni Houlihan; Chesterton dreams of Merrie England; scholars yearn for Fifth Century Athens; there is a considerable vogue to-day for certain of the earlier Egyptian dynasties, and some people, more radical than others, regard civilization itself as a disease.

The prototype of all revivals is each man's wistful sense

of his own childhood. There is something infinitely pathetic in the way we persist in recalling what is by its very nature irrevocable. Perhaps each of us is touched by unuttered disappointments, and life has not the taste we anticipated. The weary man sinks back into the past, like a frightened child into its mother's arms. He glorifies what is gone when he fears what is to come. That is why discontented husbands have a way of admiring the cakes that mother used to bake. Beaten nations live in the exploits of their ancestors, and all exiles lament by the waters of Babylon. The curse of Ireland, of Poland, of Alsace is that they cannot forget what they were. There are no people who cling so ardently to a family tree as do those who have come down in the world. The men who were beaten by the trusts will never see the promise of the trusts.

Whenever the future is menacing and unfamiliar, whenever the day's work seems insurmountable, men seek some comfort in the warmth of memory. Only those who are really at home in their world find life more interesting as they mature. Experience for them is not an awful chance, but a prize they can win and embrace. They need no romance to make life tolerable. But people who are forever dreaming of a mythical past are merely saying that they are afraid of the future. They will falter before their problems, will deal with them half-heartedly and with diffidence. Their allegiance is not to the world. And they will never give themselves entirely to the task of making for themselves on this earth and in their age an adequate and civilized home.

The past which men create for themselves is a place where thought is unnecessary and happiness inevitable. The American temperament leans generally to a kind of mystical anarchism, in which the "natural" humanity in

each man is adored as the savior of society. You meet this faith throughout the thousand and one communistic experiments and new religions in which America is so abundant. "If only you let men alone, they'll be good," a typical American reformer said to me the other day. He believed, as most Americans do, in the unsophisticated man, in his basic kindliness and his instinctive practical sense. A critical outlook seemed to the reformer an inhuman one; he distrusted, as Bryan does, the appearance of the expert; he believed that whatever faults the common man might show were due to some kind of Machiavellian corruption.

He had the American dream, which may be summed up, I think, in the statement that the undisciplined man is the salt of the earth. So when the trusts appeared, when the free land was gone, and America had been congested into a nation, the only philosophy with any weight of tradition behind it was a belief in the virtues of the spontaneous, enterprising, untrained, and unsocialized man. Trust promoters cried: Let us alone. The little business men cried: We're the natural men; so let us alone. And the public cried: We're the most natural of all; so please do stop interfering with us. Muck-raking gave an utterance to the small business men and to the larger public, who dominated reform politics. What did they do? They tried by all the machinery and power they could muster to restore a business world in which each man could again be left to his own will — a world that needed no coöperative intelligence. In the Sherman Act is symbolized this deliberate attempt to recreate an undeliberate society. No group of people, except the socialists, wished to take up the enormous task of disciplining business to popular need. For the real American was dreaming of the Golden Age in which he could drift with impunity.

But there has arisen in our time a large group of people

who look to the future. They talk a great deal about their ultimate goal. Many of them do not differ in any essential way from those who dream of a glorious past. They put Paradise before them instead of behind them. They are going to he so rich, so great, and so happy some day, that any concern about to-morrow seems a bit sordid. They didn't fall from Heaven, as the reactionaries say, but they are going to Heaven with the radicals. Now this habit of reposing in the sun of a brilliant future is very enervating. It opens a chasm between fact and fancy, and the whole fine dream is detached from the living zone of the present. At the only point where effort and intelligence are needed, that point where to-day is turning into to-morrow, there these people are not found. At the point where human direction counts most they do not direct. So they are like most anarchists, wild in their dreams and unimportant in their deeds. They cultivate a castle in Spain and a flat in Harlem; a princess in the air and a drudge in the kitchen.

Then too there are the darlings of evolution. They are quite certain that evolution, as they put it, is ever onward and upward. For them all things conspire to achieve that well-known, though unmentioned far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves. They seem to imply as Moody suggested:

> "I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
> Goal of heroic feet that never lagged, —"

though

> "A little thing in trousers, slightly jagged."

How the conservative goes to work with the idea of evolution has been ably exposed by William English Walling. First, assume "progress" by calling it inevitable: this obviates the necessity for any practical change just

now. Then assert the indubitable fact that real progress is very slow: and infer that wisdom consists in deprecating haste. Now when you have called progress inevitable and imperceptible, you have done about all that philosophy could do to justify impotence.

The radical view of evolution is more optimistic, but not more intelligent. In fact, it is generally all optimism and little else. For though it doesn't quite dare to say that whatever is, is right, it does assume that whatever is going to be, is going to be right. I believe that G. K. Chesterton once called this sort of thing progressivism by the calendar. There is complete confidence that whatever is later in time is better in fact, that the next phase is the desirable one, that all change is "upward," that God and Nature are collaborating in our blithe ascent to the Superman. Such an outlook undermines judgment and initiative, deliberate effort, invention, plan, and sets you adrift on the currents of time, hoping for impossible harbors.

In a constructive social movement the harm done is immeasurable. The most vivid illustration is that of the old-fashioned, fatalistic Marxian socialists. They have an implicit faith that human destiny is merely the unfolding of an original plan, some of the sketches of which are in their possession, thanks to the labors of Karl Marx. Strictly speaking, these men are not revolutionists as they believe themselves to be; they are the interested pedants of destiny. They are God's audience, and they know the plot so well that occasionally they prompt Him. In their system all that education, unions, leadership, and thought can do is to push along what by the theory needs no pushing. These socialists are like the clown Marceline at the Hippodrome, who is always very busy assisting in labor that would be done whether he were there or not.

They face the ancient dilemma of fatalism: whatever they do is right, and nothing they do matters. Go to almost any socialist meeting and you'll hear it said that socialism would come if the Socialist Party had never been heard from. Perhaps so. But why organize a Socialist Party?

Of course, socialists don't act upon their theory. They are too deeply impressed with the evil that exists, too eager for the future that they see, to trust entirely in the logic of events. They do try to shape that future. But their old fatalism hampers them enormously the moment any kind of action is proposed. They are out of sympathy with conservative trade unionism, but they are still more hostile to the I. W. W. In politics they despise the reformer, but when they themselves obtain office they do nothing that a hundred "bourgeois" reformers haven't done before them. The Socialist Party in this country has failed to develop a practical program for labor or a practical program for politics. It claims to have a different philosophy from that of trade unionists or reformers but when you try to judge the difference by its concrete results, it is imperceptible.

The theory and the temper of orthodox socialism are fatalistic, and no fatalist can really give advice. Theory and practice are widely sundered in the American socialist movement. There is a stumbling revolt which lives from hand to mouth, a catch-as-catch-can struggle, and then far removed from it, standing in majesty, a great citadel of dogma almost impervious to new ideas. For in the real world, destiny is one of the aliases of drift.

Closely related in essence, though outwardly quite different, is what might be called the panacea habit of mind. Beginning very often in some penetrating insight or successful analysis, this sort of mind soon becomes incapable of seeing anything beside that portion of reality which sus-

tains the insight and is subject to the analysis. A good idea, in short, becomes a fixed idea. One group of American socialists can see only the advantage of strikes, another of ballots. One reformer sees the advantages of the direct primaries in Wisconsin: they become the universal solvent of political evil. You find engineers who don't see why you can't build society on the analogy of a steam engine; you find lawyers, like Taft, who see in the courts an intimation of heaven; sanitation experts who wish to treat the whole world as one vast sanitarium; lovers who wish to treat it as one vast happy family; education enthusiasts who wish to treat it as one vast nursery. No one who undertook to be the Balzac of reform by writing its Human Comedy could afford to miss the way in which the reformer in each profession tends to make his specialty an analogy for the whole of life. The most amazing of all are people who deal with the currency question. Somehow or other, long meditation seems to produce in them a feeling that they are dealing with the crux of human difficulties.

Then there is the panacea most frequently propounded by voluble millionaires: the high cost of living is the cost of high living, and thrift is the queen of the virtues. Sobriety is another virtue, highly commended — in fact there are thousands of people who seriously regard it as the supreme social virtue. To those of us who are sober and still discontented, the effort to found a political party on a colossal *Don't* is not very inspiring. After thrift and sobriety, there is always efficiency, a word which covers a multitude of confusions. No one in his senses denies the importance of efficient action, just as no one denies thrift and sober living. It is only when these virtues become the prime duty of man that we rejoice in the poet who has the courage to glorify the vagabond, preach a saving indolence, and glor-

ify Dionysus. Be not righteous overmuch is merely a terse way of saying that virtue can defeat its own ends. Certainly, whenever a negative command like sobriety absorbs too much attention, and morality is obstinate and awkward, then living men have become cluttered in what was meant to serve them.

There are thousands to-day who, out of patience with almost everything, believe passionately that some one change will set everything right. In the first rank stand the suffragettes who believe that votes for women will make men chaste. I have just read a book by a college professor which announces that the short ballot will be as deep a revolution as the abolition of slavery. There are innumerable Americans who believe that a democratic constitution would create a democracy. Of course, there are single taxers so single-minded that they believe a happy civilization would result from the socialization of land values. Everything else that seems to be needed would follow spontaneously if only the land monopoly were abolished.

The syndicalists suffer from this habit of mind in an acute form. They refuse to consider any scheme for the reorganization of industry. All that will follow, they say, if only you can produce a General Strike. But obviously you might paralyze society, you might make the proletariat supreme, and still leave the proletariat without the slightest idea of what to do with the power it had won.

What happens is that men gain some insight into society and concentrate their energy upon it. Then when the facts rise up in their relentless complexity, the only way to escape them is to say: Never mind; do what I advocate, and all these other things shall be added unto you.

There is still another way of reacting toward a too complicated world. That way is to see so much good in every

reform that you can't make up your mind where to apply your own magnificent talents. The result is that you don't apply your talents at all.

Reform produces its Don Quixotes who never deal with reality; it produces its Brands who are single-minded to the brink of ruin; and it produces its Hamlets and its Rudins who can never make up their minds. What is common to them all is a failure to deal with the real world in the light of its possibilities. To try to follow all the aliases of drift is like attacking the hydra by cutting off its heads. The few examples given here of how men shirk self-government might be extended indefinitely. They are as common to radicals as to conservatives. You can find them flourishing in an orthodox church and among the most rebellious socialists.

Men will do almost anything but govern themselves. They don't want the responsibility. In the main, they are looking for some benevolent guardian, be it a "good man in office," or a perfect constitution, or the evolution of nature. They want to be taken in charge. If they have to think for themselves they turn either to the past or to a distant future: but they manage to escape the real effort of the imagination which is to weave a dream into the turning present. They trust to destiny, a quick one or a slow one, and the whole task of judging events is avoided. They turn to automatic devices: human initiative can be ignored. They forbid evil, and then they feel better. They settle on a particular analogy, or a particular virtue, or a particular policy, and trust to luck that everything else will take care of itself.

But no one of these substitutes for self-government is really satisfactory, and the result is that a state of chronic rebellion appears. That is our present situation. The most hopeful thing about it is that through the confusion we

can come to some closer understanding of why the modern man lacks stability, why his soul is scattered. We may, perhaps, be able to see a little better just what self-government implies.

The chronic rebellion is evident enough. I have a friend who after the Lawrence strike was a great admirer of the I. W. W. He told me about it one day with tears in his eyes. Two months later I met him, and he was cursing: "They're so successful that they're getting ready to throw So-and-So out of the I. W. W. for heresy." It is one of the ironies of the labor movement that it preaches solidarity, and seems to propagate by fission. For there is large truth in the saying that the only thing anarchists hate more than tyrants is an anarchist who differs with them. Indeed the bitterness between the "red" and the "yellow" unions is at least as great as the bitterness between the unions and the employers. The I. W. W. hates the American Federation of Labor and many political socialists with a vindictiveness that makes no distinction between them and the most tyrannical boss. Revolt within the world of revolt is an institution. If any capitalist thinks he is the object of abuse, he ought to come and hear a debate between the Detroit I. W. W. and the Chicago I. W. W., between believers in "direct" and in "political" action, between "State Socialists" and Syndicalists.

The sects of the rebellious are like the variety of the Protestant churches, and they are due to a similar cause. Once the churches had cut off from the deeply-rooted central tradition of Rome, they continued to cut off from each other. Now Protestantism was an effort at a little democracy in religion, and its history is amazingly like that of all the other revolts from the old absolutisms. For once men had broken loose from the cohesion and obedience of the older life, the floundering of democracy began.

It was not so easy to become self-governing as it was to bowl over a tyrant. And the long history of schisms is really the story of how men set up a substitute for authority, and had to revolt against it. To a man standing on the firm foundation of an ancient faith, the instability of self-government is its just punishment, and no doubt he smiles at the folly of men who give up security and peace for a mess of revolt.

After Protestantism, the Romantic movement and the birth of political democracy. It is hardly necessary to recall what troubled spirits the romanticists were, how terrible the disillusionments. Their histories were with few exceptions tragic: and the " unending pursuit of the ever-fleeting object of desire " led many of them back into the arms of the Catholic Church. One has only to read the lives of the men whose names stand out in the nineteenth century to realize that the epoch of revolt produced tortured and driven spirits. Whatever their virtues, and they are many, they never attained that inner harmony whose outward sign is a cordial human life.

No one has felt this more poignantly than the modern artist. Lost in the clamor of commercialism, many painters seem to insist that if they can't make themselves admired they will at least make themselves heard. And of course, if you live in a world of studios, drawing-rooms and cafés, amidst idle people in little cliques, you have to draw attention to yourself from the outside world in some other way than by decorating or interpreting human life. The modern artist can secure attention, but he can't hold it. For the world is so complex that he can't find common experiences and common aspirations to deal with. And because he can't do this, he can't become artist to a nation. He has to be satisfied with a cult. So he specializes on some aspect of form, exaggerates some quality of line, and produces

art that only a few people would miss if it disappeared. Then he denounces the philistine public.

But in his heart he is unsatisfied with his work, and so he too develops a habit of chronic rebellion: a school is no sooner founded when there is a secession. The usual manifesto is published (they all say about the same thing): authority and classicism are denounced in the name of youth and adventure. "All I want," said a friend of mine who paints, "is to bewilder and fascinate" . . . "All we need is wiggle," said another. "To be alive is to rebel," said a third. But I venture to suggest that what the rebels are rebelling against is not a classical authority: none exists to-day that has any compelling force. They are in rebellion against something within themselves; there are conflicts in their souls for which they have found no solution; and their revolt is the endless pursuit of what their own disharmony will never let them find.

> "Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

This certitude for which Matthew Arnold cries, where has it gone?

Classicists, like Prof. Babbitt of Harvard, or Mr. Paul Elmer More, say that it has gone with the shattering of external authority in the *débacle* of Romanticism and the French Revolution. Their remedy for the chaos and ineptitude of modern life is a return to what they describe as eternal forms of justice and moderation. They would revive authority with its dominating critics like Boileau. Romanticism for them is a lapse from grace, full of sweet sin, and they hope to return to the Golden Age of the classics.

I don't see how this dream can succeed. Their solution

is built on a wild impossibility, for in order to realize it they will have to abolish machinery and communication, newspapers and popular books. They will have to call upon some fairy to wipe out the memory of the last hundred years, and they will have to find a magician who can conjure up a church and a monarchy that men will obey. They can't do any of these things, though they can bewail the fact and display their grief by unremitting hostility to the modern world.

But though their remedy is, I believe, altogether academic, their diagnosis does locate the spiritual problem. We have lost authority. We are "emancipated" from an ordered world. We drift.

The loss of something outside ourselves which we can obey is a revolutionary break with our habits. Never before have we had to rely so completely upon ourselves. No guardian to think for us, no precedent to follow without question, no lawmaker above, only ordinary men set to deal with heart-breaking perplexity. All weakness comes to the surface. We are homeless in a jungle of machines and untamed powers that haunt and lure the imagination. Of course, our culture is confused, our thinking spasmodic, and our emotion out of kilter. No mariner ever enters upon a more uncharted sea than does the average human being born into the twentieth century. Our ancestors thought they knew their way from birth through all eternity: we are puzzled about the day after to-morrow.

What nonsense it is, then, to talk of liberty as if it were a happy-go-lucky breaking of chains. It is with emancipation that real tasks begin, and liberty is a searching challenge, for it takes away the guardianship of the master and the comfort of the priest. The iconoclasts didn't free us. They threw us into the water, and now we have to swim.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: THE PURITAN[1]

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

IN one of his (Shaw's) numerous prefaces he says, "I have always been on the side of the Puritans in the matter of Art"; and a closer study will, I think, reveal that he is on the side of the Puritans in almost everything. Puritanism was not a mere code of cruel regulations, though some of its regulations were more cruel than any that have disgraced Europe. Nor was Puritanism a mere nightmare, an evil shadow of eastern gloom and fatalism, though this element did enter it, and was, as it were, the symptom and punishment of its essential error. Something much nobler (even if almost equally mistaken) was the original energy in the Puritan creed. And it must be defined with a little more delicacy if we are really to understand the attitude of G. B. S., who is the greatest of the modern Puritans and perhaps the last.

I should roughly define the first spirit in Puritanism thus. It was a refusal to contemplate God or goodness with anything lighter or milder than the most fierce concentration of the intellect. A Puritan meant originally a man whose mind had no holidays. To use his own favorite phrase, he would let no living thing come between him and his God; an attitude which involved eternal torture for him

[1] From *George Bernard Shaw*, by G. K. Chesterton. Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

and a cruel contempt for all the living things. It was better to worship in a barn than in a cathedral for the specific and specified reason that the cathedral was beautiful. Physical beauty was a false and sensual symbol coming in between the intellect and the object of its intellectual worship. The human brain ought to be at every instant a consuming fire which burns through all conventional images until they were as transparent as glass.

This is the essential Puritan idea, that God can only be praised by direct contemplation of Him. You must praise God only with your brain; it is wicked to praise Him with your passions or your physical habits or your gesture or instinct of beauty. Therefore it is wicked to worship by singing or dancing or drinking sacramental wines or building beautiful churches or saying prayers when you are half-asleep. We must not worship by dancing, drinking, building, or singing; we can only worship by thinking. Our heads can praise God, but never our hands and feet. That is the true and original impulse of the Puritans. There is a great deal to be said for it, and a great deal was said for it in Great Britain steadily for two hundred years. It has gradually decayed in England and Scotland, not because of the advance of modern thought (which means nothing), but because of the slow revival of the mediæval energy and character in the two peoples. The English were always hearty and humane, and they have made up their minds to be hearty and humane in spite of the Puritans. The result is that Dickens and W. W. Jacobs have picked up the tradition of Chaucer and Robin Hood. The Scotch were always romantic and they have made up their minds to be romantic in spite of the Puritans. The result is that Scott and Stevenson have picked up the tradition of Bruce, Blind Harry, and the vagabond Scottish kings. England has become English again; Scotland has become Scottish again,

in spite of the splendid incubus, the noble nightmare of Calvin. There is only one place in the British Islands where one may naturally expect to find still surviving in its fulness the fierce detachment of the true Puritan. That place is the Protestant part of Ireland. The Orange Calvinists can be disturbed by no national resurrection, for they have no nation. In them, if in any people, will be found the rectangular consistency of the Calvinist. The Irish Protestant rioters are at least immeasurably finer fellows than any of their brethren in England. They have the two enormous superiorities: first, that the Irish Protestant rioters really believe in Protestant theology; and second, that the Irish Protestant rioters do really riot. Among these people, if anywhere, should be found the cult of theological clarity combined with barbarous external simplicity. Among these people Bernard Shaw was born.

There is at least one outstanding fact about the man we are studying; Bernard Shaw is never frivolous. He never gives his opinions a holiday; he is never irresponsible even for an instant. He has no nonsensical second self which he can get into as one gets into a dressing-gown; that ridiculous disguise which is yet more real than the real person. That collapse and humorous confession of futility was much of the force in Charles Lamb and in Stevenson. There is nothing of this in Shaw; his wit is never a weakness; therefore it is never a sense of humor. For wit is always connected with the idea that truth is close and clear. Humor, on the one hand, is always connected with the idea that truth is tricky and mystical and easily mistaken. What Charles Lamb said of the Scotchman is far truer of this type of Puritan Irishman; he does not see things suddenly in a new light; all his brilliancy is a blindingly rapid calculation and deduction. Bernard Shaw never said an indefensible thing; that is, he never said a thing that he

was not prepared brilliantly to defend. He never breaks out into that cry beyond reason and conviction, that cry of Lamb when he cried, "We would indict our dreams!" or of Stevenson, "Shall we never shed blood?" In short he is not a humorist, but a great wit, almost as great as Voltaire. Humor is akin to agnosticism, which is only the negative side of mysticism. But pure wit is akin to Puritanism; to the perfect and painful consciousness of the final act in the universe. Very briefly, the man who sees the consistency in things is a wit — and a Calvinist. The man who sees the inconsistency in things is a humorist — and a Catholic. However this may be, Bernard Shaw exhibits all that is purest in the Puritan; the desire to see truth face to face even if it slay us, the high impatience with irrelevant sentiment or obstructive symbol; the constant effort to keep the soul at its highest pressure and speed. His instincts upon all social customs and questions are Puritan. His favorite author is Bunyan.

But along with what was inspiring and direct in Puritanism Bernard Shaw has inherited also some of the things that were cumbersome and traditional. If ever Shaw exhibits a prejudice it is always a Puritan prejudice. For Puritanism has not been able to sustain through three centuries that native ecstasy of the direct contemplation of truth; indeed it was the whole mistake of Puritanism to imagine for a moment that it could. One cannot be serious for three hundred years. In institutions built so as to endure for ages you must have relaxation, symbolic relativity, and healthy routine. In eternal temples you must have frivolity. You must "be at ease in Zion" unless you are only paying it a flying visit.

By the middle of the nineteenth century this old austerity and actuality in the Puritan vision had fallen away

into two principal lower forms. The first is a sort of idealistic garrulity upon which Bernard Shaw has made fierce and on the whole fruitful war. Perpetual talk about righteousness and unselfishness, about things that should elevate and things which cannot but degrade, about social purity and true Christian manhood, all poured out with fatal fluency and with very little reference to the real facts of anybody's soul or salary — into this weak and lukewarm torrent has melted down much of that mountainous ice which sparkled in the seventeenth century, bleak indeed, but blazing. The hardest thing of the seventeenth century bids fair to be the softest thing of the twentieth.

Of all this sentimental and deliquescent Puritanism Bernard Shaw has always been the antagonist; and the only respect in which it has soiled him was that he believed for only too long that such sloppy idealism was the whole idealism of Christendom and so used "idealism" itself as a term of reproach. But there were other and negative effects of Puritanism which he did not escape so completely. I cannot think that he has wholly escaped that element in Puritanism which may fairly bear the title of the taboo. For it is a singular fact that although extreme Protestantism is dying in elaborate and over-refined civilization, yet it is the barbaric patches of it that live longest and die last. Of the creed of John Knox the modern Protestant has abandoned the civilized part and retained only the savage part. He has given up that great and systematic philosophy of Calvinism which had much in common with modern science and strongly resembles ordinary and recurrent determinism. But he has retained the accidental veto upon cards or comic plays, which Knox only valued as mere proof of his people's concentration on their theology. All the awful but sublime affirmations of Puritan theology are gone.

Only savage negations remain; such as that by which in Scotland on every seventh day the creed of fear lays his finger on all hearts and makes an evil silence in the streets.

By the middle of the nineteenth century when Shaw was born this dim and barbaric element in Puritanism, being all that remained of it, had added another taboo to its philosophy of taboos; there had grown up a mystical horror of those fermented drinks which are part of the food of civilized mankind. Doubtless many persons take an extreme line on this matter solely because of some calculation of social harm; many, but not all and not even most. Many people think that paper money is a mistake and does much harm. But they do not shudder or snigger when they see a check-book. They do not whisper with unsavory slyness that such and such a man was "seen" going into a bank. I am quite convinced that the English aristocracy is the curse of England, but I have not noticed either in myself or others any disposition to ostracize a man simply for accepting a peerage, as the modern Puritans would certainly ostracize him (from any of their positions of trust) for accepting a drink. The sentiment is certainly very largely a mystical one, like the sentiment about the seventh day. Like the Sabbath, it is defended with sociological reasons; but these reasons can be simply and sharply tested. If a Puritan tells you that all humanity should rest once a week, you have only to propose that they should rest on Wednesday. And if a Puritan tells you that he does not object to beer but to the tragedies of excess in beer, simply propose to him that in prisons and workhouses (where the amount can be absolutely regulated) the inmates should have three glasses of beer a day. The Puritan cannot call that excess; but he will find something to call it. For it is not the excess he objects to, but the beer. It is a transcendental taboo, and it is one of the two or three positive

and painful prejudices with which Bernard Shaw began. A similar severity of outlook ran through all his earlier attitude towards the drama; especially towards the lighter or looser drama. His Puritan teachers could not prevent him from taking up theatricals, but they made him take theatricals seriously. All his plays were indeed "plays for Puritans." All his criticisms quiver with a refined and almost tortured contempt for the indulgencies of ballet and burlesque, for the tights and the *double entente*. He can endure lawlessness but not levity. He is not repelled by the divorces and the adulteries as he is by the "splits." And he has always been foremost among the fierce modern critics who ask indignantly, "Why do you object to a thing full of sincere philosophy like *The Wild Duck* while you tolerate a mere dirty joke like *The Spring Chicken?*"

I do not think he has ever understood what seems to me the very sensible answer of the man in the street, "I laugh at the dirty joke of *The Spring Chicken* because it is a joke. I criticize the philosophy of *The Wild Duck* because it is a philosophy."

Shaw does not do justice to the democratic ease and sanity on this subject; but indeed, whatever else he is, he is not democratic. As an Irishman he is an aristocrat, as a Calvinist he is a soul apart; he drew the breath of his nostrils from a land of fallen principalities and proud gentility, and the breath of his spirit from a creed which made a wall of crystal around the elect. The two forces between them produced this potent and slender figure, swift, scornful, dainty, and full of dry magnanimity; and it only needed the last touch of oligarchic mastery to be given by the overwhelming oligarchic atmosphere of our present age. Such was the Puritan Irishman who stepped out into the world.

THE INTELLECTUAL REACTION IN AMERICA[1]

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

WE are threatened with the coming of a new dark age, says Mr. Thomas Hardy, in the militant epilogue which has lately been everywhere discussed. Mr. Hardy was thinking of England alone, but there is no reason why the scope of his judgment should be thus restricted. It may be assumed at least to cover the English-speaking world, and assuredly the United States at this moment seems to furnish a challenging body of evidence. Some of it goes against a popular superstition. As we know, the American people are said to be lacking in the faculty of self-criticism. And yet, if we are to take at their face value the assaults upon America of a number of American critics at present exceedingly active, we shall be driven to one conclusion as inescapable. It is this, that the country commonly deemed to be the most fortunate on earth provides at the present stage the most striking example of intellectual eclipse.

Now it is fair to say that it is not precisely to this conclusion that the reader is led as he moves through the urbane analysis of American society and character [2] that has recently come from the accomplished author of *The Life of Reason.* The truth is, Mr. Santayana does not suggest that

[1] From the *Contemporary Review,* July, 1922. Reprinted by special permission of the author and of the *Contemporary Review.*

[2] *Character and Opinion in the United States.* By George Santayana.

America has recently moved into the shadow. His thesis is more severe than that. It is, on the contrary, that the conditions essential to the full life of the intellect and the imagination have never at any time existed on the American continent, so that the question of an intellectual reaction actually does not arise. And Mr. Santayana has American disciples not a few. In more than one of the New York critical weeklies we may detect a note of anger and impatience at most things American which is more than a protest against a recent or temporary development, while a still more telling illustration lies close to our hand. Not long ago there was published in New York a book of a kind that we do not grow in England — *Civilization in the United States,* edited by Harold E. Stearns. Described by the editor — himself a product of Harvard College and literary New York — as an enterprise in intellectual cooperation, it is the work of thirty-three writers — thirty Americans and three Europeans, only one of them a woman. The majority of this chosen band are young: hardly one is over forty, and nearly all enjoy a reputation among the intelligentsia of the Atlantic cities. Their analysis amounts in sum to a hard indictment of the intellectual and artistic condition of the commonwealth. In any European country it would have been impossible. In England it is unimaginable, for a very plain reason. We hear it constantly asserted that the Englishman has no rival in self-depreciation. He misleads the world, we are told, by the persistence and emphasis with which he attacks his own country. If so, the world must be uncommonly stupid; for the fact is that no Englishman who is ordinarily sane ever abuses England. He may and does denounce almost everything in it; but that is only because he is applying his ideal standard of judgment. His rage and scorn are proportionate to the passion he feels for the

England of his love and pride. He has memories and dreams of an England which he finds to be denied or betrayed by the things he condemns.

The American critics of America who to-day are most vocal are not at all like that. The mischief with them appears to be, not that they reprobate or resent certain things in America, but simply that they dislike America as it is and do not believe that it was or ever could have been a civilized country. Therein they take a stand markedly different from that of their predecessors. The elders of the last generation — Henry Adams, for example [1] — believed that the America which might have developed into a great modern civilized nation was destroyed by the Civil War. Commercialism and immigration laid the foundations of new America which they feared and could not pretend to understand. Like all European Conservatives, they lamented the loss of a splendid past. But the company of critics marching under the banner of Mr. Harold Stearns have a quite different standpoint from this. They abhor the present; but no less do they despise the American past. The earlier America was narrow, stiff, and dry, with no artistic and emotional life. The new America, meager and arid before the war, has since become insupportable — chiefly, they say, because it has ceased to care for any kind of freedom, and most particularly because it has allowed Prohibition to be put into the Federal Constitution, from which, to all appearance, it can never be expelled.

America, they contend, is without the substance or tradition of the good life as expressed in the arts and humane culture. Its society is compact of puritanism and materialism, vulgarity and money. It is ruled by "cheap, common, ignorant, scoundrelly Congressmen." The national life is business, and the organs of business are advertising and

[1] See *The Education of Henry Adams.*

salesmanship. Its philosophy is, in Professor Dewey's pungent phrase, " the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess Success." The pioneer past and the commercial present make culture and the arts impossible. The land is without leisure, breadth, self-criticism, and reasoned nonconformity. It is a vast body, but with no soul — which last accusation, however, as we may recall, is anything but new, since it was made in almost identical words by Whitman, the one great imaginative American who was, in theory, content with the divine average.

So far the young critics. They have, in a word, no faith in America; no hope at all in the republic which, when all is said, is the most marvelous social product of our world. I am not proposing to consider their arraignment. Rather, I will strive to bring together certain evidences which seem to show that the United States is just now passing through a peculiarly trying stage.

The English observer in America applies, of course, a comparative judgment. To-day, among the amazing evidences of national vitality, he is conscious of certain phenomena of reaction, which he would, I think, group roughly under four heads.

First, he remarks a general atmosphere of restraint and timidity in political discussion and in the presence of general ideas, which makes it not difficult for him to agree with those of his American friends who are accustomed to speak of the much greater freedom of life and opinion in England. Secondly, he observes a fear of economic change and experiment; an attitude of extreme hostility towards organized labor and labor politics; an assumption that the existing order of industrial and capitalist society is something fixed and unchanging, founded on principles that must not be called in question. Thirdly, he notices a disquieting movement of obscurantism in the schools and col-

leges, which seems to be the last despairing attempt of the class that holds its governing power on a basis now become obviously insecure to hold back the irresistible tide of knowledge. And, fourthly, in the sphere of popular religion he is aware of a flood of reaction which appears to afford the most immediately striking expression of the mass mind in America. Let us take these points in order.

The political conservatism of America is one aspect of the national life that is permanently puzzling to English people. As a matter of fact, it should be almost the easiest to understand. The American people live under a form of government which is, with the possible exception of France, the most rigid now existing in the Western world. It is also actually the oldest. During the past century every country in the two continents, save one, has transformed its government. The United States is unique in having retained unaltered a scheme of government thought out and established before the French Revolution. It is enshrined in a written constitution, which is a document without a peer. It is associated with a doctrine of verbal inspiration, a worship of the word, such as does not exist anywhere else in the sphere of politics. President Harding in his inaugural address referred to the fathers of the republic as divinely inspired. Nor did the age of inspiration end in 1789. The Monroe Doctrine is not an international agreement. It is a dogma; some would say a fetish. The Wilson international policy was destroyed in 1919 largely because, in 1797, George Washington wrote a paragraph stating the then relations of the United States to the Powers of Europe. The sayings of the leaders of the past are quoted by Americans, not by way of illustration, as commonly with us, but as texts of holy writ. It would not be easy to overstate the effect of such a bent of mind and such a habit upon a whole nation. It must be taken

into account when we seek for the causes which make the American people the strongest conservative force at present operative in the world of States.

Similarly in the matter of social thought. The American, says Mr. Santayana, is descended from the most adventurous of Europeans. It is therefore in his blood to be socially, if not intellectually, a radical. This is an accurate comment only if we give to the word "socially" a carefully restricted meaning. For there can be no doubt as to the region in which the deep conservatism of America is to-day being most emphatically expressed. It is in this sphere of industry and labor, and, needless to say, in relation to the claims of private property. It would be true to say that nowhere else since the war have the conservative forces been so thoroughly concentrated as here. Nor, again, need we wonder why. For most Americans the clash of war and the ruin of after-war in Europe make a picture of a social system in chaos. And for them the operative cause is not war so much as revolution. Commercial America looked with misgiving even upon the orderly march of English Labor down to 1919, while it is indubitable that in no other country has the Bolshevik revolution had so tremendous a repercussion. Recent diplomatic exchanges have shown how decisive an influence this has had upon American policy, since it has given to the United States the anti-revolutionary leadership among the Powers. That is to say, it has placed the United States relatively in the position occupied by England at the close of the French Revolution. We have, of course, to recognize that America does not find the reasons for her anti-revolutionary fervor in Europe alone. The national organization for war brought to the American people a disturbing revelation. It showed that their community, fed continuously by the immigrant stream from Europe, was far less fully integrated

than they had been led to believe. The fear of social upheaval, coupled with the knowledge of labor discontent, was a sufficiently serious matter in itself. It was far more so for Americans of the older stock when taken along with the suspicion that great numbers of the immigrants were not only incomplete Americans, but were impregnated with revolutionary doctrine, and accordingly, it was believed, ripe for the designs of those who were plotting the overthrow of the Republic by force and violence.

Here, obviously, we have the ground of an organized movement of suppression, only too easily developed in the unwholesome condition of popular emotion after the war. Its declared purpose was the elimination from American life of every influence that could be described as radical, or branded as un-American. We may see its working first of all in the huge and sustained effort for breaking the power of organized labor; the campaign for the establishment of the open shop (in England, the closed shop), which implied the placing of an absolute ban upon trade unionism. In this campaign — which, like the corresponding movement in England, has had a considerable measure of success — the forces of Big Business were able to count upon the support of the law. The heavy hand of the Department of Justice fell upon the more radical sections of labor unionism, which American opinion commonly lumps together as the I. W. W., although, as a matter of fact, a few only seem to have any link with the Industrial Workers of the World. In America, however, Bolshevik and I. W. W. are words of equal menace, and, like all such terms, they are indefinitely elastic. Amid the terror excited by them, and worked upon by a gravely perverted Department of Justice (whose blunders and misdeeds have been exposed by a group of eminent American lawyers), labor and the immigrant alien have had to suffer some three years of perse-

cution, efficiently aided by many volunteer patriotic societies. These bodies, stirred to a fervid defiance of freedom and the law, look upon themselves as especially created to enforce the principles of "100 per cent Americanism." Their names are various — national security leagues, civic federations, True Americans, the American Legion, and what not; but their nature is one. Their activities yield a remarkable illumination of the crowd mind; and, it is to be feared, they would provide Dean Inge with an armory of weapons for his onslaught upon democracy and popular government. Among them all the undeniable first place belongs to the Ku Klux Klan, with its midnight bogey-rides, its ritual of illiterate diabolism, and its preposterous hierarchy. This amazing institution is a grotesque denial of every principle of openness, simplicity, and good-fellowship, which hitherto the world has admiringly recognized as the fine and special mark of things essentially American. To its discredit, undoubtedly, must be set down much of the recrudescence of lynching, which has brought despair to all good citizens of the Republic.

Turn now to the evidence of the reaction in the important province of public education. English people have naturally assumed that the older universities of the United States — Harvard, Yale, Princeton — are so firmly based in the tradition of intellectual freedom that no waves of popular emotion could materially affect them. The facts are otherwise. Harvard, it is true, had a rich epoch of free inquiry and expression in its faculty of philosophy under William James and his contemporaries; and since then, in its Law School, it has enjoyed the possession of one of the finest of humanist schools. But for the preservation of what remains of academic freedom in all the older colleges a steady fight has to be waged, while the younger institutions are only too easily open to attack.

The State universities, dependent upon public grants, clearly cannot be kept ahead of the average progressivism of the electorate; while the great institutions of the third kind, such as Columbia and Chicago — now among the largest and, mechanically, the most efficient in the world — feel most directly the controlling hand of the rich donor, and the pressure of the possessing classes. Hence the recurrent academic troubles of these years; the dismissal or resignation of professors accused of radicalism; the tension between the governing body and the staff; frequent conflicts over the freedom of the university platform, and the attempts made in some states to put the teacher under the test of a specific loyalty pledge.

As in social thought and educational practice, so in religion. Comparisons in such matters are not easy to draw, but it would seem that the post-war reaction in the field of popular religion has been far greater in the United States than in this country. Two quite startling manifestations are at present arousing attention. The first is the widespread revival of messianic and millennial belief; the second, which in a sense includes the first, is a determined drive against modern knowledge and criticism, together with a reaffirmation, in the most literal terms, of certain doctrines. This latter is known as the Fundamentalist movement.

The recurrent waves of millennarian belief are among the most familiar phenomena of popular faith in Christendom, and, obviously, the present course of world affairs is peculiarly favorable to this evangel. A time of war and social catastrophe makes the end of the age seem an attractive prospect. America, as we know, has always been fruitful ground for the preaching of the millennium. In England, even among the literalist denominations, the number of

those who have made a visible and cataclysmic Second Advent a matter of urgent concern has never been more than a tiny minority. In the United States churches have been known to make it their one foundation. To-day the wide sweep of the flood, especially in the small towns of the non-industrial states, is a phenomenon of great import. So serious is it indeed that in more than one of the Protestant churches the fear of a split on this single issue has for some time been acknowledged. But the situation is far more serious when considered in relation to the " fundamentalist " movement, which is more general in scope and came suddenly into the field of popular discussion not many months ago. It became known that a group of ministers, mainly Baptist, had formed a close organization and entered upon a purge of the churches and colleges. Their demand is for specific adhesion to the fundamentals of the Christian faith, as defined by themselves, the doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ being put foremost. In the space of a few months, with the aid of immense funds and a vast publicity scheme, they have been able to carry the inquisition so far that churches and colleges have been filled with panic. Ministers and teachers have everywhere been put under espionage until, as one professor said, the conditions are " unbelievable to an outsider." The crusade is stamped with a singular character. The old-established organ of liberal religion in Boston (the *Christian Register*) states that the fundamentalist creed is " a creed of force, which has been wrought into a fabric of doctrine more elaborate than any system made since the Middle Ages." And certainly the quotations given by the *Register* go to show that nothing is more curious and revealing than the terrorist aspect of millennarianism, with its strange evocation of a " Kaiser-Jesus."

Thus, we are given a passage from a sermon by a New York preacher as to the nature of His imminent re-appearance: —

"Christ is coming with the eyes of one who is aroused and indignant, in whose veins beats the pulse of a hot anger. . . . He comes forth as one who no longer seeks either friendship or love. . . . He descends that He may shed the blood of men. . . . He will enunciate His claim by terror and might. He will write it in the blood of His foes. . . . He will tread and trample in His fury till the blood of men shall fill the earth. . . . He comes to His glory, not as the Savior meek and lowly, not through the suffrage of willing hearts and the plaudits of a welcoming world, but as a king, an autocrat, a despot, through the gushing blood of a trampled world. And those who follow this emergent wrathful King of Heaven . . . are represented as armies. They come as a body of fighters. They come to assist the Warrior to make war on the earth. In this way the Kingdom is to come."

Now it is to be noted that this astounding nonsense is not a piece of raving by an illiterate evangelist, but a specimen of the pulpit eloquence of a prominent metropolitan minister, described as of good standing in the Baptist denomination. Better perhaps than anything else, it reveals the kind of harvest of weeds inevitable after the wild sowing of hate and force that was deemed by too many Christian teachers to be the right and only way of destroying the military system against which the Allies were arrayed.

From the point of view of advertisement the Fundamentalists have been fortunate in their non-ministerial leader. The presence of Mr. Bryan at the head ensures a large measure of newspaper publicity for the campaign. Mr. Bryan, moreover, is a portent, for, setting aside some of the tenets deemed essential by our Fundamentalists, he makes a denunciation of Darwin and a general attack upon

the theory of Evolution the central point of his mission.[1] Man comes, says he, with engaging simplicity, not from the monkey, but from the mud. English people find a difficulty in understanding the enduring importance of Mr. Bryan. In a particular sense he is a representative American. Mr. Wilson never was; and, though Roosevelt was a commanding American, he was not of the stuff of Main Street and the prairie as Bryan essentially is. Simple and shrewd, devout and believing; deeply suspicious of the wider world and of the universe of unfamiliar knowledge; absolutely satisfied with the American order as established by the pioneer and developed by the citizen in the small town: convinced that the America he knows is the divinely appointed form of society — such is William Jennings Bryan, and such are millions of his fellows west of the Alleghanies and south of the Potomac. Moreover, Bryan is a consummate popular orator and an untiring evangelist. It is still true that no other American speaker can attract audiences so large as his and so admiring; notwithstanding that for a quarter of a century the Press has treated him as though he were the only playboy of the western world.

The United States is now the most powerful of the nations. In respect of all material resources it is the most advantageously placed. It has, apparently, the strongest of all governments. These facts, universally recognized, make it a matter of extraordinary interest that at the present moment when civilized humanity is questioning everything, the dominant classes in America should have agreed (to use an American colloquialism) upon a policy of " standing pat " in the things of the mind. It would be absurd to attempt an explanation of this development

[1] The Kentucky legislature did not pass the Bill, of which so much has been made in the Press, designed to forbid the teaching of Evolution in the schools and colleges of the State.

in a few lines at the end of an article; but I may note here the inadequacy of one theory constantly restated — namely, that America is suffering from a survival, or revival, of the older puritanism. Professor John Dewey, the distinguished philosophic teacher of Columbia University, counters the notion by pointing out that the temper of the present day has little in common with "the founding fathers," as President Harding calls them, but is akin to the evangelism that swept through the country during the period when the American frontier was under settlement and was being redeemed for decency and order. The mass feeling which at that earlier stage was absorbed in the simplest religious conception is to-day being exploited for definite social ends; and particularly for that form of social patriotism which demands that the people, instead of being encouraged to express themselves in the myriad ways of curiosity and free activity, should be pressed to seek after the largest attainable measure of uniformity. Never have we seen so vast a mechanism for making a whole people think and speak of the same things in the same words at the same time. The press and the kinema, the pulpit and platform, the post-office and the bill-board, and now to-day the endlessly vibrant encompassing air — all have been captured and turned to use. The prospect, intellectually, is serious enough to perturb all genuine well-wishers of America, even if they hold a very different view from that of the young Americans who deny the possession of culture and the creative reason to their own land. But what should be the conclusion? Certainly not that America, for all her interwoven conservatism and the entrenched power of certain great reactionary institutions, is doomed to an epoch of obscurantism. The facts on the other side have an undeniable, we may believe a triumphing, force. America is marvelously alive. The vitality of her people

is universal and overpowering. It will in the end burst all swaddling bands. Then there is the fact of the unlimited racial variety of the people. It tends, under the policy at present being pursued, to be considerably overlaid. But it is the master fact of American society. It will determine the ultimate place of the United States among the nations, and the character of the Euro-American civilization of the future — a reservoir of power which has had no parallel in history. And, finally, there is the vivid experimental habit of the country, the passion of advance by trial and error, which makes the American contemptuous of all experience save his own. Tenaciously conservative in his mental processes, and never more so than today; astonishingly submissive to what his fathers have told him, the American is, in the things amidst which he works from day to day, a fearless and incorrigible adventurer. He is in thrall to the " verbal magic " of his national institutions and tradition. But when he wants things done, he will call them by other names, and thereby, in action, achieve his freedom. So that it may be permissible to say of the present crepuscular hour, as was said of a New England blossoming not so long ago: " It was a fresh morning in the life of reason — cloudy, but brightening."

THE NEW BASIS OF RELIGION[1]

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

DEMOCRACY, thus conceived in its highest terms as fellowship, constitutes the transcendent reality of modern times. It is life as we know it to-day. Nevertheless, as we have seen, it is just this reality which the churches, so hopelessly obsessed with the ideas and practices of other days, will not or cannot recognize. Is it any wonder that they have fallen into a state of collapse from which there is apparently no recovery!

But why should the churches recognize democracy, or take its world of secular activity for their own particular field of operations? Democracy, in its political, economic, or even ecclesiastical expressions of social endeavor, can hardly be identified with religion. In religion we expect to find God, and here we have gone no higher nor farther than men — men in fellowship, to be sure, but still men. We recall that Carpenter calls this evolution of free society "the organic growth of God in time;" but by virtue of what thought does he rise to such a conception, and by what syllogism can he prove it? Is religion suddenly to be interpreted in a different way from what it has ever been before? Is God to be regarded not as a being but as a process? Are men, after all, their own gods; are their so-

[1] From *New Churches for Old,* by John Haynes Holmes. Copyright, 1922, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

cial institutions churches; is their fellowship one with another, grace? If so, where is the basis of religion? What new foundations can be planted for the old?

II

The answers to these questions must be sought in an analysis of the meaning of religion, as this meaning has been modified by the influences which have been at work in the world since the period of the Renaissance.

According to classic definition, religion may be said to constitute a relation between the two fundamental factors of spiritual reality, God and the soul. Thus Kant defines religion as "a knowledge of all our duties as divine commands;" Tylor, as "the belief in spiritual beings;" Schleiermacher, as "a sense of dependence upon God." More popular definitions are seen in Lyman Abbott's statement that "religion is the life of God in the soul of man," and Minot J. Savage's evolutionary formula that "religion is man's endeavor to get into right relations with God."

In the past only one of the two factors in this relationship has been emphasized — the divine and not the human. The accepted basis of religion, in the churches at least, has always been God. Just how this idea of God originated, how it has been modified through the ages (polytheism, henotheism, monotheism), by what means it has been verified, are problems which cannot be discussed in this place. Sufficient it is for us to note that, wherever in the past religion has come to the point of organizing itself in the form of temples, priesthoods, sacred books, and holy days, central to the whole system of institutions has been a preconceived abstraction known as deity. God is here regarded as an absolute — *the* absolute from which all reality in time and space derives its being. Just how there can be any derivation from an absolute is one of the

riddles on which theologians have most persistently exercised their wits. Some have sought an answer in the conception of all things existing in God, as oxygen exists in water; others have thought of God as casting off emanations of his being as a fire throws out sparks into the darkness, or a planet flings its vortex rings into the void; the popular mind has satisfied itself with crude pictures of God as a creator, fashioning the world and its inhabitants as a savage moulds clay images, or a watchmaker manufactures watches. But always at the heart of all these speculations has been the thought of God as an absolute, and, therefore, a being apart. God is the maker of time, and yet himself outside of time! He fills, or at least controls, space, and yet himself is beyond and above all space — "an absentee deity," to quote the familiar phrase of Carlyle! He is the source of all change, and yet himself unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable! He is revealed "in miracle and sign," and yet himself unsearchable, unseen, remote! Here is the factor which is central in religion as it has always been understood and interpreted in the past. God is the beginning and the end of the whole phenomenon. Religion centers about the deity, as the earth centers about the sun. Religion and theism are synonymous, as, *per contra,* religion and atheism are antithetical.

What this exclusive stress upon God has meant to the other factor in the relationship — namely, man — is shown by the whole history of organized religion. Man's duty in life has been conceived as of a three-fold nature. In the first place, he must find God — discover not by hearsay but by experience that God is the central reality of life. Secondly, he must know God — understand his will as formulated in laws which are the commandments of the soul. Lastly, he must obey God — give allegiance to his

will as a good citizen gives allegiance to the statutes of his country, or as a good soldier to the orders of his captain. Upon his fulfillment of these obligations to the divine depends his salvation in eternity. If he would live, in the true spiritual sense of this great word, he must surrender himself utterly unto God. How this shall be done, man is not left helplessly by himself to discover. On the contrary, God has inspired prophets, written scriptures, performed miracles, established churches, worked out and revealed an ordered system of redemption, that man might be left in no doubt as to where and what is the way of life. But it is for him to say whether or not he shall walk in this way, and thus know God alone.

From this standpoint, religion represents the sharpest possible distinction between the world and God. The religious life must be understood as something altogether apart from life as we live it in our every-day affairs. It is an experience which enters into no other relationship of men. To be faithful to wife and children, to be honest in business, to be loyal to country, to love one's neighbor, to serve humanity — these things are excellent in themselves, and, from the point of view of earth, are duties. But they are secular duties, and not sacred. They are ethical and not spiritual fidelities. They are not, in other words, religion! For religion has to do not with family, or business, or nation, or mankind, but with God; and our duty to God is discharged only by those special observances of faith and worship which the churches have so carefully formulated as a help to man in his quest of the divine. Hence the importance of creeds and rituals, of prayers and sacraments, of scriptures, sabbaths, and "holy church"! Of course, to the worldly man these things are vain, for this man does not know nor care about God. He is "of the earth, earthy," and, therefore, the moralities of earth seem

to him to be enough. But to the religiously minded man, these things are all in all, for they are the way, and the only way, to God.

III

This understanding of religion remained unshaken until the Renaissance, when there came changes which were revolutionary in character.

These began with what we have already noted as the distinctive feature of the Renaissance — namely, the rediscovery of man. For a thousand years and more, under the obsession of theistic absolutism, the race had been lost in a kind of theological slumber. Through all this time, fittingly known as the Dark Ages, human interest was focussed on questions of the Trinity, the person of Christ, the Atonement, the nature of transubstantiation, the authority of the church, the reality of heaven and hell. The minds that led the thought of the world, from Augustine to Albert Magnus, concerned themselves with nothing but the explanation and interpretation of Christian dogma. There was no art but that of Biblical legend and ecclesiastical tradition, no literature but that of theologian and copyist, no philosophy but scholasticism, no science but magic, no social movements but monasticism and the crusades. The world was as completely forgotten as though it had never existed; man was remembered only as a single factor in a mystic formula of salvation. Alone in all this period of darkness was Roger Bacon, greatest of Europeans, who, as one curious not of heaven but earth, not of godhead but of the soul, was a modern man born centuries before his time.

For what was native to the mind of Roger Bacon came to Europe only through that Revival of Learning, which brought men fresh acquaintanceship with the ancient Greeks, who felt so keenly "the wild joy of living," studied

so curiously the mysteries of man and of his universe, and registered their testimony in so beautiful an art and literature, so profound a science and philosophy. In the Greek mind, "man (was) the measure of all things," and not "fear of the Lord" but knowledge of self "the beginning of wisdom." The renaissance of such a culture among the people of the Middle Ages was like the entrance of the Prince into the garden of the Sleeping Beauty. Instantly there came that awakening which marks the birth of modern times. Touched by the magic of the classic spirit, men shook off their dream-like abstractions of deity and visions of eternity, and, for the first time in centuries, looked at themselves and their world. Petrarch climbing a mountain to view the landscape, Galileo fashioning his telescope and hanging his pendulum, Columbus turning the prow of his *Santa Maria* into the Atlantic, Gassendi and his atoms, Newton and his apple, Harvey and his circulation of the blood, Descartes and his "cogito ergo sum" — these are symbols of an age which shook the world. Exploration and discovery, science and philosophy, art, literature, and music, came to their own again. Men looked upward, and watched the stars; looked outward, and searched the seas; looked downward, and analyzed the earth; looked inward, and knew the soul; looked backward, and traced history; looked forward, and prepared prophecies. Not inferno, purgatory, and paradise, but "this goodly frame, the earth;" not angels and demons, but men and women, nations and peoples; not abstract problems of theological salvation, but vast works of discovery, research and social liberation — these now monopolized attention. Man was at the center of the stage. His life in this present world, life within his soul and among his fellows, was the theme of the drama. The principle laid down by Pope for his later age, that "the proper

study of mankind is man," was but a restatement of what the race now knew for the first time since the proud days of Socrates and Aristotle.

IV

Second only to the new center of interest is the new method of thought characteristic of modern as contrasted with mediæval times. The old method, typically theological, was what is known as deductive. It took its start from certain ideas, universal and absolute, which were accepted without verification in the belief that they were revealed to man by the divine consciousness, or were themselves innate in the human consciousness as the condition of all thought. In either case these ideas were " given," like the factors of a geometrical proposition, and all other truths were arrived at by a process of deduction from these original axioms of reality. Thought, in other words, was a process of intellectual movement from above downward, of inference from things eternal to things temporal. In asking what were the facts in a given situation, nobody thought of doing such a thing as observing or investigating. Rather did they ask what the " first principles " of thought, either as revealed or innate, made necessary in this situation, and then accepted the deduced conclusion without question. If facts which men could not avoid observing, seemed to contradict the deductions from these ideal truths which were " before all worlds," then they could not be facts. They must be chopped off forthwith from the body of reality, like the limbs of unhappy victims who did not fit the famous bed of fabled Procrustes. Facts were nothing as compared with " ideas," to use the Platonic phrase. Facts were in all cases to be adapted to thought, and not thought to facts.

In Christianity, of course, the basic ideas were those inwrought in that great system of dogma, which began with

Paul, was elaborated by Augustine, and was completed by the great schoolmen of the later Middle Ages. The Triune God, the created world, fallen man, atonement achieved by the sacrificial blood of Christ, the resurrection and ascension, the last day — these were the truths which were revealed from out the mind of God, and therefore subject not to inquiry but to acceptance. Whatever else men desired to know must be inferred or deduced from these dogmas of the church. These things stood, like the Ptolemaic earth; and round them as a center swept the lesser spheres of truth.

With the opening of the Renaissance came a reversal of method as revolutionary as the Copernican theory of the universe. The new method, which was coincident with the birth of modern science, and which may therefore be known as the scientific, in contrast to the theological, method, is inductive in process. It takes nothing for granted; accepts nothing as necessarily true; knows nothing either of revelations or innate ideas. It simply finds itself confronted with certain realities of experience, inquires as to the nature of these realities, induces from the facts observed and tested certain hypotheses or postulates of reason, and holds these general propositions to be true until discovery of new facts enforces revision. This method, as can be seen, is the exact opposite of the deductive method. It moves from below upward, from particulars to universals, from things temporal to things eternal. Its adaptations are of ideas to facts, instead of facts to ideas. It knows no certainties, but only possibilities and probabilities. Especially is its spirit investigative rather than assertive, agnostic rather than dogmatic. The inductive method of thought is by no means universal in application. Deduction still has place, as witness its use by Hegel in his idealistic speculations, and by Herbert

Spencer in his Synthetic Philosophy. But this place is hardly more than corrective or confirmatory of inductive processes. We think today in terms of facts; are willing to think only as far as these facts can take us.

What this new method of thought means to religion, must be evident. In the Middle Ages, as we have seen, God was taken for granted. So were his attributes, his acts, his purposes! These were known by processes of revelation, were not to be questioned (this was heresy!), and stood permanently as the beginning and the end of knowledge. The world, the life of man, the destiny of man, were what the revelation of God permitted them to be, and nothing other. To-day, however, we claim to know nothing of God in the beginning at all. We know only what we see about us or feel within us — in other words, what we experience, and what this experience may reasonably be taken to mean. Our starting point is the world, the human beings who are in the world, above all the souls or spirits which seem to be resident in these human beings. If these realities lead us to inductions of experience which seem to suggest or reveal God — well and good! We will accept him, worship him, serve him. But it is man first, and not God! It is as much of God only as man may seem to suggest or prove! Above all, it is God revealed by man, and not man by God! Our revelation to-day is from earth to heaven, from clod to God — not *vice versa,* as in old days!

That this inductive or scientific process of thought brings us God more surely than any revelation of inspired scripture or infallible church, there are many to assert. But it is a deity very different in character from the being known to the theologians of the Middle Ages. The contrast may be best summed up in the two words, " transcendent " and " immanent." The immanent God was not

unknown before the Renaissance, but he was invariably an outcast. He was the deity of heretics — theologians like Scotus Erigena, mystics like Abelard and Eckhart. The transcendent God was necessarily the deity to live with the deductive processes of mediæval thought. By the same token is the immanent deity the God for a scientific or humanistic age. We know God to-day only as we seem to find him present in nature and in the heart of man. If he lives at all, therefore, he lives here among us, and not there above us.

"Closer is he than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,"

says Tennyson. And yet, strangely enough, the measure of his proximity in spirit is likewise the measure of his indefiniteness in character. In the days of his transcendence, God was as definite a person as any king or emperor. No one felt any shock when Michael Angelo presented the Divine Being in precise pictorial form in his Sistine frescoes. How great the shock, however, when in our day Sargent painted God upon the walls of the Boston Public Library! However intimately we may feel the Divine Presence in our lives, we cannot see this presence with any distinctness in our mind's eye. God seems to be like the cloud in the sky. Afar, the cloud takes a definite shape, like Hamlet's "camel" or "weasel." Close at hand, it is only a fog which envelopes and holds us. Thus, when God was far away, "on the rim of the Universe," as Carlyle put it, we knew something about him, could see him as well as feel him. Now that he is close at hand, an immanent presence within us and about us, we know little of what he is. So do we turn the nearer to earth's realities, and seek in them the "God who is our home"!

V

But there is a third change, incident to modern times, which is still more important than any yet mentioned. We refer to that revolution in man's whole attitude toward the world which is incidental at once to the new center of attention, and to the new method of inquiry, which are characteristic of the present age. What man saw in mediæval days, when the transcendent God of revelation was at the heart of things, was a *miracle*; what he sees to-day, as he follows through that scientific study of the present world which may, or may not, lead to conscious intellectual recognition of the God immanent in all things, is a *natural process*. This change had its beginning, of course, in the discovery of what we know to-day as natural law — the truth, in other words, that the operations of the universe are all parts of an unbroken system of order, subject to no chance or accident from within, and no intrusion from without. It reached what may be regarded as its triumphant vindication in the doctrine of evolution, which presents all phenomena as manifestations of a single principle of creative life — an *élan vital*, to quote Bergson, which flows in its upper and human reaches as a river in which "souls are continually being created . . . (as) little rills into which the great river of life divides itself, flowing through the body of humanity. . . . As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system . . . so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion. . . . All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push." [1]

At once the universe became a closed circuit. The super-

[1] See his *Creative Evolution*, pages 269, 271.

natural was eliminated, the natural made inclusive of everything. If a phenomenon appeared which seemed to be outside of, or contradictory to, the natural order, this was no longer attributed to divine or supernatural agencies. It was simply assumed that, in this particular case, observation was defective, or knowledge incomplete, and that further inquiry would bring the phenomenon, if it were real at all, inside " the reign of law." Nor has experience in the last three hundred years ever failed in the end to justify this confidence in the integrity of the cosmic process! To-day the postulate of the natural, as contrasted with the supernatural, is become an axiom of thought.

What this change in attitude means to religion, is easily understood. In the old days, religion was uniformly regarded as supernatural in origin and character. Both in the individual life and in the social history of the race, it was an experience which lay altogether outside the area of normal life. Its source was God and not man, and its quality therefore divine in contradistinction to all that we know as human. Revelation, inspiration, conversion, miracles, signs and portents, all these are so many processes or events which indicate the special and abnormal character which religion has borne in all ages preceding modern times, and still bears very largely in this present age.

The sudden shift from the supernatural to the natural, which was so characteristic of the Renaissance and after, was inevitably accompanied by a movement of extreme revulsion, representing an antagonistic and even destructive point of view. This found vivid expression in the free thinkers or rationalists of the seventeenth and especially the eighteenth century, of whom Voltaire and the Encyclopedists are the preëminent examples. These philosophers of the Illumination came to think of religion and all its concomitant phenomena as the product of a vast conspiracy,

deliberately concocted by the priesthoods of primitive ages for the intellectual and moral enslavement of mankind. So out of place did religion seem in a world coming to be interpreted in naturalistic terms that no other explanation of its origin seemed adequate. If not supernatural, it must be artificial. The whole theory of conspiracy, confidently, even passionately adhered to by some of the great social liberators of the race, represented an instinctive reaction of the rationalistic impulses from a theological orthodoxy which was miraculous or supernatural throughout.

To-day, however, in our better balanced and infinitely better informed time, this supposition of conspiracy as an explanation of religious history, seems as ridiculous as anything that ever appeared in the doctrine of so-called revelation. It also seems unnecessary. For we have come to understand, in the light of modern scientific knowledge, that religion is a social phenomenon which, like all other phenomena of the kind, is a natural product of man's adjustment to his world. Modern students of the question are almost unanimous in finding the origin of religion in the social experience of the race, and thereby affirming its purely naturalistic character. "Religion arises naturally," says Professor Edward Scribner Ames,[1] "being an inherent and intimate phase of the social consciousness" of man. This social consciousness, he continues, must be regarded "as the very essence of religion," thus "identifying religion with social phenomena." In content religion must be described as only "the most intimate phase of the group consciousness . . . in its first form a reflection of the most important group interests through social symbols and ceremonials based upon the activities incident to

[1] In his *Psychology of Religious Experience*, pp. 49–50, 110–111, 249.

such interests." Even the inner personal experience of religion in the single individual "resolves itself into the question of the origin of his social consciousness." [1] We are religious, in other words, not because of any fraudulent imposition from without at the hands of cunning priestcraft, but simply and solely because of our natural reaction as human beings to those social experiences and aspirations which are of highest permanent value in the life of the race. In its development, exactly as in its origin, religion never leaves the level of normality. "Religion is subject to the same determining factors as are other social phenomena — such as language, art, domesticity, patriotism. In any society all persons are likely to experience these to some extent, but it is not due to their native endowments alone, nor to accidental circumstances, but to the operation of social forces within the experience and consciousness of each person." [2] There are mystical elements in us all, of course; but the mystical is as natural as the physical or mental, and is at work as normally in religion as in art, music, or some great movement of reform. Religion is simply the supreme expression of human nature; it is man thinking his highest, feeling his deepest, and living his best.

There is nothing, therefore, miraculous, special, or even strange about religion. The church is as natural an institution as the state, the priest as normal an historical figure as the king, worship as inevitable an expression of human life as the drama or the dance. Especially since the coming of evolution, with its transmission of revealing light from biology to history, psychology, and sociology, has religion taken its true place in the story of the development of the race. Man's relations with his fellows in the social group, reacting upon the secret forces of his

[1] Ames, *op. cit.*, p. 197. [2] Ames, *op. cit.*, p. 214.

inner nature, give us in religion as native a product of the soul as music, poetry, or family love. Man is essentially religious as he is essentially mystical and social, that is all; and through this channel of spiritual expression, as through other channels of physical, intellectual, and artistic expression, his life pours itself forth in resistless flood. There is no mystery, therefore, about religion, save as life in all its forms is mystery. There is nothing terrible about it — nothing unusual, certainly nothing miraculous or strange. What we have here is what we have everywhere else — not a miraculous appearance, but a natural process. It is like the stars flaming in the sky — like the grasses springing from the soil.

> "Out of the heart of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old;
> The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below —
> The canticles of love and woe."

Religion is therefore natural, human, in origin. It is the expression, or still better, the creation, of the soul. In this fact is the evidence of its validity. As well question man's tears or laughter, as to question his habit of prayer. To regard a hearthstone with reverence and an altar with scorn, is to be hopelessly inconsistent. More real than any God revealed from heaven, is the God whom man has found in, or deliberately fashioned from, the raw materials of his experience. For man is his own creator. He makes the world to suit his needs. He cries, Let there be God, and there *is* God! The divine undoubtedly existed "before all worlds," but God came only with the heart of man.

VI

Such were the changes wrought by the forces let loose by the Renaissance. They all meant for religion one simple thing — the substitution of man for God as the center of spiritual consciousness. In due course, these changes proved their presence in the vast upheaval of the Reformation; but were quickly estopped, first by a Catholicism which committed itself permanently to reaction in the Council of Trent, and secondly by a Protestantism which swung itself back in resistance against the very forces which had given it birth. What was choked here, however, forced other channels and overflowed the world. Little by little, as the tide of intellectual and social liberation swept about its bulwarks, Christianity crumbled, and at last, under the impact of the evolutionary science and philosophy, collapsed. Movements appeared on every hand which deliberately offered themselves as substitutes for traditional religion — radical Unitarianism, for example, of the Parker type, with its substitution of human nature for divine; Rationalism, with its challenge of faith by reason; Positivism, with its enthronement of Humanity in place of God; Ethical Culture, with its offering of ethics in place of dogma! More serious and significant was that vast movement of revolt against all organized religion whatsoever, which in the past two generations has swept the majority of our western world outside the churches, and thus brought these churches face to face with the most critical situation which they have encountered since the day when Luther nailed his theses to the cathedral doors in Wittenberg. To-day the shift in values is become complete. Humanism, not theism, is the basis of our thought. Man, not God, is the center of our faith

and the object of our hope and love. We have a new religion, which, like St. John's "tabernacle of God," is "with men," but, unlike that tabernacle, descends not "out of heaven," but builds itself stone by stone upon the earth!

VII

But is this religion? Does not this humanism, which we call a shift of emphasis from God to man, accomplish as a matter of fact the elimination of God from his universe, and thus destroy that very relationship of the soul with God which constitutes the essence of spiritual experience?

So it may seem, to those whose deity is that remote, transcendent, preconceived absolutist abstraction described in the Nicene Creed as "God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven, and earth, and of all things visible and invisible;" in the Anglican "Articles of Religion" as the "one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, the Maker and Preserver of all things visible;" and finally in the famous Savoy Declaration (1658), as the "only living and true God, who is infinite in Being and Perfection, a most pure Spirit, invisible . . . immutable, immense, eternal, incomprehensible, almighty, most wise, most holy, most absolute, working all things according to the Counsel of his own immutable and most righteous Will. . . ." This deity is dead. Indeed, it is doubtful if he ever really lived. Is it an accident that he was presented and for ages worshiped in a language not understood of the common people? For the God whom men and women have known and loved is altogether apart from the speculations of theologians and the dogmatic legislation of church councils. They have had no more to do with the God of Augustine and Calvin than with the pope or

king himself. Unable to see his person or feel his presence, the common folk have sought the divine in Christ, who took on himself the flesh and " was tempted even as we are; " in Mary, who at least shared with men the great experience of parenthood; in the saints, who walked the earth in suffering, and won their sanctity through virtue; in the Bible, which was transcribed by men, and told of the sorrows and sins of men; in the world of Nature, which, in mountain and glen, river and sea, was haunted by spirits of gracious or grim mystery. They have persisted in believing, as by a divine intuition, that God is not distant but near at hand, not unseen but seen, walking the earth as in the garden of old Eden, wrapped in the commonplace of human love as in the miracle of incarnation. And in this they have been right, as judged at least by the religious geniuses of every age. For these prophets of the soul have distinguished themselves from priests and theologians and ecclesiastics by nothing so much as their humanization of the divine. Jesus of Nazareth, the supreme exemplar of spiritual vision and understanding, was above all things else a humanist. The Renaissance was as truly a revival of his mind as of the mind of the Greeks. Jesus cared nothing about Jehovah of Zion. He scorned the metaphysical refinements of the Jewish law. He hated, like another Isaiah, the feastings and fast-days, the sacrifices and offerings of the temple. From all these artificialities he turned away, and concerned himself with man and his world. He looked on the birds of the air and the lilies of the field; he walked with men in the pastures and on the highroads; he taught of righteousness, justice, and love one for another; he prophesied of the day when wars should cease, and poverty be no more, and justice everywhere be done upon the earth. This was his religion — the present scene transfigured into beauty; the daily task,

lifted to the challenge of more abundant life! This was his God — the passion of tenderness, and the love of brotherhood and peace! This was his heaven — the Kingdom of God interpreted in terms of the commonwealth of man! Jesus had no theology, he wrote no creed, he built no church. He simply lived and taught that life of love which, binding men to one another, thereby binds them together with God.

It is this religion, centered thus in man, which was restored and vindicated by the Renaissance. The forces released by this great awakening smote hard upon the church; but touched, as by a magic wand of life, the human soul. It was as though men had been long hidden away in dungeons, and now, with the opening of great doors, saw again the world and one another. And in both, by sure intuitions of the inner spirit, they discovered God! Not that divine abstraction which is the monstrous birth of dogma, but that warm, ever-present source of creative energy which is in and through all things. Not that transcendent, absolutist deity who is outside the universe, remote from the life as well as the understanding of men, but that immanent spirit of evolving life which is the inmost center of existence. "God is love" — the love that holds the stars, that unfolds the flowers, that binds the creature to his mate. God is the love that stirred in the dark primæval ooze of the undated past; moved through æons as an unconquerable "urge" to higher and yet higher forms of existence; and now at last possesses man, whom it has grown from out the quickened womb of earth, and lifts to that great fellowship of heart with heart which is the secret of life eternal. God is the love that binds husband to wife, parent to child, friend to friend, patriot to country, the prophet to truth, the martyr to his cause. God is the love that stirs in every crusade for justice, every

high endeavor for liberty and right, every transcendent sacrifice for mankind. To love another human soul better than oneself, to love many souls in tenderness and pity, to love humanity with a passion that laughs at death — this is to find God, and to love and serve him. Which means that religion may be defined, from this humanistic viewpoint, as fellowship of man with man in the service of the common life! The relation of the soul with God, in other words, is indirect and not direct. It is only through their relation of love with one another, that men can find God. For it is this relationship which reveals God. Nay, can we not say that it is this relationship which *creates* God — that God comes into existence and accomplishes his will on earth, only as men have love one for another, and consecrate this love in a fellowship of service? Jesus certainly implied as much when, in the mystic formula of his time, he said of God — "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."[1] H. G. Wells nobly paraphrased this definition of divine reality when he wrote that God is "The King who is present when just men foregather."[2]

VIII

Such is our new basis of religion! And what is this but the democracy which we have described as beginning with the discovery of man, and ending in its ideal attainment with the fellowship of men? It is in this humanistic sense that the vast movement of democracy, which has been sweeping the world in the last two hundred years, may be accurately defined as the new religion of our time. Religion in the true sense of the word has left the churches, and entered into the world. Not in Catholicism nor in Protestantism can be found the creative spir-

[1] Matthew, 18:20. [2] *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, p. 442.

itual forces which are fashioning God's Kingdom at this moment. Rather are these to be found where " just men foregather " to advance the cause of democracy by establishing freedom and fellowship in all political, industrial, and social relationships among men. This means a new religion, a new church. It means that to us is committed the task of fulfilling the spiritual promise which was disclosed, but all too soon betrayed, by the Reformation. Our age, if it be faithful to itself, shall bring that true reformation for which men have labored and still yearn.

I. The change.
II. The meaning of this change.
III. The causes of this change
IV. The future.

RELIGION AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION[1]

BY JAMES BISSETT PRATT

I

THERE can, I think, be little question as to the truth of the general impression that something has happened to the religion of our young people. They do not believe what their predecessors believed; they do not express the feelings their predecessors felt and expressed; they do not act as their predecessors acted. Most important of all, they are not interested in the religious things that interested the older generation. Their grandfathers believed the Creed; their fathers a little doubted the Creed; they have never read it. I purposely put the matter in exaggerated form, but as a bare outline of the general impression many people are getting from what they regard as "typical" representatives of the rising generation, this will fairly serve.

This impression is probably due chiefly to the attitude of some of our young people towards the churches. Thus *The Congregationalist* tells us: "The vast majority of [college] students are not interested in the church. They have no sense of the importance of the church. They have relegated the church beyond the horizon of their interests." And in another connection the same periodical speaks of the "coldly critical and even contemptuous attitude towards Christianity" shown by many young men and

[1] From *The Yale Review*, April, 1923. Reprinted by permission of *The Yale Review* and of the author.

women in contrast to the "fervent faith and consecrated spirit" of "their fathers and mothers." The more extreme representatives of these so-called typical young people go to church neither to pray nor to scoff; if they can help it they simply do not go. If they go they are well behaved but inwardly bored. An unusual preacher can catch and hold their attention, but few there be that can. Nor is there any rule by which the trick can certainly be done. If the minister preaches down to them, they are quick to discover the fact and despise him for it. If he discusses politics, they think he had best stick to his last. If he expounds theology, they hurriedly close their ears. And if he speaks of the inner things of the spirit, they fail to understand the terms he uses.

Of course, many do still fervently go to church as their fathers went, and eagerly listen to the sermon as their fathers listened, and inwardly feel as their fathers felt; but I have in mind that large portion of the younger generation — whether a minority or a majority I know not — which is developing an attitude towards religion seldom met with thirty or forty years ago, and which therefore sets the tone for the general impression that the observer inevitably forms. These young people are as far removed from heresy as from orthodoxy. The rampant atheism of the Thomas Paine-Colonel Ingersoll variety, which so tortured our pious mothers and grandmothers, is as little characteristic of the young men and women of whom I write as is the orthodox dogmatism which Paine and Ingersoll attacked. If you ask them whether they are orthodox or heterodox, they may hardly know what you mean, and they certainly will wonder that you should care.

Year by year this contrast with the past becomes more marked — as, I think, every college teacher, everyone who

is brought into contact with the development of thoughtful young men and women, must note. For nearly twenty years I have been giving a course on the history of religions. I remember with what hesitancy and with what precaution, in the first years of my teaching, I turned from China, India, and Persia, and approached the religion of the Old Testament. The transition had to be made with all the sympathetic skill I could muster; and never a year went by but some of my students came to me after sleepless nights, wearied with inner struggle, sometimes with indignant voices, to talk out, after class, the implications involved in the Higher Criticism and in the attempt to deal with the Hebrew religion in the same historical light as we had studied Hinduism and Buddhism. All this is changed now. ? Still true.

The inspiration of the Scriptures does not interest young people. ? Neither do the Scriptures. It is not safe to take for granted any knowledge of Old Testament or New. Many a college student to-day, I feel sure, would fail to find anything funny in Tom Sawyer's predicament when before the assembled Sunday School he was asked to name the first two Disciples, and answered David and Goliath. When Mark Twain wrote his earlier books, Hebrew kings and prophets, Christian apostles and martyrs were familiar acquaintances of elementary-school children. Many of our recent college graduates know as little of them as they do of Greek mythology. Not long ago one of the students in the course on the history of religions which I have mentioned informed me (on paper) that the ancient Hebrews were fairly moral considering their times, " though of course they did not have our Ten Commandments."

The youth of every age have probably been looked upon somewhat askance by their elders as radical or irreligious. Yet it is certainly true that not often has the change in

religious attitude from one generation to another been so great as has the change that we are observing to-day. A large proportion of our young men and women not only do not know what they believe on religious and cosmic matters, but in an unusual degree have little care to come to any conclusion. They feel much less need of a creed or of any definite form of faith than most youthful generations have felt. They have probably less respect for authority than any of their predecessors have had since the Renaissance. They are, I think, very fine young people, with many noble ideals which they serve with considerable fidelity, but they have notably less sense than had their ancestors of any supernatural sanction for their morality. Their outlook is peculiarly objective.

Conditions vary, of course, from place to place, and I am told that in the Middle West there has been much less falling off of interest in church and religion than in the East. I may, moreover, have exaggerated the situation in the East — in fact, for purposes of emphasis I have consciously done so. Nevertheless, most observers, I believe, would agree in the main with what I have said. Agreement, however, would end here, and would turn into rank disagreement on the question whether the change that has come about in the attitude of young people towards religion is a sign of degeneration or of progress. One type of mind can see in it nothing that is good. Mrs. Gerould, for example, thinks the morals of the younger generation are in a bad way, and attributes their degenerate condition to the loss of religion. Religion for her, moreover, means belief in God and an authoritative moral code based on that belief. She declares that to the weakening of religion in this sense are due "the vulgarity of our manners and the laxity of our morals."

Somewhat to my surprise, I found the opposite point

of view to be the prevalent one among both the clergymen and the educators with whom I have discussed the matter. They admit the changed attitude of the younger generation towards religion, but most of them insist that there is much more of gain than of loss in the change. The old-fashioned college prayer-meeting has indeed been given up; but its place has been taken by the Forum or the Good Government Club or the night school. Students no longer painfully analyze and expose their inner life in fervid (or hypocritical) "experience meetings;" but they spend evenings teaching English or arithmetic to newly arrived immigrants, or their Saturday afternoons directing a Boys' Club, or they study social conditions with a view to the betterment of society and the prevention of evil. They talk less about saving their souls, but they far outstrip their predecessors in actual social service. One college professor, writing to me of the changed attitude of the young, comments, "All this is not a matter for sadness but rather for satisfaction. They are mentally a far more wholesome lot than our narrow-minded, prejudiced fathers were." Another educator, the president of a college in New York State, in a recent letter, puts it thus: "The day when the leaders in the prayer-meetings copied in the examination room seems fortunately past. There is more honor and more sincerity, while I admit there is less evidence of a formal attitude towards religion." Much the same opinion was frequently expressed — and apparently with the adhesion of nearly all present — at the symposium on religious conditions recently held by the college faculties of Western Massachusetts. The general verdict seemed to be that while the lower fifty per cent of our college students are somewhat bewildered on moral questions, the upper fifty per cent are notably more efficient and aggressive in the cause of genuine righteousness and in devotion to

truly Christian ideals, than were the upper fifty per cent of students in the same colleges twenty-five years ago.

Between views as diverse as these two types — the pessimistic and the optimistic, we may term them — there is obviously more than a difference in evaluation. The disagreement as to the goodness or badness of our young people's religious attitude is based in part upon a disagreement as to the facts. The younger generation are very nearly devoid of religion, hold the pessimists. The younger generation are at heart as religious as the old, insist the optimists; their change of creed, their loss of interest in the church, their lack of respect for authority, and their ignorance of the Bible are merely *forms,* merely superficial matters and of no vital importance. So far as this divergence of opinion is due to disagreement as to what the word *religion* should be taken to mean, the dispute is hardly worth our consideration. In fact there is, I think, no important disagreement between the pessimists and the optimists as to how the word religion should be interpreted. Both sides, I fancy, would agree that religion means something more than morality or social service, something more also than creed; that it has to do with man's cosmic as well as his human relations, and that it involves his emotions and his conduct as well as his belief. But the question really at issue is by no means verbal, and it goes much deeper than this. It is this: Have the younger generation, in throwing aside (or in being deprived of) some of the traditional " forms " of religion, lost anything of solid and vital importance, anything that is essential to or helpful for the values of life? I use both the phrases *essential to* and *helpful for* the values of life because the two are by no means identical and both must be considered. The double question is plainly, in the last analysis, one of psychology.

Are they essential? No, because the instinct for worship will carry on.
Are they helpful? Yes. Missing a lot of

Are the traditional forms of religion which the young seem to have laid aside, essential to the values of life? And, first of all, are they essential to religion? On this question there can be little doubt that the position of the optimists is unshakable. Religion and also life can get on — can continue to exist — without these forms, because both life and religion are deeper and more fundamental than any forms of expression or means of cultivation can be. The young people of our day are doubtless by nature just as religious as any of the older generations. It will not do, indeed, to say that man has a religious instinct; yet it will be very near the truth to assert that man is instinctively religious, and that, therefore, no surrender of traditional creeds and institutions can deprive him of religion. Given a being endowed, as man is, with the emotions of awe and reverence, with the sentiment of love, with curiosity intensified by reason into an incipiently metaphysical or cosmic sense — given such a being, you are bound to find emerging in his consciousness that attitude towards the Determiner of Destiny which is, psychologically considered, what we mean by religion. The forms which our traditional Christianity has developed are, therefore, by no means essential to religion, and the fact that the younger generation make less use of them than did their predecessors by no means proves that they are irreligious. Without religion, in fact, they cannot long be. Before their race is run they must and will, by the very foundation principles of human nature, work out some sort of attitude — or many varied attitudes — towards the Determiner of Destiny.

If, however, both life and religion can get on without the traditional forms of expression and cultivation which past generations have made use of, it does not necessarily follow that they can get on *just as well,* or that these ancient rites can be dropped without genuine loss to the values of

life. Here, in fact, is the real heart of the question. And if we are to discuss it intelligently, our first effort should plainly be to define more clearly than we have yet done what these "traditional forms" of religion are. I am not sure that I can tell all that should be included under this term, but the main part of its meaning will, I think, be summed up under the following four heads: (1) a definite faith; (2) a revered and familiar sacred book; (3) a religious sanction for morality; (4) a systematic and deliberate cultivation of the spiritual life, both public and private — through institutional activities, and through prayer, reading, and contemplation. Both optimists and pessimists will, I think, agree that the present generation of young people make less use of these four things than have their predecessors for many a century. Are these four things such genuine helps to the religious life that a partial loss of them means a partial loss in the contribution which religion is able to make to life's values?

First of all, then, let us ask whether a fairly definite religious faith is of any real utility. There is no doubt that its value has been tremendously overestimated and overstated throughout all the religious centuries. We know today that for a large proportion of mankind, it is possible to get on very comfortably throughout a large part of life without a definite stand on metaphysical and religious questions. Yet a consideration of both history and psychology makes it unquestionable that religious faith brings hope and consolation in the hours of anxiety and anguish, furnishes a background of peace and confidence and poise to all life, adds a peculiar impetus to the inner forces of both individual and collective activity, and acts as a unifying power, knitting together into one organic body millions of otherwise separate or even antagonistic individuals; and

that nothing has as yet been found which will fully take its place and perform equally well these functions.

The religious faith need not, of course, be extensive or susceptible of exact definition. To contribute to life the things I have mentioned it need not be formulated into a creed. Nor need it be accepted in any dogmatic fashion or regarded as in any way final. But if it is to have much value, it must be at least a tentative and working program, and it must be at least sufficiently inclusive and sufficiently definite to give its possessor a general point of view as to the nature of the universe and the place and destiny of man. Such a working faith cannot fail to be of service; and he who goes through life without anything of the sort must either live upon the surface of things, blind to the deeper problems of the world, or must face the profundities with a minimum of confidence and courage.

A revered and familiar sacred text contributes much less to life than does a religious faith, and its value has been very greatly exaggerated. Doubtless the Bible was a real help to the Hebrews and the Puritans of old; but we do not know just how well they might have done with some substitute for it, and we do know the pernicious extremes to which reverence for its letter has often been carried. There can be little question, however, that every great religion has owed much of its beneficent power to the sacredness of its texts; and that the inner lives of Christians, especially of Protestant Christians, have been peculiarly enriched by the nobler passages of the Bible that have been and are still their familiar and most revered possessions and the constant companions of their pilgrimage. But not everyone realizes the extent to which this contribution which the Bible is able to make is due to the fact that its passages were first learned and loved *in*

early childhood and as sacred words. Met with for the first time at a later age, they could never have this power. Treated as purely secular writing, they could never have this power. The inner hold that the Bible has had over the souls of men has been due to the fact that, with its own inherent nobility, it has come into the life of the impressionable child or youth and has borne the seal of the community's reverence.

Men can get on without the Bible. They can live good and religious lives without it, or without any sacred book. The man who does not know the Bible, or whose acquaintance with it has begun in unimpressionable middle age, will probably never know that he is missing anything. But it will still be true that he lacks one of the chief aids to quiet confidence and active inspiration which for nineteen centuries Christians have possessed, and for which he has no adequate substitute.

One of the solid advantages which Christians once derived from a definite faith and a sacred text was a religious sanction for the moral life. That this was a very real help can hardly be questioned; for the thing I am thinking of was not merely the Criminal Law of a "magnified non-natural man." The phrase "religious sanction for morality," to be sure, usually brings to mind supernatural reward and punishment, Heaven and Hell. All the Christian generations before our own have lived and died with the moral stimulus of a belief in future supernatural punishments for the bad and rewards for the good. How far Hell was a help in the moral life need not be discussed here. For whatever may have been true of it in the past, we have seen Hell burn out. It has become for most Protestants a dead issue — a kind of extinct volcano. But this negative sort of sanction was by far the less important contribution that religion had to make towards noble living. Indeed

no very lovely flower of morality ever grew out of fear of hell-fire or desire for heavenly reward. The religious and truly Christian sanction of the finer morality has always been, and is to-day, the desire to be a worker together with God in some great world purpose, the longing so to share in the life and work of Christ as to be able to say with St. Paul, " I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me." One can be a moral person without such a religious impetus. The exceptional man can, in fact, without any religious sanction, be an enthusiastic leader in great human causes, a devoted, self-sacrificing servant and lover of his kind. But for the ordinary man, the belief in the divine approval of the moral life, the sense of some connection between human causes and cosmic purposes, the identification of devotion to humanity with devotion to Christ, the beloved Master — for the ordinary man these things bring a reinforcement to the moral life which he can hardly do without, unless he is to fall back into very ordinary morality indeed.

Religion, then, is a real aid in the cultivation of the moral life. But not only the moral life is susceptible of cultivation. The same is true of the spiritual life as a whole, in the large sense of the word. To say this is only to assert that the life of the spirit is a psychological entity and that it is subject to psychological conditions and the laws of growth. That it is worth cultivating is the testimony not only of Christianity but of all the great religions. Each of the great religions, as is well known, has developed systematic methods to this end which have been practised with success by millions of adherents. The methods peculiarly characteristic of Christianity may be described, as I have already indicated, as twofold in character — public or collective and private or individual. By collective methods for the nurture of the spiritual life I mean, of course, the

1. Reading of religious papers every week.
2. " " " books.

various forms of public or communal worship and religious activity; and by individual methods, such things as the reading of religious literature, whether found in the Bible or elsewhere, private prayer, and the occasional or systematic devotion of a few minutes now and then to the contemplation of universal and eternal themes, the taking stock of one's own moral gains and losses, the deliberate turning of one's thought away from the practical and pressing details and interests of the immediate, the practice of waiting and listening and of tuning one's soul to the larger harmonies.

① Those who have never tried any of these things sometimes testify that they are absurd. So far as I know, all those who have systematically pursued them testify that they are immeasurably worth while. And I speak not of the mystics, though it might well be to the point to do so. I refer merely to those thousands of simple Christians, many of whom we have all known — the mothers of most people of middle age, for example — who have found the "daily strength for daily needs" in a few moments of prayer or the perusal of a Psalm. In our enthusiasm for social service and efficient activity and objective results I think we often forget how much of strength and poise the more spiritual and truly efficient members of the Christian world have regularly drawn from the deliberate and more or less systematic cultivation of the spiritual life. The experience of the race has shown these methods to be rich in results and productive of unmeasured values; and an attempt on the part of civilized humanity to dispense with these and all other aids towards fostering the spiritual life, on the theory that the spiritual life can fully take care of itself, needing no culture, or that the spiritual life is not worth cultivating, would be an experiment in human living which to me at

② Praying for 6 mos. would not be a fair scientific experiment due to the emotional nature of religion & immediate communication with God.

least is not a theme for pleasant contemplation. It would mean turning away from the inner and deeper aspects of life, specializing in the objective, specializing in bread and butter, and neglecting the empirical fact to which all historical and psychological study of man's religions bears testimony, that man, if he is to be fully man, cannot live by bread alone.

Accordingly, while I by no means concur in the opinion of the pessimists expressed by writers like Mrs. Gerould, and while I consider the present younger generation in many ways superior to any of their predecessors, I cannot agree with the roseate views, or share in the sanguine hopes, of those I have called the optimists. The situation which we face is a serious one. Our young people are admirable as well as lovable; but admittedly they have cultivated to a smaller degree than their forbears for some centuries the "traditional forms" of the religious life. The lack of these "traditional forms" will not make them unhappy or bad or irreligious; but unless remedied it can hardly fail to some extent to impoverish their lives and to make of them less complete, less fully rounded, less joyous human beings than they would otherwise be.

What are the causes that have brought about these changes in the religious life of the young? Some people tell us it is the war. Others assure us that the war has done all sorts of fine things for religion. My own view is that the war has had very little influence one way or another. Some slight and passing influence, of course, it has had. Most notably, perhaps, it has increased interest in the question of a future life and thus attracted attention to man's destiny, his nature, and his relations to the universe. Thus, it has temporarily increased the religious faith of a number of people and has deepened the thought of many

more. On the other hand, it has shaken the faith of quite as many by making the conception of an overruling Providence increasingly difficult and adding to

> . . . the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world.

"If there be a God, how can He permit all this useless slaughter, this domination of brute force?" Something like this was the burden of millions of soldier souls in the trenches and of aching mother hearts at home. Indirectly, the war caused a large influx of wealth in certain portions of American and English society, and an undreamed rise of pay among the working people, and this acted on many of them as sudden prosperity often acts, in destroying all conscious need of religion and in focusing attention upon the variety of exciting and pleasant things that this world had to offer. The total effect of the war upon religion was, I think, certainly bad rather than good; but this total effect was slight and passing. The religious changes that we find going on or already accomplished are too profound to be accounted for by wars or rumors of wars; and in fact the process of change was already far advanced long before 1914.

The immediate cause of the religious changes that we have been considering is to be found rather in the influence of home training and of society as a whole upon the developing minds of the present younger generation. This goes without saying, and indeed tells us but little. The young people of this, as of every other period, have taken what they have been given; and if they differ from their elders, it is because they have had a different "bringing up." But why has their "bringing up" been less religious than that of their parents? Their parents — I write of people of forty or over — were brought up with great religious care.

Obviously, something has happened in the last forty years that has so influenced the parents of our present young people as to make it almost impossible for them to give their children the sort of religious training which they themselves had. We must remember, moreover, that children are brought up not only by their parents but by the whole community in which they live. School, church, their comrades, newspapers, books, magazines, the conversations of their elders which they overhear, these and many other sources help to form their point of view; and the general movements of thought in their community can no more be kept from their growing minds than can the circumambient air. These general movements of thought, of course, influence parents quite as much as children, and in fact influence the children at first through their parents. Thus it has come about that forces tending towards the neglect of the traditional religious forms of expression and cultivation act doubly upon the young.

It is no easy thing (as every parent knows who has tried it) to ground one's children in a familiar knowledge of the Bible, to see to it that they say their prayers every night, to send them regularly to Sunday School, to make sure that they have their lessons, to *take* them later on to church every Sunday, to talk over the sermon with them, to keep up the custom of family Bible reading and perhaps of family prayers and of grace at meals, and to attend to the many other details which parents and grandparents used to attend to in bringing up *their* children in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord. To do this in such a way as to make it count requires the steady and persistent effort of the will throughout long years with no let-up or vacation or moral holiday. This is not the sort of thing that is done merely by the force of habit or inertia. Our fathers kept it up because of the steady impetus of a living religious

conviction which held their unwavering attention. When this conviction is weakened and the attention is repeatedly diverted from what conviction is left, the steady and wearisome exertion of will comes to be out of the question. The result is both negative and positive. Negatively, the child lacks in his impressive years that careful and thorough religious training which in preceding generations was so common; and positively, he drinks in (without anyone intending that he should do so) his parents' indifferent attitude.

To make our question as to the causes of the present religious conditions more fundamental, we must therefore ask what has happened in the last half-century to weaken the religious convictions of middle-aged parents and other grown-up people, and to divert attention from them. Plainly a good many things have happened in the last fifty years that have influenced the religious life. The most important of these may, I think, be included under one or another of the following topics: the steady and rapid growth of the naturalistic point of view; the waning of the ancient authorities in matters of belief and conduct, and indeed of respect for authority in general; and, lastly, the great increase and growing complexity of practical concerns and secular interests and "diversions."

Of these three I suppose the first is the most fundamental and important. I have called it the extension of the naturalistic point of view rather than the rise of Darwinism or any other single intellectual movement, for Darwinism, great as its influence has been, is only one part of a much larger movement, which took its rise with Galileo — or was it with Democritus, or Thales? — and whose end is not yet. Its cumulative effect has been not simply to make us regard the account of Creation in Genesis as a myth and to weaken the Argument from Design; it has accustomed us to regard the cosmos as a whole and all that in it is, man's spirit in-

cluded, as subject to the laws of science; and these laws of science we easily interpret to mean the laws of mechanism.

The tendency is to go far beyond anything that science itself would justify and to take for granted a naturalistic philosophy which, once fully understood, is seen to be quite incompatible with any view of the world which Christianity or any other religion has ever taught. There is nothing in the teachings of science that is inconsistent with liberal Christianity — or, for that matter, with liberal Buddhism or liberal Hinduism. But the custom of thinking in the categories of natural science has had the effect upon the popular mind of making it forget all other categories and thus by a gradual and unobserved process of bringing it to take for granted that all other categories are impossible; while upon a large number of trained and influential thinkers it has had the similar effect of inducing them to build up deliberately a carefully constructed monistic hypothesis framed with the express purpose of interpreting all reality under one formula, and thus of banishing from the world all spiritual influence, or, what amounts to the same thing, retaining the spiritual only to reinterpret it into the mechanical and material. This naturalistic tendency in contemporary thought is advancing with rapid strides and under many names. Materialism, Pragmatism (in its extreme form), Neo-Realism, Behaviorism, are all branches of the movement. Its monistic aspect, moreover, has a great attraction for certain minds, and under the guise of Objective or Absolute Idealism it has misled many of the religious leaders of our times, who have thus, all unconsciously, been decoyed into the camp of Naturalism, without seeing whither their steps inevitably must lead.

The influence of all this upon religious faith has been enormous, and the only wonder is that its effect has not been more destructive than we find it to be. The natural-

istic attack upon religion, in fact, has been the more insidious because of the great value of the scientific mode of thinking under whose banner so much of its advance has been made. It is most desirable that the scientific point of view should become common property, that it should rescue us from the many harmful superstitions and false conclusions which it has replaced. The conception of the universal sway of evolution in all living forms has been one of the most fruitful, even one of the most inspiring, revelations of our time. It is not surprising, therefore, that these great values of modern science, once appropriated by a naturalistic philosophy and wrongly identified with its own teaching, should make for it a winning hand, and by imposing upon many minds, both untrained and trained, should make the Christian view of the world appear to be what the upholders of Naturalism brand it as being, " mediæval," " superstitious," and " outgrown."

Another of the influences that have helped to weaken the traditional forms of the religious life is the waning of the older religious authorities — the rise of the Higher Criticism and the loss of the older faith in the inerrancy of the Scriptures. But this is only a part of the general decay of respect for authority whether in Bible or Church or Prophet, and of the general growth of independent thought. This liberal movement as a whole has certainly been a gain to the human spirit. It has freed us from servitude to the letter and has put faith upon a much more spiritual and truly Christian foundation. We would not, if we could, go back to the old days of unthinking faith and unscientific creed, and we could not if we would. Yet if we would see clearly, we must not blink the fact that one of the effects of this emancipation of the human mind has been to weaken incalculably the foundations of religious faith for millions of Christians before anything very substantial could be

given them in place of what has been taken away. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but we may as well confess to each other that the glowing promises which we of the liberal movement made to ourselves twenty years ago of a rationalized and newly vitalized Christian faith which should fill the masses with a more spiritual religion and take the place of their old bondage to the letter, have not been fulfilled. The bondage to the letter is rapidly going, but the new spiritual faith is not spreading with anything like the same rapidity.

Besides, our modern world is so full of a number of other interests things that most men's religion, whether of the old or of the new type, plays a much less important part in life than religion formerly played. We have so much to do that there is no time for cultivating the spiritual side of our natures. We cannot read our Bibles because we must read the newspapers. We cannot spend five minutes in quiet contemplation because of the meeting of the Forum or of the Wednesday Morning Club. We cannot go to church because Sunday morning is the only time we have for getting even with our correspondence. The world is very much more complicated and very much more interesting than it used to be. And I cannot help wondering, too, whether the religion which the churches give us is not, on the whole, rather less interesting than it used to be. I have no statistics, and I doubt whether statistics on the subject are at all possible; but I have the general impression that the brains of the country are not trooping into the pulpit as they once did, and that the sermons which we hear to-day are not all that sermons once were. Lyman Abbott was asked some years ago why so few people went to church; to which he replied that the wonder to him was why so many people went.

What, then, is the prospect for the future? Not alto-

gether dark, I think. For, as has been pointed out, religion is too fundamental to human nature ever to be lost. Our young people are truly religious at bottom; and while they do not seem to be spending much of their time remembering their Creator in the days of their youth, the days are ahead of them in which the exigencies of life will inevitably thrust upon their attention the eternal problems and bring them more and more into some religious attitude. There are a few vague signs, moreover, in the community at large, of a new sense of the need of religion. How far this is shared by the younger members I do not know, but there is little doubt that, if it grows to any noticeable extent, they cannot be uninfluenced by it. Young people are more sensitive than the rest of us to social pressure and to the convictions of society, and if the community as a whole becomes convinced of the need of religion, they will share the conviction. That there is such a growing and conscious need of religion I am not sure; but from the expressions of all sorts of people, from assertions that one finds making an obvious effect upon audiences, from opinions one sees expressed in the newspapers and in popular magazines, one gathers that such a tendency is on foot. A somewhat significant indication, for example, of the sort of thing I mean is the growing popularity of Francis Thompson's great poem, "The Hound of Heaven," and the unmistakably deep impression it makes upon readers and audiences when quoted. The sentiment of the poem seems to be echoed in many hearts. Many seem to have "fled Him down the nights and down the days," and to have heard the

> . . . Voice that beat
> More instant than the Feet —
> "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Apparently the exhortation "One world at a time" has been tried by a good many people and found deceptive.

It may be that one world at a time is not enough for man. It may be, as religion has always taught, that man is the kind of being that needs two.

The younger generation have already launched upon their course, and we older ones can do little for them now. They must work out their own salvation with diligence. That Christendom will ever return to the old creeds and to the old attitude to the letter of Scripture is out of the question — our Fundamentalist friends may as well make up their minds to that once for all. New forms of faith, new attitudes towards the Determiner of Destiny must be worked out, must grow by a continuous process out of the old. And I do not think these new forms will be the work of any one or two or three religious geniuses. The days of the founders of new religions and of the great reformers of the old are probably over. The social group as a whole must feel its way together and work out its new solutions. The task must be performed collectively. This, of course, will be done under the guidance of its leaders; but these leaders will be many and will work in collaboration with one another. It follows that Christendom will very likely never again have the unity of belief that once it had. But this independence and divergence of individual thinking need not prevent a very real religious unity. The new faiths thus achieved must be in harmony with science; though, if they are to contribute much to the life of the spirit, they can hardly be in servile subjection to a naturalist philosophy. But, as I have pointed out before, there is nothing in the science of to-day — and not likely will there be anything in the science of to-morrow — incompatible with a truly religious faith, nor with a reverent attitude towards and an intimate use of the great scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Nor is the time ever likely to come when the cosmic view of things and the sense of loyalty to great religious leaders will not be of immeasurable poten-

tial assistance in the moral life to those wise enough to use them. And, finally, the spiritual life of man will always be capable of intense cultivation, by the old methods and doubtless by new and as yet unguessed ones, for all those who realize that it is worth the effort required.

What the present younger generation and their successors will do with religion, it is for them to decide. They may do with it what they will. I do not feel that our generation — I speak as one of the older ones — have done quite our full duty by the young people; but perhaps nothing better could have been expected. At any rate, the tiller is slipping rapidly from our hands. We can do little now but impress upon our younger friends the enormous issues at stake — at stake for them and for their successors — and the genuine value of some of the things which in the lightness of youth they tend to minimize. Let them remember that religion is a pearl of great price; that the spiritual life, though it it can never be killed out of the race, is a tender plant which gives its fairest flowers only after careful culture; that liberty is not the only thing whose price is eternal vigilance.

Spiritual force is supreme.

Cardinal Newman }
Matthew Arnold } Religion
Huxley } vs.
Science

THE TRUTHS WE LIVE BY[1]

BY JAY WILLIAM HUDSON

SKEPTICISM, moral or other, is the result of a certain amount of thinking. This is the encouraging side of it. It betokens a relatively advanced stage of civilization. But skepticism is never the last word in thinking. It is only one of the steps in intellectual progress, one of the resting places along the highway of truth. Skepticism is the outcome of much thought; but it is likely to disappear with more thought.

The man of to-day has thought just enough to see the fallacies in the traditional forms of what used to be the great verities. He has not thought enough to see that these great verities need not disappear merely because their ancient reasons are faulty. Above all, he has not thought enough to adjust these verities to all the new means of proof that a complete logic insists upon before a final judgment is made. The modern man has thought enough to deny great things; he has not thought enough to affirm great things.

The thoughtful man of to-day cannot remain in pure negation or doubt. Several years ago there was a popular song that ran, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." Seated at night by the inn-fire, foot-weary with futile wanderings and made indifferent to fate by the cheer-

[1] From *The Truths We Live By*, by Jay William Hudson. Copyright, 1921, by D. Appleton and Company. Reprinted by arrangement with the publishers.

ing glass, one may sing such a song with care-free abandon; but it has no challenge to hearten a valiant soul when the sun is up and the mind is clear and a journey lies beyond. Then one demands to know where he is going, that he may indeed be sure that he is on his way.

I

A true idealist without an ideal will find one. The serious citizen of our civilization will not everlastingly confront a multitude of contending purposes with hopeless despair or with supine indifference. This very conflict of ideals he will face as a challenging problem, glad that the race has come to the point where it is so lustily alive as to have such courageously battling purposes; resolute, however, in his insistence that the conflict shall be solved and the crooked ways made straight. That a great cataclysm has shaken up world-old institutions will not breed in him a hopelessness for the social order; rather will it give to him an increased optimism, born of the new consciousness that, after all, social traditions are not so stubborn and unchangeable as they seemed, but are fully capable of drastic remolding and of infinite progress.

It is our purpose, then, resolutely to face the present conflict of ideals and to seek some positive solution, even though at first none seems obvious. Let us be critical and cautious by all means; but let us not sin against logic by a too ready capitulation to final doubt. If doubt exists as the avowed enemy of dogmatism, it is also true that the worst dogmatism occurs when doubt itself becomes dogmatic.

Abjuring any such dogmatism, we discover that in our moral skepticism we have been guilty of several logical errors. First of all, in our entire attitude toward the question of whether there is any absolute moral standard, any

final moral ideal, we have been making an astonishing assumption, which has strangely escaped our notice. Let us see what this assumption is. Perhaps if we once drag it out into the open light, we may be enabled to reach some more satisfactory outcome for our age than the skepticism that not only solves no problems, but allows them to fight a wayward battle, and to place capricious hazards against progress.

In most popular arguments against the possibility of finding an absolute moral standard it is tacitly assumed that the conflicting ideals of mankind are inconsistent with one another and exclude one another. It is taken for granted that we are obliged to choose just one of them as true and abandon the remainder as false. If this were really the situation, any choice of an ideal would be fatal, for it would leave out many others worth while. Better skepticism than such moral narrowness. It is but common sense to hesitate at the annihilation of all but one of the many ideals of life that have been gained by the hard-won experience of the race. Thus, if a reasonable man were asked to make a rigidly single choice, from among custom and conscience and pleasure and asceticism and the rest, of a final and never-to-be-changed guide to life, he would end in pardonable and perpetual doubt. As we have seen, this is where reasonable men tend to rest to-day; but it is through a misapprehension of what the problem really is. For the entire question is put wrongly when it is asked, "Which one of the scores of moral standards bequeathed us by history is the right one?" The illuminating truth is that any workable moral criterion whatever involves every one of the rest, as a matter both of logic and of practical experience. *All conflicting moral ideals imply a moral end that includes them all and transcends every one of them. And this all-inclusive moral end is the true standard of*

Challenging customs: Marriage; home ties; Sabbath laws; religious beliefs.

right and wrong that ever remains the same amid all moral change.

The best way to see that any workable moral criterion involves all the rest is to consider the race's experience. Moral standards change with history. This is indubitable. But when a new moral evaluation of life arises, it never means the utter abandonment of the old standards. Moral change occurs not because the old moral ideas were worthless, but because they were merely a part of the whole truth, however necessary a part. What in history seems a panorama of successive views of life supplanting one another is in reality a progress, a growth, so that what was grows into what is, as the bud grows into the blossom. The blossom does not supplant the bud; it *is* the bud come to its fulness. The historic shifting of moral ideals, so productive of skepticism, is in reality only reasonable moral expansion. Through the centuries each moral ideal annuls not all the rest, but gives genesis to all the rest, one by one, to complete it. Ours is an age of moral conflict just because of this fact; each ideal does not discourage, but stimulates into life the host of its fellows. The conflict becomes baffling only because men will not see that these ideals are not merely contending with one another, but are strenuously calling out for one another, pleading not to be singled out, but to be reconciled and harmonized with one another.

While the puzzling succession of moral standards in history is to be interpreted as really progress towards a larger and larger inclusiveness that finally embraces all of them, it is not progress in a straight line. There are many curves and retrogressions in it. This is why the progress is so difficult to discern at a first glance. But the progress is there, and the truth that each conception of life implies all the rest to complete it is fully attested over and over again, not only by the historical vicissitudes of rival the-

ories, but by the concrete events that make and unmake civilizations. And now, since this is the introductory truth necessary for any ethical reconstruction of our age, let us be sure of it by looking for a moment at the moral fortunes of the past. These fortunes rehearse the progress of every man in his search for the standard of righteousness.

II

Custom is one of the initial ways by which men determine what is right. Gradually they formulate the more imperative edicts of custom into popular precepts and proverbs, which become much more helpful than unwritten custom alone. But note that such precepts and proverbs do not by any means supplant custom; they *are* custom, now made into sayings that people can repeat to each other.

But the evolution does not stop just here. There are so many precepts concerning all sorts of subjects! Some are not so important as others; some are repetitions of others in a different form; some actually conflict with others. The next step in a search for a moral guide is to reduce these many precepts about right and wrong to a relatively short list of fundamental rules, with some pretense to a coherence and completeness such as a loose multitude of sayings never possesses. The Ten Commandments give us a conspicuous example of a list of this kind. So also does the list of the four salient virtues approved by the Greeks — Wisdom, Courage, Temperance, and Justice. But again, these more systematic guides to living do not really defy or supplant the best traditions of custom or the precepts of the fathers. Rather are they the best of these same customs and precepts, put into more definite form, so that they may be more practically useful.

Custom, then precept, then systematized codes — three apparently different moral standards; yet, actually, they

do not conflict with one another. Each, properly seen, is an interpretation of and a supplementing strength to the other two.

It soon appears, however, that neither the race nor the individual can rest even in such a list of rules, no matter how excellent, as an adequate way to distinguish between right and wrong and to meet all life's moral perplexities. A set of commandments is ever of value, but it is not enough. The founder of Christianity, for instance, did not conceive a list of rules to be a sufficient guide for life, else his own ethical message would have been superfluous. He supplemented the Decalogue by a new commandment, which utterly transfigures it. For a mere set of commandments is much too simple for life's infinite variety. To try to apply it as a sufficient solution of the endless moral problems that confront the earnest soul is, in phrases of Walt Whitman, like sweeping one's orbit with a carpenter's compass, or like measuring the infinite with a yardstick.

A great deal of the moral skepticism of our own day is an encouraging recognition of this very fact. To many people it seems to mean, further, that there can be no such thing as an absolute standard of morals. But this is not what it needs to mean. All that it really signifies is that one cannot rely upon sets of moral rules taken just by themselves. What else is needed?

It is noteworthy that a set of rules for moral conduct never explicitly gives a vision of what the *goal* of all moral conduct is, of what is the true end of society and of the individual; and yet it certainly implies such a vision. Thus, when Plato reflects upon the Grecian code of Wisdom, Courage, Temperance, and Justice, he discovers that to make these virtues reasonable they must be related to an ideal toward which they are the means — the ideal Grecian

man and the ideal Grecian state, so eloquently portrayed in the *Republic*. So, I doubt not that if one would understand the Ten Commandments of the Hebrews and would make them efficient, one must have in one's mind the picture of the ideal Hebrew, doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly before his God; for whose moral progress the commandments were essential guideposts on his way. Essential, but not sufficient. Rightly to interpret them, yea, to have the courage to pursue the long, hard journey, the traveler must have a glimpse of the end he seeks through them.

Thus, every significant set of moral rules involves an end to be attained by them; and if we could know this end in the case of any such set of moral commands, they would at once become convincing in terms of the vision out of which they arose in the first place. In the light of this same vision their meaning would be defined, their contradictions solved, and their incompleteness continually rectified. Further, this end would become the true criterion of moral conduct, better capable of adapting itself successfully to the infinite variety of experience. For if one knows the goal of all his striving, the problem of what to do in a given situation is reduced to determining whether this act or that will lead to this goal. It may be difficult enough to decide even then; but the wisdom required is an evergrowing wisdom and need not involve one in hopeless contradictions. Now, finding this end does not do away with sets of rules; it only makes them reasonable, possible of interpretation, and for the first time truly serviceable. Again, we have no superseding of one standard by another, but moral growth; no conflict that need bring skepticism, but moral development that strengthens moral confidence.

It appears, then, that the search for the true moral

standard is really a search for the chief end of man and of his social institutions. It is here that we meet with the sort of moral conflict and skepticism that especially characterizes our times. There are so many possible ends! We have mentioned some of them. There are (1) those who hold that the end of life is the pleasure of the individual; (2) those who hold that it is the happiness of the greatest number; (3) those who insist that it is in cultivating rational thought that a man comes to his complete perfection; (4) those who are sure that it is the glorification of the will that we seek; (5) those who erect an end of self-abnegation and self-annulment, with the one affirmative hope of being lost in God; (6) and those who divine that the dream of life should be Beauty. And there are others. How shall we determine amid this maze of dreams which ideal is the right one?

Well, we have made the assertion that all these conflicting ideals imply one another. They do. Their logic insists upon it and history confirms it. See if this is not so. In the previous chapter we have already stressed two conspicuous contradictions in current life; that between hedonism and self-sacrifice on the one hand, and that between society and the individual on the other. It is well to revert to them now and to show how temporary and shallow these contradictions really are when viewed in the light of an all-inclusive moral end.

III

First, the contradiction between the life of pleasure and the life of sacrifice. There is always the Puritan and the Pagan, and to conciliate them is no easy problem. Yet conciliate them we must, and this side of the grave, or human nature is hopelessly at war with itself. To conciliate them as does Romero in the light opera, *The Serenade,* by gratifying the flesh one day and by mortifying it the

next, is precisely the absurdity that the spectators of light opera know it to be. Hedonism and sacrifice will always war with one another as long as a narrow and insufficient view of either is assumed as a working basis of life. And this narrow view is the one that has ever been assumed wherever the conflict has occurred.

Thus, the spirit of asceticism in its narrower guise has tried to banish all pleasure from the world and has strangely supposed that there is actual merit in sacrifice for its own sake. The fact that renouncement and sacrifice are characteristic of all religions has helped most to make current this conception. Thus, it has been an approved custom to murder the beauty of this world by making duty seem as unattractive as possible. Merit is supposed to accrue from doing what one does not want to do, just because one does not want to do it; to be happy is probably to be sinful. Macaulay records that to the Puritans "it was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear lovelocks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the *Faerie Queene*."

Likewise, pleasure has been sought as though it were really something one values just because it is pleasant, not because it is pleasure in achievements worth while. Yet, ever standing above mere pleasure is a moral judgment, which assures us that no matter how pleasant, some pleasures are relatively worthless; that our prime pursuit is not pleasure at all, but ideals which, nevertheless, yield the pleasure worthy of a human being, the only pleasure that abides. Indeed, seek pleasure as if it were the only ideal in life and you never achieve it; it eludes you. The saddest and most jaded being on this earth is the professional pleasure-seeker. The life of pleasure, as in the case of Faust, comes upon its own tragic self-defeat.

Everybody knows that the psychology of pleasure begets a "hedonistic paradox;" "to get pleasure, one must forget it." And to get it, one must forget it in terms of the adoption of an ideal of self-realization which does no violence to any region of self-development. A life of pleasure-seeking is anomalous and, in its degeneration into selfishness and aimlessness and finally boredom, it is on its logical way to one of two things, the destruction of the seeker, or the abandonment of the search. Thus it is that, historically, hedonistic theories have always developed out of themselves into more adequate views of life, and this according to the measure of their self-consciousness. And hedonistic civilizations have either been destroyed or have grown into civilizations of a larger creed.

Life is a struggle for a moral goal whose every achievement gives pleasure, and yet whose every step means something, too, of the positive pain of sacrifice. The heaven of true pleasure is worth suffering for, worth even dying for under the exceptional circumstances that life sometimes affords. Martyrdom for its own sake were foolish; but martyrdom for the sake of something better than martyrdom is ever heroic. Indeed, one may well suspect himself if his ideals are not such as to cause constant sacrifice; for the fight for the moral order means heroic choices, and so abnegation; it is verily a fight that brings its glorious wounds. The lives of all we laud as great are filled with renouncements. The meanings of both pleasure and sacrifice emerge only from and are conciliated in the adequate understanding of the moral struggle for the ideal. We then come upon a life which is neither traditional pleasure-seeking nor traditional asceticism; a life in harmony with heroic renouncement and interpretative of its significance. Each without the other contra-

dicts not only the other, but itself. The contradiction is at last solved and each side of the contradiction measurelessly enriched. Our nature is not divided against itself, nor is our civilization. If the Pagan and the Puritan are not happy with each other, they are still more unhappy without each other. In terms of the Joyous Sacrifice it is that they are redefined within us and given not only one body, but one soul. The Pagan gives the Puritan the art treasures of the world; the love of nature; music; joy of living; health of body and mind. The Puritan gives the Pagan the moral inspiration; the far ideal. The Puritan is the thorny stem, the Pagan the rose and the perfume of the rose. The Puritan is the solemn forest, the Pagan the birds of song and the sunshine through the trees. Standing resolutely for this new and rational fulness of life, the moral order is no longer joyless, nor is its heaven a heaven of such soft bliss as heroes spurn. It solves the warfare between hedonism and asceticism and merges them in a new faith in a life where each finds its transfigured place.

IV

So with the acute contradiction now current between those who hold that the moral goal has to do ultimately with the individual and those who hold that it has rather to do with society. It is solved by recognizing that, as in the case of hedonism and sacrifice, each involves the other in a larger ideal than either is by itself. There will be no solution of this current conflict so long as we suppose society to be one thing and the individual quite another. Once one separates these two, one never can get them together again. The individual is nothing by himself, and society is nothing by itself. The goal of human progress is not society in the abstract at the expense of the individual, for such an abstraction simply

does not exist, save as an abstraction. A society that annuls the individuals that make it possible annuls itself, as history well attests. Nor is the goal of progress the self-realization of each individual at the expense of and abstracted from society; for neither does there exist such an abstracted individual. A rational moral order announces that the end of human endeavor is neither the individual nor society, for the simple reason that it is both. It means the realization of the individual through society and of society through the individual; the welfare of neither can be sundered from that of the other. Such a moral order proclaims that personality is first of all a social conception. And since men are inalienably social, their social rights are not artificial, but are themselves inalienable, as are their social obligations. Where do I end? With my own consciousness, apart from the being of others? But this is a psychological absurdity. For my consciousness of myself is my consciousness of a self in terms of others; take away from me my relatives, my friends, my community, my state, my nation, with all that these mean, and what sort of self have I left? My consciousness is social. But, objects some one, while it is true that I am social, I care for society only as it brings me returns; so that I am only a selfish individualist after all, and I may as well acknowledge it. When I give aid to the mendicant, I do it not because I have any primary social impulse, but because it gives me a selfish thrill of satisfaction. I rejoin, if you have no direct interest in your mendicant for his own sake, why do you find any pleasure in helping him? If you had no such direct interest, it would never give you pleasure to see him benefited. If you are selfish, it is in the sense of having a natural and direct regard for a larger self that includes your fellow men, as well as that regard for the narrower,

abstracted self of the individualist, which, when exclusive, is the common meaning of selfishness in the opprobrious sense.

Thus, rightly seen, the individual is an expression of the social whole, and the social whole is part of the ideal of each individual. For the individual is what he is only as inclusive of all, in his aim, in his life. And every other individual is equally inclusive. Society is an inter-inclusion of individuals, each of whom reflects society's total reality in himself. The moral law is as Kipling's Law of the Jungle:

> As the Creeper that circles the tree-trunk, so the law runneth forward and back;
> For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

The " self-dependence " of Matthew Arnold's famous poem of that title, if taken literally, contradicts every moral instinct. Such a self-dependence is downright, unreflecting, and self-refuting selfishness. Those aware of the true nature of the moral ideal cannot desire to be, like the stars,

> Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
> In what state God's other works may be.

True, we of the Occident have always boasted of our independence. It has been the slogan of democracy. But whatever this independence may have meant once, we now know well enough that it cannot mean the self-sufficiency of the individual or group. Only recently have the masses of men become highly aware of their dependence upon the social system for all that makes their lives worth while. What was a fact before the World War has now become conscious; namely, that the fortunes of

the world have become so unified that what happens in Cathay is no longer a matter of indifference to Europe — not even to America; and that one can no longer choose between the cycles of the former and the years of the latter. The commercial interests of the earth are bound together in a bewildering nexus of relations, and the division of labor has made the individual's right to life merely a right to ask it from his fellows, and the right to insure it by proving his indispensability to them. Our dearest pleasures are socialized; they depend upon social expedients of clubs and the theaters and art galleries and organized sports. The intellectual worker no longer immures himself from the world in his upper chamber. The scientist of America coöperates with his colleague of the Continent; and nearly every modern scientific achievement is a joint product. The individual shuts the door to the best means of modern culture the moment he denies the social institution of education; and his religious aspirations, much more his religious deeds, call for the stimulation and confirmation of other seekers after the power that makes for righteousness. The independence of the prophet in the wilderness was heroic once; but it is an anachronism now, and is no longer even heroic.

Although the growing consciousness of this social dependence accentuates the individual's feeling of helplessness and often aggravates his social rebellion, all the more modern struggles for independence, so far as they have succeeded, have been struggles of the individual not to free himself from men, but to get his rational desires in terms of a vital relation to the sort of society that will guarantee them to each and all. Thus, increased individual liberty, paradoxically enough, means increased social control. Lately, our own government has assumed social controls unthinkable in the earlier stages of democracy,

when they would have been thought of as seriously and fatally interfering with individual rights. For the sake of himself, the individual has initiated more and more social constraints; and the functions of government have been incredibly enlarged, including regulations for the public health, the establishment of employment bureaus, community service, and, in general, a new ideal of centralized and specialized leadership. This social control came into its own during the World War; but it is not merely a temporary matter. It is the beginning of a new expression of the conciliation of individual rights and social obligations.

It is this idea of the human self as fundamentally social by nature, together with a deeper study of the practical implications of it in the remolding of human institutions, that will bring civilization forward to its next stage. In the new Social Individual, fully conscious of his significance, the contradiction between the individual and society is solved, and each side of the contradiction is infinitely enriched. The " great " men and women are to be such Social Individuals. They will violate the social order never, even for " conscience's sake," any more than Socrates, with the integrity of the state at heart, would break the law in order to escape from prison. Their function is to ask, as did Socrates, better things, larger things of society than can yet be granted, in order that the individual of the future, through a larger social chance, may grow to the stature of this same greatness. The most far-reaching good that higher education can do for our society is to produce such men and women; men and women who are committed heart and soul to the social task of democracy, and who will dare to become the practical prophets of its progress, the veritable eyes and hands of its hope.

V

But suppose that these illustrative contradictions between pleasure and sacrifice, between society and the individual, are solved. Even then our problem is only incompletely met. For pleasure, even if it be thoroughly socialized and gained by whatever sacrifice and toil, is not the whole of life. For we live not only a life of feeling, but a life of reason. The Rationalist has his rights, founded just as surely in the aspirations of human nature. But what of that? It is not illogical, is it, to find reason as well as pleasure in life? Why call them conflicting ideals? One may have both. Indeed, one must have both to have either. Irrational pleasure brings pain, and rationality that leads to permanent unhappiness is immediately subject to suspicion. There is no real conflict.

Likewise, we not only reason and feel, but we act; we live in a realm of desires and deeds, summed in what we call "will." And the will can have its rights without excluding reason and feeling. Indeed, it must be a rational will to be effective; and so must it be a pleasurable will, or it will not act at all. And the dream of Beauty can be easily harmonized with those other dreams of the spirit; every ideal calls for life in its beauty as well as for life in its happiness and life in its truth. Nor need conscience lose its value, even though it is never enough, taken alone. Conscience itself must ever be educated by all these idealistic factors that make for completeness. Never are its mandates infallible. Always are they helpfully suggestive, and often, in moral crises, if trained to sound judgment, they rise to the emergency with quick and accurate decision.

These are merely hints of what it would require many pages to develop fully. But enough has been said to sug-

gest that what appears to be a hopeless conflict of moral ideals is not so hopeless as it seems and that, with their conciliation, moral skepticism is insufficiently founded. But now the great and final question remains. If no one of these ideals, taken by itself, is the correct one, just what is that moral end which, as we have alleged, includes them all and transcends every one of them? What is that all-embracing moral goal which is the true standard and which ever remains the same amid all moral change?

For the answer to this question, let us look within ourselves. Let us begin with common, everyday things that we all desire and are willing to struggle for. Food is one of the most common of these objects of desire. Why do I seek it as a momentary goal of my efforts? Certainly, the reason is not a capricious one; the desire for food is founded upon my fundamental human needs. I desire also pure air to breathe. Neither is this desire capricious; it, too, is an expression of my needs as a human being with just this human constitution and its demands for the conditions of its existence. Both food and air are among the fundamental desires of the bodily life. There are many other such desires, and they all must be satisfied if life is to continue in the fulness of its possibilities.

Food and air are humble enough ideals; they are not the ultimate ends of our existence. And yet what is true of them is true of all our ideals, even those supreme ideals that we dignify by the name of moral. Such ideals too, in so far as they are persistent, are born of our fundamental human desires which, in turn, are expressions of our fundamental needs and capacities. "The impulse which stirs the inmost depth of heart is the Real of us seeking expression." Our ideals are our needs objectified. As in the case of the body, so with the mind or spirit; there are many such desires and, therefore, many purposes

and ideals. And again, as in the case of the body, if we choose the satisfaction of only one of these desires or of a group of them, the other suppressed desires are forever forcing themselves upon our attention. Suppose one's body should say, "I want food to eat and I also want air to breathe; I will choose the food and suppress the desire for air." The result of such physiological idiocy would be death. The result of such moral folly among the ideals of the spirit is death also — moral death, or a stultified narrowing of moral life.

Fortunately such moral narrowness is never permanently satisfactory to any of us. *For the one fundamental desire of every human being is that every one of the persistent desires of the spirit be fulfilled, so far as this is possible.* So the really fundamental ideal of every human being — that which he unconsciously seeks — is that large and complete ideal which will conciliate the greatest number of such ideals as are only partially expressions of his spirit's needs. It is hard to give a name not misleading to this all-inclusive end of human search. The naming of it is not the main thing. It might be called Total-Self-realization. But whatever it is called, it will include all the conflicting moral ideals that we have so far passed in review. The supreme office of reason is to harmonize and adjust them.

But some one may object, why pay any attention to our desires at all, as if they had a right to dictate what our moral concerns shall be? Has it not been one of the high traditions of the moral life that often one must act not in accordance with one's desires, but in a noble defiance of them? Is not our duty most frequently the performance of precisely what we do not desire to do?

The wholly adequate answer is that we simply must pay moral attention to our fundamental desires, not only

because they are the expressions of our permanent needs, but because we cannot rid ourselves of them even if we would. This is the basic fact of our human consciousness. Indeed, one would not find it difficult to argue that the entire evolution of mind proceeds through the persistent urge of its inalienable desires. One cannot rid himself of such desires; nor can he successfully enslave them, as some moralists have tried to do. Why, we cannot even fight our desires unless we first have a desire to do so! We cannot seek an end that some desire does not dictate, even if it is the desire to have no desires at all. True, duty often appears to be the doing of what we do not desire to do; but that is only because the desire to do our duty is in conflict with other desires that momentarily fight back. No human being would have the least power to do his duty if he actually did not desire to do it, all things considered; if, indeed, he did not desire it so strongly as to overcome all desires to the contrary!

No, our human nature will not rest in any moral purpose that is not large enough to give some hope to every one of our human needs. A total self demands nothing less than total self-realization. Sensible moral discipline is not the annulling of any of our really fundamental wants, but the subordinating of them to their rightful place in the moral economy.

VI

The objection may be raised that such a moral goal is so far but vaguely defined. But suppose the truth happens to be that the ideal self and the ideal society that we seek simply cannot be defined in its fulness? That it can be drawn only in bold outlines? Suppose that the most illuminating moral truth of all is that a serious aspect of our growth toward the ideal is the ever-increasing

knowledge of the ideal itself? This is, indeed, the fact. Our moral deeds toward the goal of progress include the slow achievement of increasingly definite thoughts concerning it. If our knowledge is at no time complete, still, as Locke once put it, the light of our candle is enough for the next step; and the next step carries our candle forward, making possible still further vision. Such partial definiteness as we possess at any given stage of the journey presents no warrant for moral skepticism, but only for moral caution. The ultimate thing is certain enough. The all-embracing end of moral struggle is no mere guess. Its application as a moral criterion is not easy; but the moral struggle has never been and never will be easy. This is why one of the indispensable moral virtues is courage.

Furthermore, the difficulty about the vagueness of moral ideals is more theoretical than practical. For if each of our fundamental ideals really implies all the rest, one may seek any one of them loyally and rationally and be assured that he will find himself gradually embracing them all in his growth. Which one any given person shall lay emphasis upon at first depends largely upon his temperament and his stage of advancement. Some had better start with the search for happiness; some with the search for beauty; there is a place in every developing life where these roads converge in the broad highway that leads not to destruction. But in the nature of the case, some of our partial ideals guarantee the complete goal more directly and certainly than do others. For instance, the standard of custom is low in the scale; any reflective standard is higher, since the central problem of moral progress happens to be the careful and reflective adjustment of our desires rather than the blind gropings of unreflective habit.

The large moral ideal that I have been suggesting as the solution of the present conflict of ideals is in keeping with the spirit of the age, in spite of its moral doubt. It is in harmony with the current praise of the Rounded Man. It reflects the modern emphasis upon the abundant life which Spencer, stimulated by a vision of an ever-widening evolution, characterizes as life's "breadth," and which Tennyson celebrates when he exclaims,

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.

This ideal gives a new meaning to our faith in the triumph of righteousness, since, with it, all history can be readily conceived as contributing to a goal so all-embracing that it can find ultimate use for every valiant search of men and civilizations, even though they were unaware of the fuller vision their heroism created for those who came after.

The reasons for the permanence of moral skepticism have been shown to be faulty. The true ideal that conciliates all ideals has been suggested. But one must do more than this to establish a moral confidence in it that will solve the great problems of our day, and solve them abidingly. This moral confidence our age lacks and needs. If we had it, progress would be more secure and ethical reconstruction more certain. If we had it, even if we chose a merely partial ideal, we would at least follow it seriously, so that it would expand of itself out of its relative poverty into the fulness of life. But the trouble with our age is not so much that it has a wrong moral ideal, as that men have no absolute confidence in any moral ideal at all!

Now, the conditions of such a moral confidence are not

simple. They cannot be created by mere sentimental exhortations. The leaders of men must know what these conditions are, and that speedily, if our greater problems are to be solved. To understand them will be to clarify still further the way of life to which we have just been led by logic and by history.

Religion and Poetry } "Philo Buck
Science " " } Literary Criticism"

New Reformation - Pupin

Scribner's -
Life of Pasteur.

Knowledge
1) Our minds are active + passive at the same time.
2) Anything which is only part true is utterly false.
3) Epistemology - is there an objective world.
4) Cosmology - Teleology
Problem of the World - is there chaos or unity?
(a) Hegel - Basic oneness of contradictions
b. Basic agreement is necessary for interrelationship
c. If there is any binding force, unifying the diverse elements, is purpose, not impersonal materialism
Personality - is it ultimate? is there a central ego,
1) Only a unity can perceive its own diversities.
2) Is causality a result of freedom of direction, or does it come thru a vast scheme surrounding.
Ethics
Problem of God - is God any more than an idea
" " Truth - mental adjustment to the realities or phantasms of the moment.
1) Correspondence theory - Does my idea of a thing correspond to the thing?

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS[1]

BY WILLIAM RALPH INGE

Dean of St. Paul's

THE belief in Progress, not as an ideal but as an indisputable fact, not as a task for humanity but as a law of Nature, has been the working faith of the West for about a hundred and fifty years. Some would have us believe that it is a long neglected part of the Christian revelation, others that it is a modern discovery. The ancient Pagans, we are told, put their Golden Age in the past; we put ours in the future. The Greeks prided themselves on being the degenerate descendants of gods, we on being the very creditable descendants of monkeys. The Romans endeavored to preserve the wisdom and virtue of the past, we to anticipate the wisdom and virtue of the future. This, however, is an exaggeration. The theory of progress and the theory of decadence are equally natural, and have in fact been held concurrently wherever men have speculated about their origin, their present condition, and their future prospects. Among the Jews the theory of decadence derived an inspired authority from Genesis, but the story of the Fall had very little influence upon the thought of that tenaciously optimistic race. Among the Greeks, who had the melancholy as well as the buoyancy of youth, it was authorized by

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Hesiod, whose scheme of retrogression from the age of gold to the age of iron was never forgotten in antiquity. Sophocles, in a well-known chorus imitated by Bacon, holds that the best fate for men is " not to be born, or being born to die." Aratus develops the pessimistic mythology of Hesiod. In the Golden Age Dike or Astraea wandered about the earth freely; in the Silver Age her visits became fewer, and in the Brazen Age she set out for heaven and became the constellation Virgo. Perhaps Horace had read the lament of the goddess: " What a race the golden sires have left — worse than their fathers; and your offspring will be baser still." In the third century after Christ, when civilization was really crumbling, Pagans and Christians join in a chorus of woe. On the other side, the triumphs of man over nature are celebrated by the great tragedians, and the Introduction to the First Book of Thucydides sketches the past history of Greece in the spirit of the nineteenth century. Lucretius has delighted our anthropologists by his brilliant and by no means idealized description of savage life, and it is to him that we owe the blessed word Progress in its modern sense.

> Usus et impigrae simul experientia mentis
> paulatim docuit pedetemptim *progredientes.*
> sic unum quicquid paulatim protrahit aetas
> in medium, ratioque in luminis erigit oras.

Pliny believes that each age is better than the last. Seneca, in a treatise, parts of which were read in the Middle Ages, reminds us that " not a thousand years have passed since Greece counted and named the stars, and it is only recently that we have learned why the moon is eclipsed. Posterity will be amazed that we did not know some things that will be obvious to them." " The world," he adds, " is a poor affair if it does not contain matter for

investigation for men in every age. We imagine that we are initiated into the mysteries of Nature; but we are still hanging about her outer courts." These last are memorable utterances, even if Seneca confines his optimism to the pleasure of exploring Nature's secrets. The difference between Rousseau, who admired the simple life, and Condorcet, who believed in modern civilization, was no new one; it was a common theme of discussion in antiquity, and the ancients were well aware that the same process may be called either progress or decline. As Freeman says, " In history every step in advance has also been a step backwards." (The picture is a little difficult to visualize, but the meaning is plain.) The fruit of the tree of knowledge always drives man from some paradise or other; and even the paradise of fools is not an unpleasant abode while it is habitable. Few emblematic pictures are more striking than the Melencolia (as he spells it) of Dürer, representing the Spirit of the race sitting mournfully among all her inventions: and this was at the *beginning* of the age of discovery! But the deepest thought of antiquity was neither optimistic or pessimistic. It was that progress and retrogression are only the incoming and outgoing tide in an unchanging sea. The pulse of the universe beats in an alternate expansion and contraction. The result is a series of cycles, in which history repeats itself. Plato contemplates a world-cycle of 36,000 solar years, during which the Creator guides the course of events; after which he relaxes his hold of the machine, and a period of the same length follows during which the world gradually degenerates. When this process is complete the Creator restores again the original conditions, and a new cycle begins. Aristotle thinks that all the arts and sciences have been discovered and lost " an infinite number of times." Virgil in the Fourth Eclog tries to please Augus-

tus by predicting the near approach of a new Golden Age, which, he says, is now due. This doctrine of recurrence is not popular to-day; but whether we like it or not, no other view of the macrocosm is even tenable. Even if those physicists are right who hold that the universe is running down like a clock, that belief postulates a moment in past time when the clock was wound up; and whatever power wound it up once may presumably wind it up again. The doctrine of cycles was held by Goethe, who in reply to Eckermann's remark that "the progress of humanity seems to be a matter of thousands of years," answered:

> Perhaps of millions. Men will become more clever and discerning, but not better or happier, except for limited periods. I see the time coming when God will take no more pleasure in our race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation. I am sure that the time and hour in the distant future are already fixed for the beginning of this epoch. But we can still for thousands of years enjoy ourselves on this dear old playground of ours.

Nietzsche also maintained the law of recurrence, and so did the Danish philosophic theologian Kierkegaard. Shelley's fine poem, "The world's great age begins anew," is based upon it. Still, I must admit that on the whole the ancients did tend to regard time as the enemy: *damnosa quid non imminuit dies?* They would have thought the modern notion of human perfectibility at once absurd and impious.

The Dark Ages knew that they were dark, and we hear little talk about progress during those seven centuries which, as far as we can see, might have been cut out of history without any great loss to posterity. The Middle Ages (which we ought never to confuse with the

Dark Ages), though they developed an interesting type of civilization, set their hopes mainly on another world. The Church has never encouraged the belief that this world is steadily improving; the Middle Ages, like the early Christians, would have been quite content to see the earthly career of the race closed in their own time. Even Roger Bacon, who is claimed as the precursor of modern science, says that all wise men believe that we are not far from the time of Antichrist, which was to be the herald of the end. The Renaissance was a conscious recovery from the longest and dreariest set-back that humanity has ever experienced within the historical period — a veritable glacial age of the spirit. At this time men were too full of admiration and reverence for the newly recovered treasures of antiquity to look forward to the future. In the seventeenth century a doctrine of progress was already in the air, and a long literary battle was waged between the Ancients and the Moderns. But it was only in the eighteenth century that Western Europe began to dream of an approaching millennium without miracle, to be gradually ushered in under the auspices of a faculty which was called Reason. Unlike some of their successors, these optimists believed that perfection was to be attained by the self-determination of the human will; they were not fatalists. In France, the chief home of this heady doctrine, the psychical temperature soon began to rise under its influence, till it culminated in the delirium of the Terror. The Goddess of Reason hardly survived Robespierre and his guillotine; but the belief in progress, which might otherwise have subsided when the French resumed their traditional pursuits — *rem militarem et argute loqui* — was reinforced by the industrial revolution, which was to run a very different course from that indicated by the theatrical disturbances

at Paris between 1789 and 1794, the importance of which has perhaps been exaggerated. In England above all, the home of the new industry, progress was regarded (in the words which Mr. Mallock puts into the mouth of a nineteenth-century scientist) as that kind of improvement which can be measured by statistics. This was quite seriously the view of the last century generally, and there has never been, nor will there ever be again, such an opportunity for gloating over this kind of improvement. The mechanical inventions of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, Stephenson, and others led to an unparalleled increase of population. Exports and imports also progressed, in a favorite phrase of the time, by leaps and bounds. Those who, like Malthus, sounded a note of warning, showing that population increases, unlike the supply of food, by geometrical progression, were answered that compound interest follows the same admirable law. It was obvious to many of our grandparents that a nation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which travels only twelve, and that, as Glanvill had already declared in the reign of Charles II, we owe more gratitude to the inventor of the mariner's compass " than to a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars, or to ten times the number of Aristotles." The historians of the time could not contain their glee in recording these triumphs. Only the language of religion seemed appropriate in contemplating so magnificent a spectacle. If they had read Herder, they would have quoted with approval his prediction that " the flower of humanity, captive still in its germ, will blossom out one day into the true form of man like unto God, in a state of which no man on earth can imagine the greatness and the majesty." Determinism was much in vogue by this time; but why should determinism be a depressing creed? The law which we cannot escape is

the blessed law of progress — " that kind of improvement that can be measured by statistics." We had only to thank our stars for placing us in such an environment, and to carry out energetically the course of development which Nature has prescribed for us, and to resist which would be at once impious and futile.

Thus the superstition of progress was firmly established. To become a popular religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy. The superstition of progress had the singular good fortune to enslave at least three philosophies — those of Hegel, of Comte, and of Darwin. The strange thing is that none of these philosophies is really favorable to the belief which it was supposed to support. Leaving for the present the German and the French thinkers, we observe with astonishment that many leading men in Queen Victoria's reign found it possible to use the great biological discovery of Darwin to tyrannize over the minds of their contemporaries, to give their blessing to the economic and social movements of their time, and to unite determinism with teleology in the highly edifying manner to which I have already referred. Scientific optimism was no doubt rampant before Darwin. For example, Herschel says: " Man's progress towards a higher state need never fear a check, but must continue till the very last existence of history." But Herbert Spencer asserts the perfectibility of man with an assurance which makes us gasp. " Progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." " The ultimate development of the ideal man is certain — as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith; for instance, that all men will die." " Always towards perfection is the mighty movement — towards a complete development and a more unmixed good."

It has been pointed out by Mr. Bradley that these apocalyptic prophecies have nothing whatever to do with Darwinism. If we take the so-called doctrine of evolution in Nature as a metaphysics of existence, which Darwin never intended it to be, "there is in the world nothing like value, or good, or evil. Anything implying evolution, in the ordinary sense of development or progress, is wholly rejected." The survival of the fittest does not mean that the most virtuous, or the most useful, or the most beautiful, or even the most complex survive; there is no moral or æsthetic judgment pronounced on the process or any part of it.

Darwinism (Mr. Bradley goes on to say) often recommends itself because it is confused with a doctrine of evolution which is radically different. Humanity is taken in that doctrine as a real being, or even as the one real being; and humanity (it is said) advances continuously. Its history is development and progress toward a goal, because the type and character in which its reality consists is gradually brought more and more into fact. That which is strongest on the whole must therefore be good, and the ideas which come to prevail must therefore be true. This doctrine, though I certainly cannot accept it, for good or evil more or less dominates or sways our minds to an extent of which most of us perhaps are dangerously unaware. Any such view of course conflicts radically with Darwinism, which only teaches that the true idea is the idea which prevails, and this leaves us in the end with no criterion at all.

It may further be suggested that Spencer's optimism depends on the transmissibility of acquired characters; but this is too dangerous a subject for a layman in science to discuss.

Although the main facts of cosmic evolution, and the main course of human history from Pithecanthropus downwards, are well known to all my hearers, and to some of

them much better than to myself, it may be worth while to recall to you in bald and colorless language, what science really tells us about the nature and destiny of our species. It is so different from the gay colors of the rhapsodists whom I have just quoted, that we must be amazed that such doctrines should ever have passed for scientific. Astronomy gives us a picture of a wilderness of space, probably boundless, sparsely sown with aggregations of elemental particles in all stages of heat and cold. These heavenly bodies are in some cases growing hotter, in other cases growing colder; but the fate of every globe must be, sooner or later, to become cold and dead, like the moon. Our sun, from which we derive the warmth which makes our life possible, is, I believe, an elderly star, which has long outlived the turbulent heats of youth, and is on its way to join the most senile class of luminiferous bodies, in which the star 19 Piscium is placed. When a star had once become cold, it must apparently remain dead until some chance collision sets the whole cycle going again. From time to time a great conflagration in the heavens, which occurred perhaps in the seventeenth century, becomes visible from this earth; and we may imagine, if we will, that two great solar systems have been reduced in a moment to incandescent gas. But space is probably so empty that the most pugnacious of astral knights-errant might wander for millions of years without meeting an opponent worthy of its bulk. If time as well as space is infinite, worlds must be born and die innumerable times, however few and far between their periods of activity may be. Of progress, in such a system taken as a whole, there cannot be a trace. Nor can there be any doubt about the fate of our own planet. Man and all his achievements will one day be obliterated like a child's sand-castle when the next tide comes in. Lucretius,

who gave us the word progress, has told us our ultimate fate in sonorous lines:

> Quorum naturam triplicem, tria corpora, Memmi,
> tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
> una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos
> sustentata ruet moles et machina mundi.

The racial life of the species to which we happen to belong is a brief episode even in the brief life of the planet. And what we call civilization or culture, though much older than we used to suppose, is a brief episode in the life of our race. For tens of thousands of years the changes in our habits must have been very slight, and chiefly those which were forced upon our rude ancestors by changes of climate. Then in certain districts man began, as Samuel Butler says, to wish to live beyond his income. This was the beginning of the vast series of inventions which have made our life so complex. And, we used to be told, the "law of all progress is the same, the evolution of the simple into the complex by successive differentiations." This is the gospel according to Herbert Spencer. As a universal law of nature it is ludicrously untrue. Some species have survived by becoming more complex, others, like the whole tribe of parasites, by becoming more simple. On the whole, perhaps the parasites have had the best of it. The progressive species have in many cases flourished for a while and then paid the supreme penalty. The living dreadnoughts of the Saurian age have left us their bones, but no progeny. But the microbes, one of which had the honor of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-two, and so changing the course of history, survive and flourish. The microbe illustrates the wisdom of the maxim, λάθε βιώσας. It took thousands of years to find him out. Our own

species, being rather poorly provided by nature for offence and defence, had to live by its wits, and so came to the top. It developed many new needs, and set itself many insoluble problems. Physiologists like Metchnikoff have shown how very ill-adapted our bodies are to the tasks which we impose upon them; and in spite of the Spencerian identification of complexity with progress, our surgeons try to simplify our structure by forcibly removing various organs which they assure us that we do not need. If we turn to history for a confirmation of the Spencerian doctrine, we find, on the contrary, that civilization is a disease which is almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time. The Hindus and Chinese, after advancing to a certain point, were content to mark time; and they survive. But the Greeks and Romans are gone; and aristocracies everywhere die out. Do we not see to-day the complex organization of the ecclesiastic and college don succumbing before the simple squeezing and sucking apparatus of the profiteer and trade-unionist? If so-called civilized nations show any protracted vitality, it is because they are only civilized at the top. Ancient civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians; we breed our own.

It is also an unproved assumption that the domination of the planet by our own species is a desirable thing, which must give satisfaction to its Creator. We have devastated the loveliness of the world; we have exterminated several species more beautiful and less vicious than ourselves; we have enslaved the rest of the animal creation, and have treated our distant cousins in fur and feathers so badly that beyond doubt, if they were able to formulate a religion, they would depict the Devil in human form. If it is progress to turn the fields and woods of Essex into East and West Ham, we may be thankful that progress is a sporadic and transient phenomenon in

history. It is a pity that our biologists, instead of singing pæons to Progress and thereby stultifying their own researches, have not preached us sermons on the sin of racial self-idolatry, a topic which really does arise out of their studies. *L'anthropolatrie, voilà l'ennemi,* is the real ethical motto of biological science, and a valuable contribution to morals.

It was impossible that such shallow optimism as that of Herbert Spencer should not arouse protests from other scientific thinkers. Hartmann had already shown how a system of pessimism, resembling that of Schopenhauer, may be built upon the foundation of evolutionary science. And in this place we are not likely to forget the second Romanes Lecture, when Professor Huxley astonished his friends and opponents alike by throwing down the gauntlet in the face of Nature, and bidding mankind to find salvation by accepting for itself the position which the early Christian writer Hippolytus gives as a definition of the Devil — " he who resists the cosmic process " (ὀαντιτάττων τοῖς κοσμικοῖς). The revolt was not in reality so sudden as some of Huxley's hearers supposed. He had already realized that " so far from gradual progress forming any necessary part of the Darwinian creed, it appears to us that it is perfectly consistent with indefinite persistence in one state, or with a gradual retrogression. Suppose, *e.g.,* a return of the glacial period or a spread of polar climatical conditions over the whole globe." The alliance between determinism and optimism was thus dissolved; and as time went on, Huxley began to see in the cosmic process something like a power of evil. The natural process, he told us in this place, has no tendency to bring about the good of mankind. Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. Nature is the realm of

tiger-rights; it has no morals and no ought-to-be; its only rights are brutal powers. Morality exists only in the "artificial" moral world: man is a glorious rebel, a Prometheus defying Zeus. This strange rebound into Manicheism sounded like a blasphemy against all the gods whom the lecturer was believed to worship, and half-scandalized even the clerics in his audience. It was bound to raise the question whether this titanic revolt against the cosmic process had any chance of success. One recent thinker, who accepts Huxley's view that the nature of things is cruel and immoral, is willing to face the probability that we cannot resist it with any prospect of victory. Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his arresting essay, "A Free Man's Worship," shows us Prometheus again, but Prometheus chained to the rock and still hurling defiance against God. He proclaims the moral bankruptcy of naturalism, which he yet holds to be forced upon us.

> That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves, and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins — all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

Man belongs to "an alien and inhuman world," alone amid "hostile forces." What is man to do? The God who exists is evil; the God whom we can worship is the

creation of our own conscience, and has no existence outside it. The "free man" will worship the latter; and, like John Stuart Mill, "to hell he will go."

If I wished to criticize this defiant pronouncement, which is not without a touch of bravado, I should say that so complete a separation of the real from the ideal is impossible, and that the choice which the writer offers us, of worshiping a Devil who exists or a God who does not, is no real choice, since we cannot worship either. But my object in quoting from this essay is to show how completely naturalism has severed its alliance with optimism and belief in progress. Professor Huxley and Mr. Russell have sung their palinode and smashed the old gods of their creed. No more proof is needed, I think, that the alleged law of progress has no scientific basis whatever

But the superstition has also invaded and vitiated our history, our political science, our philosophy, and our religion.

The historian is a natural snob; he sides with the gods against Cato, and approves the winning side. He lectures the vanquished for their wilfulness and want of foresight, sometimes rather prematurely, as when Seeley, looking about for an example of perverse refusal to recognize facts, exclaims "Sedet, æternumque sedebit unhappy Poland!" The nineteenth-century historian was so loath to admit retrogression that he liked to fancy the river of progress flowing underground all through the Dark Ages, and endowed the German barbarians who overthrew Mediterranean civilization with all the manly virtues. If a nation, or a religion, or a school of art dies, the historian explains why it was not worthy to live.

In political science the corruption of the scientific spirit by the superstition of progress has been flagrant. It enables the disputant to overbear questions of right and

wrong by confident prediction, a method which has the double advantage of being peculiarly irritating and incapable of refutation. On the theory of progress, what is "coming" must be right. Forms of government and modes of thought which for the time being are not in favor are assumed to have been permanently left behind. A student of history who believed in cyclical changes and long swings of the pendulum would take a very different and probably much sounder view of contemporary affairs. The votaries of progress mistake the flowing tide for the river of eternity, and when the tide turns they are likely to be left stranded like the corks and scraps of seaweed which mark the high-water line. This has already happened, though few realize it. The praises of Liberty are mainly left to Conservatives, who couple it with Property as something to be defended, and to conscientious objectors, who dissociate it from their country, which is not to be defended. Democracy — the magic ballot-box — has few worshipers any longer except in America, where men will still shout for about two hours — and indeed much longer — that she is "great." But our pundits will be slow to surrender the useful words "progressive" and "reactionary." The classification is, however, a little awkward. If a reactionary is anyone who will not float with the stream, and a progressive anyone who has the flowing tide with him, we must classify the Christian Fathers and the French Encyclopedists as belonging to the same type, the progressive; while the Roman Stoics under the Empire and the Russian bureaucrats under Nicholas II will be placed together under the opposite title, as reactionaries. Or is the progressive not the supporter of the winning cause for the time being, but the man who thinks, with a distinguished Head of a College who, as I remember, affirmed his principles in Convocation, that

" any leap in the dark is better than standing still "; and is the reactionary the man whose constitutional timidity would deter him from performing this act of faith when caught by a mist on the Matterhorn? Machiavelli recognizes fixed types of human character, such as the cautious Fabius and the impetuous Julius II, and observes that these qualities lead sometimes to success and sometimes to failure. If a reactionary only means an adherent of political opinions which we happen to dislike, there is no reason why a bureaucrat should not call a republican a reactionary, as Maecenas may have applied the name to Brutus and Cassius. Such examples of evolution as that which turned the Roman Republic into a principate and then into an empire of the Asiatic type, are inconvenient for those who say " It is coming," and think that they have vindicated the superiority of their own theories of government.

We have next to consider the influence of the superstition of progress on the philosophy of the last century. To attempt such a task in this place is a little rash, and to prove the charge in a few minutes would be impossible even for one much better equipped than I am. But something must be said. Hegel and Comte are often held to have been the chief advocates of the doctrine of progress among philosophers. Both of them give definitions of the word — a very necessary thing to do, and I have not yet attempted to do it. Hegel defines progress as spiritual freedom; Comte as true or positive social philosophy. The definitions are peculiar; and neither theory can be made to fit past history, though that of Comte, at any rate, falls to the ground if it does not fit past history. Hegel is perhaps more independent of facts; his predecessor Fichte professes to be entirely indifferent to them. " The philosopher," he says, " follows the *a priori* thread of the

world-plan which is clear to him without any history; and if he makes use of history, it is not to prove anything, since his theses are already proved independently of all history." Certainly, Hegel's dialectical process cannot easily be recognized in the course of European events; and, what is more fatal to the believers in a law of progress who appeal to him, he does not seem to have contemplated any further marked improvements upon the political system of Prussia in his own time, which he admired so much that his critics have accused him of teaching that the Absolute first attained full self-consciousness at Berlin in the nineteenth century. He undoubtedly believed that there has been progress in the past; but he does not, it appears, look forward to further changes; as a politician, at any rate, he gives us some thing like a closed system. Comte can only bring his famous " three stages " into history by arguing that the Catholic monotheism of the Middle Ages was an advance upon Pagan antiquity. A Catholic might defend such a thesis with success; but for Comte the chief advantage seems to be that the change left the Olympians with only one neck for Positive Philosophy to cut off. But Comte himself is what his system requires us to call a reactionary; he is back in the " theological stage "; he would like a theocracy, if he could have one without a God. The State is to be subordinate to the Positive Church, and he will allow " no unlimited freedom of thought." The connexion of this philosophy with the doctrine of progress seems very slender. It is not so easy to answer the question in the case of Hegel, because his contentment with the Prussian government may be set down to idiosyncrasy or to prudence; but it is significant that some of his ablest disciples have discarded the belief. To say that " the world is as it ought to be " does not imply that it goes

on getting better, though some would think it was not good if it was not getting better. It is hard to believe that a great thinker really supposed that the universe as a whole is progressing, a notion which Mr. Bradley has stigmatized as " nonsense, unmeaning or blasphemous." Mr. Bradley may perhaps be interpreting Hegel rightly when he says that for a philosopher " progress can never have any temporal sense," and explains that a perfect philosopher would see the whole world of appearance as a " progress," by which he seems to mean only a rearrangement in terms of ascending and descending value and reality. But it might be objected that to use " progress " in this sense is to lay a trap for the unwary. Mathematicians undoubtedly talk of progress, or rather of progression, without any implication of temporal sequence; but outside this science to speak of " progress without any temporal sense " is to use a phrase which some would call self-contradictory. Be that as it may, popularized Hegelianism has laid hold of the idea of a self-improving universe, of perpetual and universal progress, in a strictly temporal sense. The notion of an evolving and progressing cosmos, with a Creator who is either improving himself (though we do not put it quite so crudely) or who is gradually coming into his own, has taken strong hold of the popular imagination. The latter notion leads straight to ethical dualism of the Manichean type. The theory of a single purpose in the universe seems to me untenable. Such a purpose, being infinite, could never be accomplished. The theory condemns both God and man to the doom of Tantalus. Mr. Bradley is quite right in finding this belief incompatible with Christianity.

It would not be possible, without transgressing the limits set for lecturers on this foundation, to show how the be-

lief in a law of progress has prejudicially affected the religious beliefs of our time. I need only recall to you the discussions whether the perfect man could have lived in the first, and not in the nineteenth or twentieth century — although one would have thought that the ancient Greeks, to take one nation only, have produced many examples of hitherto unsurpassed genius; the secularization of religion by throwing its ideals into the near future — a new apocalyptism which is doing mischief enough in politics without the help of the clergy; and the unauthorized belief in future probation, which rests on the queer assumption that, if a man is given time enough, he must necessarily become perfect. In fact, the superstition which is the subject of this lecture has distorted Christianity almost beyond recognition. Only one great Church, old in worldly wisdom, knows that human nature does not change, and acts on the knowledge. Accordingly, the papal syllabus of 1864 declares: "*Si quis dixerit:* Romanus pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalismo, et cum recenti civilitate sese reconciliare et componere, *anathema sit.*"

Our optimists have not made it clear to themselves or others what they mean by progress, and we may suspect that the vagueness of the idea is one of its attractions. There has been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years. The Cro-Magnon race, which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago, was at least equal to any modern people in size and strength; the ancient Greeks were, I suppose, handsomer and better formed than we are; and some unprogressive races, such as the Zulus, Samoans, and Tahitians, are envied by Europeans for either strength or beauty. Although it seems not to be true that the sight and hearing of civilized

peoples are inferior to those of savages, we have certainly lost our natural weapons, which from one point of view is a mark of degeneracy. Mentally, we are now told that the men of the Old Stone Age, ugly as most of them must have been, had as large brains as ours; and he would be a bold man who should claim that we are intellectually equal to the Athenians or superior to the Romans. The question of moral improvement is much more difficult. Until the Great War few would have disputed that civilized man had become much more humane, much more sensitive to the sufferings of others, and so more just, more self-controlled, and less brutal in his pleasures and in his resentments. The habitual honesty of the Western European might also have been contrasted with the rascality of inferior races in the past and present. It was often forgotten that, if progress means the improvement of human nature itself, the question to be asked is whether the modern civilized man behaves better in the same circumstances than his ancestor would have done. Absence of temptation may produce an appearance of improvement; but this is hardly what we mean by progress, and there is an old saying that the Devil has a clever trick of pretending to be dead. It seems to me very doubtful whether when we are exposed to the same temptations we are more humane or more sympathetic or juster or less brutal than the ancients. Even before this war, the examples of the Congo and Putumayo, and American lynchings, proved that contact with barbarians reduces many white men to the moral condition of savages; and the outrages committed on the Chinese after the Boxer rebellion showed that even a civilized nation cannot rely on being decently treated by Europeans if its civilization is different from their own. During the Great War, even if some atrocities were magnified with the amiable object of

rousing a good-natured people to violent hatred, it was the well-considered opinion of Lord Bryce's commission that no such cruelties had been committed for three hundred years as those which the Germans practised in Belgium and France. It was startling to observe how easily the blood-lust was excited in young men straight from the fields, the factory, and the counter, many of whom had never before killed anything larger than a wasp, and that in self-defence. As for the Turks, we must go back to Genghis Khan to find any parallel to their massacres in Armenia; and the Russian terrorists have reintroduced torture into Europe, with the help of Chinese experts in the art. With these examples before our eyes, it is difficult to feel any confidence that either the lapse of time or civilization has made the *bête humaine* less ferocious. On biological grounds there is no reason to expect it. No selection in favor of superior types is now going on; on the contrary, civilization tends now, as always, to an *Ausrottung der Besten* — a weeding-out of the best; and the new practice of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious is cacogenics erected into a principle. The best hope of stopping this progressive degeneration is in the science of eugenics. But this science is still too tentative to be made the basis of legislation, and we are not yet agreed what we should breed for. The two ideals, that of the perfect man and that of the perfectly organized State, would lead to very different principles of selection. Do we want a nation of beautiful and moderately efficient Greek gods, or do we want human mastiffs for policemen, human greyhounds for postmen, and so on? However, the opposition which eugenics has now to face is based on less respectable grounds, such as pure hedonism ("would the superman be any happier?"); indifference to the future welfare of the race ("posterity has done nothing for me;

why should I do anything for posterity? "); and, in politics, the reflection that the unborn have no votes.

We have, then, been driven to the conclusion that neither science nor history gives us any warrant for believing that humanity has advanced, except by accumulating knowledge and experience and the instruments of living. The value of these accumulations is not beyond dispute. Attacks upon civilization have been frequent, from Crates, Pherecrates, Antisthenes, and Lucretius in antiquity to Rousseau, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Ruskin, Morris, and Edward Carpenter in modern times. I cannot myself agree with these extremists. I believe that the accumulated experience of mankind, and his wonderful discoveries, are of great value. I only point out that they do not constitute real progress in human nature itself, and that in the absence of any real progress these gains are external, precarious, and liable to be turned to our own destruction, as new discoveries in chemistry may easily be.

But it is possible to approach the whole question of progress from another side, and from this side the results will not be quite the same, and may be more encouraging. We have said that there can be no progress in the macrocosm, and no single purpose in a universe which has neither beginning nor end in time. But there may be an infinite number of finite purposes, some much greater and others much smaller than the span of an individual life; and within each of these some Divine thought may be working itself out, bringing some life or series of lives, some nation or race or species, to that perfection which is natural to it — what the Greeks called its "nature." The Greeks saw no contradiction between this belief and the theory of cosmic cycles, and I do not think that there is any contradiction. It may be that there is an immanent teleology which is shaping the life of the human race towards some completed

development which has not yet been reached. To advocate such a theory seems like going back from Darwin to Lamarck; but "vitalism," if it be a heresy, is a very vigorous and obstinate one; we can hardly dismiss it as unscientific. The possibility that such a development is going on is not disproved by the slowness of the change within the historical period. Progress in the recent millennia seems to us to have been external, precarious, and disappointing. But let this last adjective give us pause. By what standard do we pronounce it disappointing, and who gave us this standard? This disappointment has been a constant phenomenon, with a very few exceptions. What does it mean? Have those who reject the law of progress taken it into account? The philosophy of naturalism always makes the mistake of leaving human nature out. The climbing instinct of humanity, and our discontent with things as they are, are facts which have to be accounted for, no less than the stable instincts of nearly all other species. We all desire to make progress, and our ambitions are not limited to our own lives or our lifetimes. It is part of our nature to aspire and hope; even on biological grounds this instinct must be assumed to serve some function. The first Christian poet, Prudentius, quite in the spirit of Robert Browning, names Hope as the distinguishing characteristic of mankind.

Nonne hominum et pecudum distantia separat una?
quod bona quadrupedum ante oculos sita sunt, ego contra spero.

We must consider seriously what this instinct of hope means and implies in the scheme of things.

It is of course possible to dismiss it as a fraud. Perhaps this was the view most commonly held in antiquity. Hope was regarded as a gift of dubious value, an illusion which helps us to endure life, and a potent spur to action; but

in the last resort an *ignis fatuus*. A Greek could write for his tombstone:

> I've entered port. Fortune and Hope, adieu!
> Make game of others, for I've done with you.

And Lord Brougham chose this epigram to adorn his villa at Cannes. So for Schopenhauer hope is the bait by which Nature gets her hook in our nose, and induces us to serve her purposes, which are not our own. This is pessimism, which, like optimism, is a mood, not a philosophy. Neither of them needs refutation, except for the adherent of the opposite mood; and these will never convince each other, for the same arguments are fatal to both. If our desires are clearly contrary to the nature of things, of which we are a part, it is our wisdom and our duty to correct our ambitions, and, like the Bostonian Margaret Fuller, to decide to "accept the universe." "Gad! she'd better," was Carlyle's comment on this declaration. The true inference from Nature's law of vicarious sacrifice is not that life is a fraud, but that selfishness is unnatural. The pessimist cannot condemn the world except by a standard which he finds somewhere, if only in his own heart; in passing sentence upon it he affirms an optimism which he will surrender to any appearances.

The ancients were not pessimists; but they distrusted Hope. I will not follow those who say that they succumbed to the barbarians because they looked back instead of forward; I do not think it is true. If the Greeks and Romans had studied chemistry and metallurgy instead of art, rhetoric, and law, they might have discovered gunpowder and poison gas and kept the Germans north of the Alps. But St. Paul's deliberate verdict on pagan society, that it "had no hope," cannot be lightly set aside. No other religion, before Christianity, ever erected hope into a moral virtue.

"We are saved by hope," was a new doctrine when it was pronounced. The later Neoplatonists borrowed St. Paul's triad, Faith, Hope, and Love, adding Truth as a fourth. Hopefulness may have been partly a legacy from Judaism; but it was much more a part of the intense spiritual vitality which was disseminated by the new faith. In an isolated but extremely interesting passage St. Paul extends his hope of "redemption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" to the "whole creation" generally. In the absence of any explanation or parallel passages it is difficult to say what vision of cosmic deliverance was in his mind. Students of early Christian thought must be struck by the vigor of hope in the minds of men, combined with great fluidity in the forms or moulds into which it ran. After much fluctuation, it tended to harden as belief in a supermundane future, a compromise between Jewish and Platonic eschatology, since the Jews set their hopes on a terrestrial future, the Platonists on a supermundane present. Christian philosophers still inclined to the Platonic faith, while popular belief retained the apocalyptic Jewish ideas under the form of Millenarianism. Religion has oscillated between these two types of belief ever since, and both have suffered considerably by being vulgarized. In times of disorder and decadence, the Platonic ideal world, materialized into a supraterrestrial physics and geography, has tended to prevail: in times of crass prosperity and intellectual confidence the Jewish dream of a kingdom of the saints on earth has been coarsened into promises of "a good time coming." At the time when we were inditing the pæons to Progress which I quoted near the beginning of my lecture, we were evolving a Deuteronomic religion for ourselves even more flattering than the combination of determinism with optimism which science was offering at the same period. We almost persuaded ourselves that the words

" the meek-spirited shall possess the earth " were a prophecy of the expansion of England.

It is easy to criticize the forms which Hope has assumed. But the Hope which has generated them is a solid fact, and we have to recognize its indomitable tenacity and power of taking new shapes. The belief in a law of progress, which I have criticized so unmercifully, is one of these forms; and if I am not mistaken, it is nearly worn out. Disraeli in his detached way said, " The European talks of progress because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." It would not be easy to sum up better the achievements of the nineteenth century, which will be always remembered as the century of accumulation and expansion. It was one of the great ages of the world; and its greatness was bound up with that very idea of progress which, in the crude forms which it usually assumed, we have seen to be an illusion. It was a strenuous, not a self-indulgent age. The profits of industry were not squandered, but turned into new capital, providing new markets and employment for more labor. The nation, as an aggregate, increased in wealth, numbers, and power every day; and public opinion approved this increase, and the sacrifices which it involved. It was a great century; there were giants in the earth in those days; I have no patience with the pygmies who gird at them. But, as its greatest and most representative poet said:

> God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The mould in which the Victorian age cast its hopes is broken. There is no law of progress; and the gains of that age now seem to some of us to have been purchased too high, or even to be themselves of doubtful value. In

Clough's fine poem, beginning "Hope evermore and believe, O man," a poem in which the ethics of Puritanism find their perfect expression, the poet exhorts us:

> Go! say not in thine heart, And what then were it accomplished,
> Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use and the good?

But this question, which the blind Puritan asceticism resolutely thrust on one side, has begun to press for an answer. It had begun to press for an answer before the great cataclysm, which shattered the material symbols of the cult which for a century and a half had absorbed the chief energies of mankind. Whether our widespread discontent is mainly caused, as I sometimes think, by the unnatural conditions of life in large towns, or by the decay of the ideal itself, is not easy to say. In any case, the gods of Queen Victoria's reign are no longer worshipped. And I believe that the dissatisfaction with things as they are is caused not only by the failure of nineteenth-century civilization, but partly also by its success. We no longer wish to progress on those lines if we could. Our apocalyptic dream is vanishing into thin air. It may be that the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George III has produced most of its fruits, and has had its day. We may have to look forward to such a change as is imagined by Anatole France at the end of his *Isle of the Penguins*, when, after an orgy of revolution and destruction, we shall slide back into the quiet rural life of the early modern period. If so, the authors of the revolution will have cut their own throats, for there can be no great manufacturing towns in such a society. The race will have tried a great experiment, and will have rejected it as unsatisfying. We shall have added something to our experience. Fontenelle exclaimed, "How many foolish things we should say now, if the ancients had not said them all before us!" Fools

are not so much afraid of plagiarism as this Frenchman supposed; but it is true that *Eventu rerum stolidi didicere magistro.*

There is much to support the belief that there is a struggle for existence among ideas, and that those tend to prevail which correspond with the changing needs of humanity. It does not necessarily follow that the ideas which prevail are better morally, or even truer to the law of Nature, than those which fail. Life is so chaotic, and development so sporadic and one-sided, that a brief and brilliant success may carry with it the seeds of its own early ruin. The great triumphs of humanity have not come all at once. Architecture reached its climax in an age otherwise barbarous; Roman law was perfected in a dismal age of decline; and the nineteenth century, with its marvels of applied science, has produced the ugliest of all civilizations. There have been notable flowering times of the Spirit of Man — Ages of Pericles, Augustan Ages, Renaissances. The laws which determine these efflorescences are unknown. They may depend on undistinguished periods when force is being stored up. So in individual greatness, the wind bloweth where it listeth. Some of our greatest may have died unknown, *carent quia vate sacro.* Emerson indeed tells us that:

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The careless world has never lost.

But I should like to know how Emerson obtained this information. The World has not always been "careless" about its inspired prophets; it has often, as Faust remarks, burnt or crucified them, before they have delivered all their message. The activities of the Race-Spirit have been quite unaccountable. It has stumbled along blindly, falling into every possible pitfall.

The laws of Nature neither promise progress nor forbid it. We could do much to determine our own future; but there has been no consistency about our aspirations, and we have frequently followed false lights, and been disillusioned as much by success as by failure. The well-known law that all institutions carry with them the seeds of their own dissolution is not so much an illustration of the law of cyclical revolution, as a proof that we have been carried to and fro by every wind of doctrine. What we need is a fixed and absolute standard of values, that we may know what we want to get and whither we want to go. It is no answer to say that all values are relative and ought to change. Some values are not relative but absolute. Spiritual progress must be within the sphere of a reality which is not itself progressing, or for which, in Milton's grand words, "progresses the dateless and irrevoluble circle of its own perfection, joining inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure for ever." Assuredly there must be advance in our apprehension of the ideal, which can never be fully realized because it belongs to the eternal world. We count not ourselves to have apprehended in aspiration any more than in practice. As Nicolas of Cusa says: "To be able to know ever more and more without end, this is our likeness to the eternal Wisdom. Man always desires to know better what he knows, and to love more what he loves; and the whole world is not sufficient for him, because it does not satisfy his craving for knowledge." But since our object is to enter within the realm of unchanging perfection, finite and relative progress cannot be our ultimate aim, and such progress, like everything else most worth having, must not be aimed at too directly. Our ultimate aim is to live in the knowledge and enjoyment of the absolute values, Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. If the Platonists are right, we shall shape our surroundings more

effectively by this kind of idealism than by adopting the creed and the methods of secularism. I have suggested that our disappointments have been very largely due to the unworthiness of our ideals, and to the confused manner in which we have set them before our minds. The best men and women do not seem to be subject to this confusion. So far as they can make their environment, it is a society immensely in advance of anything which has been realized among mankind generally.

If any social amelioration is to be hoped for, its main characteristic will probably be simplification rather than further complexity. This, however, is not a question which can be handled at the end of a lecture.

Plato says of his ideal State that it does not much matter whether it is ever realized on earth or not. The type is laid up in heaven, and approximations to it will be made from time to time, since all living creatures are drawn upwards towards the source of their being. It does not matter very much, if he was right in believing — as we too believe — in human immortality. And yet it does matter; for unless our communing with the eternal Ideas endows us with some creative virtue, some power which makes itself felt upon our immediate environment, it cannot be that we have made those Ideas in any sense our own. There is no alchemy by which we may get golden conduct out of leaden instincts — so Herbert Spencer told us very truly; but if our ideas are of gold, there is an alchemy which will transmute our external activities, so that our contributions to the spiritual temple may be no longer 'wood, hay, and stubble,' to be destroyed in the next conflagration, but precious and durable material.

For individuals, then, the path of progress is always open; but, as Hesiod told us long before the Sermon on the Mount, it is a narrow path, steep and difficult, especially at

first. There will never be a crowd gathered round this gate; "few there be that find it." For this reason, we must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large, to a very modest and humble aspiration. We have no millennium to look forward to; but neither need we fear any protracted or widespread retrogression. There will be new types of achievement which will enrich the experience of the race; and from time to time, in the long vista which science seems to promise us, there will be new flowering-times of genius and virtue, not less glorious than the age of Sophocles or the age of Shakespeare. They will not merely repeat the triumphs of the past, but will add new varieties to the achievements of the human mind.

Whether the human type itself is capable of further physical, intellectual, or moral improvement, we do not know. It is safe to predict that we shall go on hoping, though our recent hopes have ended in disappointment. Our lower ambitions partly succeed and partly fail, and never wholly satisfy us; of our more worthy visions for our race we may perhaps cherish the faith that no pure hope can ever wither, except that a purer may grow out of its roots.

SCIENCE IN THE HUMANITIES[1]

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

I

IN mediæval days, when ecclesiasticism ruled, there were venturesome spirits who held that there might be truth without dogma. They sought to discover from the literature and life of Greece and Rome those facts of human nature which were available, and yet were wholly removed by their antiquity from the speculations of dogma and the dangers of heresy. These fields of research became known in time as the Humanities, and as such they are known to-day. The subject includes, not only Greek and Latin literature, but the general domains of philology, history, and archæology. The habits of Science have aided in the organization, the thoroughness, and the order of these studies; but I make bold to postulate that Science has not yet developed sufficiently to be classed among the Humanities. It has been a servant, but not a companion of the temple.

Science has accomplished miracles of research in regard to human comfort and well-being, but despite the contributions of psychology and of social and political inquiry, it has not yet done its part in teaching us to understand one another better. Its language is definite, distinct,

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mathematical, and unconscionably ugly. If it is spoken in the presence of the uninformed, they hasten away or they strive to change the subject. It is not inviting, it is difficult to learn; and yet, once we have mastered it, we find it devoid of all refinement. Whoever has a fair reading knowledge of any of the major living languages can readily translate a scientific book from it into his mother tongue. Even to write a scientific work in a foreign language does not require very much greater facility.

This is not the case with the literature of the Humanities, which touch all the arts. It is fortunate that those who hold to the mechanistic theory of life are full of enthusiasm and believe seriously in the tenets of their creed, for they are under obligation to explain the phenomenon of personality. If this be due to reactions within the mind, qualified by its physical and chemical structure, including the action-patterns there recorded by processes of photochemistry, the doctrine must be set forth in other than technical language. To do this will require an achievement in the art of scientific literature which has not yet been generally attained. The refinements of speech which indicate personality are not present in the abstract language of Science.

It has been said that it makes but little difference what one believes; it is how he believes that is far more important. We may say that this has to do with the art of living. And again, it might be maintained that it is what a man says rather than how he says it that determines whether his utterances shall be heard or read and remembered. Language, as we have observed elsewhere, is a vehicle of intellectual traffic. Its business is to carry ideas, mental concepts, information, and, at times, the truth. It is a clumsy invention, its steering apparatus is very defective, and with the greatest caution it often carries us along the paths of error. This is not wholly to be avoided by pre-

cision. There is always the receiving mind; and the purpose of language is not fulfilled until the receiving mind has accepted and placed in storage in its proper compartment of the brain the bundle of thought addressed to it. Meticulous precision often misdirects the bundle.

The other day Professor Simkhovitch showed me a Chinese painting made in the eleventh century which impressed me very deeply. It was said of the artist who painted it that he depicted the soul of things. It was a simple landscape, with a little house in the foreground and, beyond, a lake or an arm of the sea. Beyond and about this were mountains, and over the lake was a low fog. It was a little picture, the size of the leaf of an octavo book, taken from an album in some old collection. That is all I can say in describing it in detail, and yet it had a magic beauty, a beauty of the kind that imposes silence, that arouses a cosmic emotion and makes friends draw close together when they see it. There was not a single trick in the making of it to remind one of the painter, not a single stroke of the brush to call attention to the painting, but on the margin some owner wrote of the artist, centuries ago, " He useth his inks as the Lord God useth His waters, neither of which have I the gift to understand."

I have the faith to believe that there are these cosmic emotions awaiting us in Science as soon as we learn that it takes the soul of an artist to tell the truth, the whole truth, with all the facts correlated unto the truth. If you desire to tell me how much you know, you must tell it to me in words that I can understand. As soon as you use expressions with which I am unfamiliar I cease to marvel at your wisdom, and begin to wonder whether or not you are practising quackery. The whole armament of quackery consists in words and phrases that the listener does not understand. You must keep within my comprehension if you

are to have good standing with me. My ignorance may be colossal — indeed, I assure you that it is — but I hold that it does not accord with the graces of life to offend me because of it. We children of the earth have our weaknesses; we are not missing the mark when we assert that every one of us is, in one respect or another, feeble-minded. It is pathetic to consider how widely the field of our vision is covered with blind spots. That, perhaps, is why we are so sensitive. It is not given to us to look intimately into the consciousness of one another, and so we do not know where the blind spots and the blurred spots are. We never shall know all that goes on within the consciousness, even of those closest to us; but the key to understanding is simplicity.

What is simplicity to one is not simplicity to another, and yet the crossroads from achievement into the minds of our fellows must be maintained as well-beaten paths if Science is to enter into the daily life of the world. It is not childishness to speak in a language that a child can understand. It is art. If we leave the simplicity of art out of consideration when we say simple things, if we load our everyday speech with unnecessary technicalities, what medium shall we have when we want to explain something difficult? Then language will fail us. We may have the thoughts, but they will die within us.

Let us consider for a moment how much good thought dies. It is not alone by the fires of wrath that libraries, and storehouses of wisdom, and temples made holy by enshrining the worship of many generations are destroyed. That which is ruined by war and hate, or even consumed by age, is less than that which is lost because the mind that conceives it cannot find the words in which to tell it. Every one of us knows the tragedy of talent wasted or gone astray — lost because its possessor could not speak;

because the words were not available. It is not precision that such men lack; it is the art of speech.

Suppose the language of chemistry, instead of being the kind of Volapuk that it is, were something desired of all men and women who look for the fine and beautiful things in life. The imagination is almost stunned at what might ensue. We cannot invent this thing, but if we wish for it hard enough, maybe it will come some day. Then the world may be vastly different, and better than now.

The man of research must set forth his findings in terms that will be understood. If he studies merely for his own satisfaction, and does not contribute his results to the great store of knowledge, he is far more reprehensible than the miser; for the miser cannot carry his treasure with him when he dies. The man of research can do what amounts to just this, and it is his duty, his obligation, to contribute what he has learned, the treasures of nature that he has won, to the world. Unless he does so, he may die insolvent, a debtor to the world, a bankrupt in human history.

The man of Science in industry has a similar problem, which is not only a duty, but a necessity, if he would succeed. Unless he owns the works, he cannot direct them; and unless he can explain the problems of materials and reactions to his directors, he can hardly ask them to follow his advice. How many industries have been ruined because some man who knew and would gladly have explained, lacked the art to explain.

II

We talk of Science and Art as if they were beautiful twin sisters of Culture, gracefully standing in the open portal of Academe. Following this vague abstraction, a painter

will drape a brunette model for Science and a blonde one for Art, and pose them as bringing gifts to his favorite girl or his more insistent wife, seated in a big chair as the Civic Spirit. Science is likely to offer an apothecary's balance, and Art a piece of a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo. Then the picture goes up in the new City Hall.

To all appearances these two lovely sisters are inseparable; they vie with each other only in the abundance of their gifts. Gifts they do indeed bring, but this is the whole substance of their relationship. They are not intimate at all. They do not like each other; they do not understand each other, and they do not even speak the same language. And they are not sisters.

The other day a gentleman distinguished for his eminence in affairs, as well as for his achievements as a patron of the arts, said in substance: "The day of the industrial pioneer is passing. The day of the artist is at hand. The Greeks, who knew innumerable things that we have not yet learned, knew also the value of Art in the development of citizenship. The mediæval kings knew this, too, and they built cities of incomparable beauty — the capitals of states adorned with the best that we know of architecture and decoration; and then and there lived happy men and women who found joy in their daily tasks. They sang at their work. They did the things they wanted to do and they wanted to do good things, being inspired by the beauty around and about them. And so they were good citizens."

Those were days when Art reigned and Science was not. These are days when Science reigns and Art is puny and sick. Art shows some signs of recovery and growth, but it is not yet thriving because it has not yet found its place in the hearts of the people. Science, on the other hand, has grown and prospered enormously, and it shows the effects of too rapid growth. Indeed, Science is bad-mannered,

with all the faults of the newly rich; and it has no ethical standards. It will take any job that comes along; it will purify air and water and make life more comfortable and wholesome and clean; or it will, with equal ardor, take up its latest task and carry out its latest achievements, which, to its shame be it said, have made war more murderous, more cruel, more horrible than ever it was before.

Chemistry, for instance, is so little mated to Art that if we are to mention the two together without causing a smile, we must call chemistry by the abstract name of Science. We do not maintain that chemists are not artists in life, or that they are men without the refinements and graces that follow the best there is in thinking. In fact, we are not writing of chemists at all; we are writing of chemistry as an entity; of what is suggested by that black-haired girl with the scales, if you please.

Let us go farther than this, and say that we are not yet civilized in applied science. Neither, for that matter, is any other people; but this is no reason why we should not make the effort to improve ourselves. And Science will not become wholly civilized in its work until it becomes more closely affiliated with Art than as a mere purveyor of raw materials. The relation of Science to Art to-day is that of the quarryman who gets out marble for the sculptor; a worthy task and good service, but it is not companionship.

When news is brought that a chemical factory is to be built in a neighborhood the disinterested neighbors, as a rule, do not like it. After it is built, and when it proceeds to befoul the air and bemess the streets, those who can move away do so. I am not blaming anybody for this; I am merely regretting the fact that there is so little of art in its civic or public sense in applied chemistry. In the industries we do not know how to do better than hide our

works in some desolate place where there is least likelihood that a protest will be registered against us. Our business with the authorities is usually of a legal sort in which we appear as defendants. Then, when the civic powers intervene and make us contain our nuisances within our gates, they are teaching us the first principles of Art. With no attempt at definition, we know that Art does not offend against enlightenment, and we shall also postulate that it makes for good citizenship.

No; Science and Art are not twin sisters; the decorative painters have been all wrong. They are not even of the same sex. Science should bear in mind that the world is not complete, and he should address himself to the wooing of Art. Then, when they are wedded, and we are all their children by adoption; when chemical factories shall have become adornments to the places where they are built; when industrial works shall be wished for along with cathedrals and schools and museums and public libraries; when the opening of a mine shall predicate a center of enlightened citizenship among those who work in it, and the master shall be, as in Leonardo's day, an artist *because* he is an engineer; and when the language of science shall have become human, living speech — then will dreams come true and a golden age be at hand. By this sign we shall know that Science has united with the Humanities. Until then is our boasting vain.

III

It has been our habit to regard Science as an impersonal thing, its findings absolute rather than relative; and in this respect I fear we have been led astray by the vanity of dogma. Now, dogma is the result of what Professor Sumner called the innate laziness of human nature, whereby

each generation takes for granted the conclusions of the generations past merely to save trouble.

Of course we cannot find answers to all our problems as we meet them, without drawing upon the experiences of the fathers; but in consequence of this ability to find our problems ready solved for us have come some of the vicious sequelae of dogma. Among them is the tradition of monkish aloofness and scorn of the public which does not understand. This leads us into unsocial dulness and involves us in serious faults of omission.

Here is an example. One of the great leaders in astronomy made a record of his observations for publication. It was a work of momentous importance. The author found such joy and inspiration in it that he embodied in his preface a popular exposition of what was demonstrated in the pages that followed. The preface was at once a scientific summing-up of the work, a contribution of rare merit to literature, and an illuminating source of information about astronomy for the appreciative lay public. He sent a copy of it to a colleague, asking his opinion in regard to the propriety of the preface, written in terms of popular speech. The reply came promptly. It was highly improper, said the critic — contrary to the dignity of the profession of astronomy — and it would surely lower the standing of the author!

Now the author's standing had already been made by his achievements in research. His colleague, however, seemed to think that the light of day would dim the truth, and he succeeded in destroying for all of us a beautiful and great thing. For many of us are not learned in astronomy; we needed just that elucidation which the preface contained. But it is lost.

In the name of conscience, what authority have those of us who follow Science with interest to hold in scorn

our neighbors whose paths of study have led them through other than our familiar fields? What is the difference between our ignorance of what they have studied and their ignorance of what they think we know? Do we not ask compassion for our own shortcomings? Then should we not grant it unto others? It is only through such scorn as this, or from laziness, or lack of sufficient general culture, to express ourselves in measures of grace, that the world at large, both schooled and vulgar, has come to the conclusion that it cannot understand the man of Science when he speaks. Even the history of Science has not yet been written. Why is there no history of science? I venture to say that it is because the succeeding stations, the platforms of its intelligence, are not generally known. The clear, lucid definitions are not yet available. Somewhere in the progress there has been a lapse, and I hazard the guess that it is in the literary habits of men of research.

Lavoisier had the gift of making things clear in a remarkable measure. He had the graces of life in his speech as well as in his bearing. On that dark day for chemistry when he was led to the guillotine, it is said that he implored his executioners to let him finish the work in hand. He would follow them gladly as soon as the work was finished, and they might watch him in whatever manner they pleased. It would mean *so much for humanity,* he pleaded. But the sansculottes knew better. He had already freed chemistry from the bondage of tradition. From what other bondage might he have freed us, had he been spared? Perhaps he would have revealed things still unknown to us, or which we see only as through a glass, darkly. And then the history of Science might have been written long ago.

When we consider the nature and ways of matter we find that it is far from being impersonal. Nitrogen, for instance, has ways of its own that are as baffling to the

understanding as are the ways of genius. The family of halogens have any number of Celtic traits; the green chlorine and its cousin fluorine are as full of tricks and potentialities of danger as any Irish lass who ever lived. What is the cosmic history of lead? Consider the allotropy of tin! We cannot all enter into research as to these whimsical qualities; so why not take a good-natured view of all inanimate things and tell of their ways? They are very interesting. Then, when some future disciple of Willard Gibbs tells us all about them, that will be interesting, too. We need a new and a livelier vision of them, just as we need dull catalogs of their reactions, and speculations as to the reasons why they take place. It will do us no harm to consider the personality of matter. There is an æsthetic side to Science if we would but look for it.

The liturgy of Science should not lack beauty. Why should we not inspire reverence and enlightenment instead of discouragement in the layman, when we relate the observations of men of vision and understanding? Why not employ Art and speak in the language of a child as often as we can in telling of reactions and phenomena which are constantly taking place and which abound in cosmic beauty?

IV

We have observed that the Humanities do not include Science, and that Art is the needed handmaiden of all. We have noted that Science and Art are less closely related than they might be; that, in fact, they are not on speaking terms. It appears also that Art, in its simplicity of speech and directness of manner, can guide Science into the fold of the Humanities, and that Science must make the next move if this is to be done. The step is to be taken by the adoption of human, living, colloquial speech whenever and

wherever this is possible, in place of the employment of technical terms. We must educate ourselves to do this.

Now, whatever the substance of education may be, we know that it is not promiscuous memorizing. An assistant to Professor Friedel, in Paris, once asked his master a question in organic chemistry.

"*Sais pas,*" answered the professor. "Look it up in Beilstein."

A few days later he asked another question and received the same response: "*Sais pas.* Look it up."

Finally the assistant said: "The world knows you as one of the greatest authorities on organic chemistry; yet, whenever I ask you, you tell me to look up answers to questions that surely are familiar to you. Is this because you do not remember, or because you want to train me in habits of research?"

The old man took him by the arm and led him into the library.

"*Voilà!*" he exclaimed; "there is all I know. Do you expect me to make a beehive of my mind, storing fragments of information into every little compartment, to the exclusion of all the good things of life? No, indeed!" he continued; "books are useful instruments and we should use them. But the *general principles* — these I must ever keep alive in my mind."

Now that seems to me to be the essence of education. And since men and women are uneducated in Science, it is the business of those who have to do with it to make the subject so attractive that they will want to learn it. This cannot be accomplished by a policy of frightfulness; and it is better to be in good repute than to be feared and hated, anyway. The barrier of language still holds the followers of Science apart from the otherwise enlightened public; and yet the whole of its terminology is needed for records.

So there must be invented a new habit of speech in regard to Science, familiar to the ears of the public, and shocking only to those pedants who consider it lacking in dignity for a man of Science to be understood by persons who are as intelligent as he, but who have addressed their attention to other pursuits.

The way to discover this means of communicating ideas should be found in exercise and experiment, repeated again and again until the unwilling listener becomes a willing one. We might take for example the Ancient Mariner, who has left us this exposition of his method:

> "I pass like night from land to land;
> I have strange power of speech.
> The moment that his face I see
> *I know the man that must hear me* —
> To him my tale I teach."

The marvelous tale that Science has to tell is still more wonderful than that of the Ancient Mariner. His unwilling listener was compelled to hear because of the old man's emotion. His emotion gave wings to his words.

We may recall also that Huxley brought his emotion to bear upon what he said, and he was understood. Tyndall, by his consummate mastery of the art of letters, is still the unapproached example of how to write of Science. The late Robert Kennedy Duncan, with his poet's vision of the ways of nature, could arouse interest in whatever he spoke about; and there seems to be no one left who has this gift within him.

A curious feature in regard to many efforts to make Science popular is, to use a topsy-turvy simile, that many good people so engaged have overshot their mark. Learned papers are prepared for the *cognoscenti* and are duly printed

in the scientific journals. Then at the point in these papers where it is shown that a bell rings, or a noise is made, or a light is shown, the popularizer makes his abstract. This is then edited down to the level of infants and idiots, and it is usually published along with puzzles and toy news. Such literature does not induce men who are engaged in making scientific history to contribute information, nor does it appeal to the intelligent people. Our appeal for simplicity is for simplicity of speech, not for stupidity of subject.

At one time I was loud in joining the chorus that Science should at all hazards be taught in the schools. It is so easy to provide for everything desired in the next generation by adding it to the curriculum of the common schools! There is physiology taught along with the multiplication-table, and psychology sometimes taught in place of English. Chemistry and physics are urgently called for in scornful substitution for Latin and Greek, and the choice of botany or algebra may depend upon the unripe judgment of a child and his preference for the easier course. The mind of the child is a wonderful instrument, but its operation is limited in capacity. If we crowd the process of school with too many subjects, it will be of no more advantage to the pupil than several years spent in constant visits to moving-picture shows.

No; the business of schools is to effect mental preparedness to meet such conditions as may arise. I venture to say that the great problem of schools is to find teachers who have the art to teach. This requires the quick perception, the deft understanding, and the persuasiveness of the professional gambler, who must at once arouse the cupidity of his victim and put his suspicions to sleep. The teacher must arouse the curiosity of whomever he would teach,

and, by subtlety of wit, find an entrance into his understanding. Of such are the teachers of a better day than ours.

V

It seems to me that teaching is the greatest of the arts, and that every one of us, no matter what his walk of life may be, is engaged willy-nilly for a good part of his time in teaching. Surely every father and mother is engaged in it; and I am persuaded that the vast majority of children address themselves to the problem of teaching their parents that the life of the present day is wholly incompatible with the methods of a generation past. The master who learns how to handle men is taught by the men he handles. Senators and Congressmen in the throes of their eloquence strive to teach their honorable colleagues what they take to be wisdom, and their constituents they try to inform of their impassioned patriotism. Whenever we endeavor to persuade any one to do as we want him to do, we try to teach him. Teaching is the universal art, and the greatest of all.

Now the greatest thing to teach is the science of living, the understanding of human reactions, the ways of people and things, and the cognizance of them. So my former passionate belief in the need to teach children thermodynamics, the gas-laws, the chemical elements, osmosis, and other things of the kind has lost conviction as the years of meditation have come upon me. These things are interesting, intensely interesting, but most of us do not know how to make them so. Of course, most of us do not understand anything about them; but of those who do, the majority are so anxious for precision that they lose the sense of art in the telling, and so forget the very purpose of language.

Not long ago I heard a lecture on the constitution of matter, in which the learned man who delivered it explained a certain hypothetical situation. The hypothesis was set forth with great care and elaboration, but it was difficult to comprehend. After spending several minutes in expounding the idea the professor looked up and said, "Like beads on a wire," and straightway every one breathed a sigh of relief, and understood him.

When we can teach science so that a child can understand it, let us teach it to children; until then, is not our main business to look for teachers who have the art to teach anything that is worth while? Who wants a child to prattle Beilstein, anyway? If grown-up men and women with well-trained minds cannot bring themselves to listen to the speech of Science so long as it sounds as it does, surely children are likely to be confounded by it.

I do not want to run amuck at this point, although I can smell the danger. I have said that the way to learn how to express ourselves in Science is by experience; and here I find myself drifting into a field in which I claim no right to speak — the field of pedagogics. I hold no brief for the present curricula of our schools, nor have I any to propose. We know that the ordinary teacher cannot teach Science, and that there is a hazard in loading him with the task. On the other hand it seems all wrong that what we call the Humanities should not include a knowledge of the intellectual tools with which men work for progress in our own day. It seems a pity that boys and girls at school should not know of the synthesis of sugars from water and carbon dioxide in the green leaves; of the polymerization (dreadful word!) of sugars to gums and starches and cellulose. It seems too bad that, in the days when their faculties of observation are most acute, their eyes should not be opened to the history of the hills

and the valleys around and about them. And if they knew more of the nature of the nerve reactions of the human animal, it almost seems that it would be easier rather than harder to teach ethics.

True, the art of teaching classic lore is thousands of years old; it has at least the benefit of age. The art of teaching mathematics is also of ancient days, and yet I sometimes doubt if the philosophy of mathematics is efficiently taught at school. On the other hand, the art of teaching science is only about fifty years old; consequently it often lacks the polish, the finish that we find in the teaching of other subjects. But that is no reason why we should wait a thousand years for improvement. Why not resolve to be artists at the work? Then we may become artists *in* the work.

Time was when all records were made in Latin and Greek. At present they are made in English, French, German, Russian, Czech, Hungarian, Spanish, Japanese, and Chinese, and some of us have not the gift of tongues. So we are in a quandary. We have great need of scientific thinking, while teachers are not equipped in the art of developing it, and children are leaving school to avoid the dull work of thinking about what does not interest them.

Perhaps my meditations have led me astray; perhaps it would be wise to begin with Science in the grammar-schools, so that a generation of teachers may arise who can impart a knowledge of the ways of stuff and the phenomena of energy. Perhaps it would be wise to try it on the present generation of children, and let them worry out their own salvation. I can speak with no authority in regard to this. But I do know enough to say that we need more earnest, more inspired, and less weary teachers all over the country, and that the way to induce the right young men and women to take up the noble vocation is to do

honor to their calling. Money alone will not bring them; we must greet them with a more gracious attitude of mind and heart. Then, out of their more abundant culture and more impulsive efforts will proceed the gentle voice of wisdom.

I am convinced that, if we would grow in grace as a people and wax great in understanding and develop qualities of sympathy that throw a light on the road toward the Kingdom of God, we must glorify the art of teaching. The teachers will bring their art with them, and then the day of triumphant entry of Science into the temple of the Humanities will be at hand.

True, the pathway is long and arduous. But, as the people wish for it and its disciples wish to tell of it, that will be the magic, and presto! the road will be made easy. In chemistry, the red-headed family of the halogens will lead in the march of the elements. The tricksy catalysts will keep the people wishing and guessing, to maintain the magic. And all the world will join and dance in the joyous procession, if only the chanting be done in that simplicity and beauty of speech which Art knows, but which Science has not yet learned.

SCIENCE AND STYLE[1]

BY GEORGE SARTON

THE word "style" has been used in such a promiscuous way that to be understood without ambiguity I must define it anew. It is not enough to say that style is a characteristic mode of expression, for then it would be almost impossible to speak of anything as styleless. Let us then define style as a mode of expression which does not simply characterize the individual who uses it, but expresses the thought and feeling of a great many more, maybe of a whole nation, of a whole period, or, better still, of the whole race. The larger the group, or the longer the time the soul of which it succeeds in evoking, the higher the style. The artistry, the virtuosity of the smaller craftsmen are often very peculiar; the style of genius is universal; it makes us touch the bed-rock of human nature. When we speak of style without further qualification, we mean its highest type, the ideal style of each epoch — that which remains at the bottom of the crucible at the end of any deep historical analysis. For example, when we think in the more general way of the Greeks or the Chinese, it is really of their style that we are thinking. We may forget the details of every one of the achievements which immortalized them, but we shall remain deeply conscious of their common form, of their common quality, that is (for no other word is more adequate), of their style.

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine,* June, 1921. Copyright, 1921, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by special permission of the author and the publishers.

To show how necessary it was to define style before attempting to speak of it, let me simply remind you of the fact that the same word is indiscriminately used to designate both the idea I have in mind and another which has become almost antipodal, the idea of fashion. For while I mean to convey the notion of something eternal, it is the very essence of fashion to flee away as fast as snobbism and business may demand it. Of course it is not fashion in itself, but its extravagance, as fostered by frivolous women and greedy merchants, which causes the promiscuous use of so good a word to be shocking — as, for instance, when we speak of the latest styles or when we say of the pretty Miss Gooseberry (who would buy a new hat every week if she could afford it) that she is very stylish. As a matter of fact, a very fashionable woman is doomed to a styleless existence, even as a prostitute to a loveless one. How could she have a style of her own when she is ever ready to burn upon the altar of fashion that which she was still adoring yesterday and to yield herself to the newest fad?

My definition of style may seem a little complex, but this is unavoidable, for the idea itself is not by any means a simple one. An artist may be original to the point of freakishness and yet have no style of his own, or he may strive to conform himself faithfully to a traditional style and yet remain styleless. The fact is that style implies both tradition and originality, the former being the quintessence of centuries of labor and criticism, the latter the spark of genius by which inert tradition is brought to life again. That is why style can neither be improvised nor kept alive without continual improvisation.

When originality is lacking, whatever style there is exists only in a passive form. This may explain a fact which, I am sure, has puzzled many people. I refer to

the curious limitations of taste shown by collectors, even by famous ones. While their taste is excellent, almost unfailing, as long as antiques are concerned, they often exhibit the most shocking lack of discrimination with regard to modern objects. These men lack originality; they need at every turn the guiding hand of tradition. They cannot of themselves help to prolong this tradition into the future; their taste is not creative. It also explains why so much of the modern imitation of period furniture is flat and uninspiring. The artisans who made these reproductions lacked originality; they copied in a servile spirit, and doing so, they necessarily missed the essential. Every detail might be correct, but the whole would be soulless, that is, styleless.

On the contrary, originality alone can never make up for the absence of a traditional instinct of beauty and a traditional reserve — for no man is so great that he can disdain the accumulated wisdom and the proved taste of his ancestors without danger. If there be one thing which the history of art establishes beyond doubt it is that no one was ever able to create a radically new style; or to put it in another way, the greatest revolutionaries of art and letters only succeeded because they kept to a large extent within the traditions of the past; sometimes their revolutionary effort consisted simply in reconciling divergent traditions. The relative failure of the moving pictures from the artistic point of view is due to the fact that in their case the current of tradition was suddenly stopped by an immense technical discovery which gave to the new art at the same time an absolute freedom from convention and an almost infinite power of realization. For every artistic rule is a help and a guide, as much as a hindrance.

Hence it is that style is the paradoxical blending of

contradictory elements, imitation and originality. The paradox is only apparent, however, for there is at the bottom no contradiction but simply the eternal conflict between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future. What is life itself if not a continual compromise between the past and the present? The slow evolution of style by a curious mixture of imitation and individual variation is not more mysterious than heredity; it is indeed the higher intellectual aspect of the same mystery. There can be no life without variability and originality; on the other hand, tradition, like atavism, exerts a moderating and stabilizing influence; it keeps individual originality within reasonable bounds and insures its fruitfulness.

Of course style implies a substance. A poem, a painting, a concerto, a scientific memoir imply thoughts. A happy way of putting it may give a new lease of life to an age-worn thought, but without original ideas a forceful style is really unconceivable.

Nature is the inexhaustible spring from which man draws his originality. If he presumes to draw it from himself, he must needs return to nature once in a while, or go stale. Every artistic revolution was a return to nature or a temporary withdrawal from it; in any case, it established a new relation between man and nature. This being so, who could be more original than the truly inspired scientist? For he can see in nature all that other people see in it — and beyond that so much more that it is as if other universes were unfolded to him, as if nature were multiplied. Just think of the amazing variety and beauty of the surface of nature; it will help you to imagine the infinite variety and beauty of the rest. The plumage of the birds, for example! Have you ever taken the trouble to examine one bird after another? You will

find among them every imaginable and unimaginable pattern of line and color, every style of decoration, every mood. This dress is as severe as a Franciscan frock, this other as gay as a carnival costume, still another as grand as a coronation robe — and look at this one! How reticent it is, until one discovers some humorous bit of ornament. The variety is so bewildering, and so many of the countless artistic experiments of nature are so successful, there is such a profusion of beauty that it would be a very tough heart which did not soften, and that he would be very stiff, indeed, the man whose knees would not bend. The impulse to worship the anonymous artist may be so great that one does not any longer try to understand but is satisfied to admire and be thankful. Yet some men are not so easily pleased; great as their love be, their curiosity, their wish to understand, is greater still. They want to know why nature is beautiful. They do not believe in miracles; they believe that there is a reason for everything, even for all this insuperable glory. Of course none of them has ever been able to find the ultimate reason, but one can lift the innumerable veils of nature one by one, and so discover at each step, behind the external beauty of the universe, a new secret beauty, so brilliant that the former pales in comparison.

And so it is that when scientists have been endowed with a sufficient sense of style, they have produced some of the greatest and noblest pages which man ever wrote. Think of Archimedes, of Galileo, of Pascal, of Henri Poincaré! The latter, for example, has left us a few pages of such extraordinary plenitude, limpidity, and beauty, that whoever understands them fully, whoever grasps the underlying thought and the perfect adequacy of his language, feels an indescribable joy, a great serenity descending upon him. It is a joy of the same quality and intensity as that

which the view of a beautiful landscape or of an early Chinese or Italian painting could give him. He must feel the identical artistic value of these things, the only difference being that in the latter cases he is moved by the superficial beauty of nature, in the former by its more secret harmony.

Unfortunately, the great scientists are so engrossed in their research that they cannot write much, and pages such as the ones to which I referred are very rare. It is probable that many smaller scientists missed a higher fame only because they had not this necessary power of expression, because they lacked style. They had been taught to observe, but not to express themselves, and their artistic education had been so utterly neglected that they could but see a carcass where they should have seen a triumphant body, and they could but hear a noise when they should have heard the very music of the spheres.

Style is the perfect adequacy between substance and form. It is necessarily traditional, because the substance of our thoughts can vary but very slowly; it is original to the extent that our thoughts are. They need not be entirely new, but one cannot express them in a new way unless one sees them in a new light. There can be no style where there is no substance, and its substance in the last analysis can only be the reality of nature or the poet's dream. In the first case we have to do with the style of science, in the other with the style of fiction. In both cases the value of one's style depends upon its faithfulness; it must be true either to nature or to one's dream. For once that one has chosen the medium of expression — whether it be ink, or marble, or pigment — there is only one adequate way of revealing his thoughts; any other is but a compromise or a lie. It is in that sense that one can say that genuine truth cannot be styleless, or that style is the

highest form of truth, for perfect style implies absolute sincerity. Style is " the most austere of mental qualities, the ultimate morality of the mind." [1]

To come back to science, it offers to the artist such an inexhaustible substance, such a wealth of gigantic thoughts, that its comparative neglect, outside of its own technical sphere, is to me a matter of perpetual wonder. Where else could one expect to find a purer, a deeper, a nobler inspiration than in the very bosom of nature? Think of it! If the outside show is so marvelous, what must it be inside . . . ? Therein we are given endless opportunities to contemplate not simply the innermost beauty, the secret harmony of nature, but also the supreme form of human genius. It is easy to imagine that to lift up the impenetrable veils of nature one after another called for an immense output of ingenuity, of patience, and of imagination.

It is not unreasonable to hope that when born writers and artists will have enough knowledge to receive their inspiration directly from the realm of science, we shall witness the efflorescence of a new literature more pregnant and possibly more beautiful than anything of the past. An enormous step forward will already be made when the style of our youth will be shaped not merely by teachers of literature or art but also by enthusiastic men of science, who will be able to open to them fresh visions of incomparable greatness and mystery.

I have often wondered whether our language suffers more from the carelessness of the truants who " treat it rough " or from the zeal of schoolmasters who poison and choke it by their pedantry. I imagine that much slang and many wicked words are used in purgatory — but the overpolished and underfed language of these pedants, their

[1] Whitehead.

lukewarm eloquence, their bloodless, sterotyped, emasculated, professorial style is the very language of hell. Teachers of literature and of art can teach everything except the one thing that matters — style. The best they can do, if theirs are inspiring personalities, is to discover the incipient style of their pupils and stimulate its development.

I do not mean to say that a pure style cannot be attained without scientific knowledge, for the whole history of literature and art would gainsay such a reckless statement. But I do say that a sound scientific education, such as the one I dream of, would not in the least jeopardize the attainment of style. A good teaching of science should be implicitly a teaching of style. It is possible that such teaching would discourage many literary efforts, but I assume that this reduction would only affect the most mediocre literature and hence would be a positive gain. Indeed, the modern world suffers as much from a plethora of writing as from a dearth of style. Besides, the opening up of fresh sources of inspiration would give an enormous impetus to the activity of the most gifted. I dare say, also, that of two men having equal artistic abilities, the one commanding more knowledge will reach a far higher level of style. He alone will be able to produce this beauty of an extraordinary kind, perhaps the most specifically human type of beauty (one might call it " Pascalian beauty "), which is found only in the writings of those who were at the same time great scientists and great artists.

I well know that some scientists affect to despise literary activities to the extent that they entrust to secretaries the writing of their own memoirs. This only proves that their ideas, however important in some technical respect, are rather of a low quality; it proves that they are unable

to appreciate the value of the innumerable shades of meaning which language attaches to our thoughts as soon as we try to communicate them. Their indifferent language expresses the mediocrity of their soul. Truly, these men are no more scientists than stonecutters are architects. Sometimes they complain that their discoveries lack recognition, without realizing that they were the first to jeopardize their success. For no discovery is completed until it has been explained, and they never took the trouble to explain it properly. These inarticulate investigators are often so little aware of this shortcoming that they take pride in their own disgrace and distrust the scholars who do not share it. It is men of this type who spoke ill of Renan's scholarship because he wrote so well; it is the same men who keep out of their academies those who reveal a suspicious sense of style. They seem to believe that a scientific paper should not be taken seriously unless it be painfully tedious.

I prefer to turn my face from them and to look toward the future. When the attention of our youth will be more evenly divided between literary and artistic studies on the one hand and a full and sound scientific education on the other, a type of men which has now almost vanished will then slowly reappear. I mean all-round humanists able to appreciate the beauty of science as well as the beauty of art, and to understand nature as well as man. Such complete humanists have existed in the past; there is no reason why they should not thrive again in the future, though their reappearance will hardly be possible without a profound transformation of the present course of study. It is from these new humanists, when they have grown sufficiently strong and numerous, that we may reasonably expect the creation of the new literature to which I referred above. They may also inspire a new art. Why

not? The leading men of the golden ages of art, for instance the fifth century before Christ, were men of just such a type; they united in their minds idealism with knowledge, they were instinct with the love both of beauty and of truth.

By giving more importance to the teaching of science, at least one literary advantage would be obtained. Clear thinking and writing would be stimulated and unclear writing discouraged. One can but despise the man of letters or the artist who expresses himself unclearly on a gambling chance that some will mistake his mistiness for real profundity. Yet this trick is often successful. For it is a fact that many people — especially women who have received in a college or a finishing school just enough education to make others and themselves believe that they know something — are very often attracted by unclear writing, and fall an easy prey to any faker who knows how to bait them. They seem to assume that any muddled thought is deep, and hasten to proclaim its depth to suggest that they have fathomed it. On the contrary, when a sterling thought is expressed to them without bluff, and so clearly that one can see through it as one sees through the crystal water of a mountain lake, they are apt to think that it is shallow. That is natural enough, for they cannot grasp the pregnancy of such simple language, and yet they feel that nothing is hidden from them. Indeed, such clear style is like a mirror which reflects their own image; they see in it nothing but their own shallowness.

Experimental research would help boys and girls to realize the utter dishonesty of loose thinking. It would convince them that to fail to think out, if one thinks at all, and, having thought them out, not to express one's ideas as clearly as possible (if it be only for oneself), is a sort of cowardice.

The development of what I might call a "scientific conscience" would also discourage a great deal of useless writing. We may divide all writings into two classes: those which deal with dreams and those which deal with reality; or, to put it more briefly, fiction and non-fiction. I have no quarrel with fiction; we need it, were it only to prove that there is, after all, much more variety and fantasy in nature than in our most fantastic dreams. We need good novels, and we can never have too much of the best sort of poetry (but how rare it is!). The worst sort of literature is that which is supposed to represent reality and falsifies it, which is supposed to inform us and misinforms us. I suppose that scientific habits would go far to check the literary tendencies of men distinguished neither by their style nor their knowledge; men who make books as one would pave roads, without any inspiration; men whose only ambition is to get into print, or to make some money, or, at best, to "write well"; that is, to write as their old teachers have taught them, with the correct spelling and punctuation and a few conventional trimmings. Oh, how one would wish that they wrote less correctly and in a more personal vein! But it is hopeless, and the best that one can expect from them is that artificial and unconvincing elegance, as nauseating as the after smell of cheap perfume.

That is why nothing irritates me more than to be told that an essay of mine is "well written." He who speaks so to me rubs me up the wrong way, indeed. "Well written! Did he say well written?" The ass does not realize that he has been trampling on a piece of my own heart. If a girl, after having read a letter in which a friend had dared at last to express his fondest hope, remarked to him that it was "well written," how would her lover feel, do you think? Well, I can but feel as

he would. Is not any writing which has been deeply meditated, and has at last burst straight from one's heart, a message of love? No, I do not try to "write well." I often feel that I have something to say, but I keep silent as long as I can, or I speak of the weather and the crops and the family. But the thought accumulates in me, until sooner or later the pressure becomes so great that I must speak out. And then I try to say what I have on my mind as clearly and simply yet as forcibly as possible.

A scientific training would slowly inculcate a greater fear of error, a deeper respect for truth, and hence would inspire any would-be writer with a deeper sense of responsibility. Any author should be considered as guilty of indiscretion so long as he had not proved that his knowledge, conviction, and power of expression gave him, indeed, a right to speak. Besides, he should be repeatedly made to realize that the attainment of the highest style implies absolute devotion. One must be ready to spend one's whole substance; anything short of that would be mean. If one does not write with one's own blood, what is the use of writing at all?

"The Doctor Looks at Literature"
Dallin

Collins – Jr. Looks at Literature.

THE NOVEL AND THE SPIRIT[1]

BY ZONA GALE Brimming Cup

A FEW years ago it was the habit of the New York newspapers to instruct their reporters that, whatever the nature of the story which they brought to the city room, one rule must be regarded: the story must be reduced to the briefest possible statement and this statement would constitute the first paragraph of the newspaper account.

Thus: Clarence Thorne, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thorne, living at 500 West 500th Street, was run over by a sprinkling cart yesterday afternoon at four o'clock as he was playing before his parents' door, and was instantly killed.

Recently I read in the *New York Times* an account of a similar accident and the account ran like this:

The children living in West 500th Street wish that yesterday had not been a holiday because, if it had not been so, little Clarence Thorne, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Thorne living at No. 500, would have been busy at school with his books instead of playing at hopscotch in the street before his parents' door where yesterday afternoon at four o'clock he met his death.

This opening paragraph tells the story, to be sure, briefly and yet in so different a tone from its first statement that the paragraph may be said to regard a new

[1] From *The Yale Review*, October, 1922. Reprinted by permission of the author and of *The Yale Review*.

ruling. Very few years have crept between the two fashions but the whole feeling of the treatment has changed.

Certain habits of the novel vary quite as nimbly. As in *Père Goriot*, when the misfortunes of the Pension Vauquer have gathered and multiplied, one guest after another has dropped away, even that admirable Vautrin of whom they made a convict, and to Madame Vauquer, receiving blow after blow, the final one is administered by Sophie the maid who enters and cries out that the cat is missing: " Madame, I have not seen Mistigris all day." " Ah, this, . . ." cries Madame. The poor creature lifted her hands to her head. . . .

Imagine Mr. Sinclair Lewis seeking to heighten a situation by a device like that. In such an hour Mr. Lewis would be far more likely to introduce Sophie saying that the green grocer had come for his order and would madame have beans.

But however the mode of expression of a news story may vary, the character of the news itself remains unaltered. News is news. All the news is the news. News may be colored or suppressed but to the city room and the public it is none the less news and has remained essentially the same since news-writing has attained a professional status. It is only recently that the novel has attained to this honest estate. For though the novel has been slowly extending its technical frontiers, changing its style even as the newspaper, yet it is only of late that the novel has, so to say, begun to try to include all the news.

It is a great moment in any art when the artist transfers his attention from the extension of his method to the extension of his material. From a preoccupation with technical areas and rebellion at their limitations, the novelist seems now to have come to the unique delight

of the artist, namely, such strong excitement in the presence of life that he must suppress that excitement. And if it is said that he has always been doing this, yes, he has done this for crises, for moments of extreme action, for acute situations, for the comedy, the tragedy, the zeniths, and the nadirs; but never before has he done this for life's sheer deadly death-dealing routine. As a gatherer of materials he now rivals the newspapers and is saying: "*All* the news for the novel, whether the public knows it as news or not." He is on his way from the old artificial selectiveness to a new selectiveness of still unknown standards.

Consider these three family groups and their comparative value to the fiction writers of to-day and yesterday:

The setting for the first is a little house where lives alone a man in the eighties, alert, humorous, tolerant, well, who refuses to give up his home of a lifetime to go to live with children and grandchildren in the same town. "Here I stay," he says decisively, "I will go forth and back but here I stay." And among all the many members of that family there is a relationship so tender that it would not be welcome material for any modern novelist. — Over the hill are three or four houses tenanted by members of a second family and these are continually at war. They do not admire one another's in-laws and a pending property distribution darkens the sky. Winds of bitterness and clamor rock those houses and the town hears the impact. Rich material this, for any novelist of any period. — But now in the "residence part," as the townsfolk say, there is a third group of whom the town has a stock observation: "Aren't the Blanks a lovely family?" In this family are the father, a business and church pillar of hackneyed composition; the mother who does her best as a matter of course and never questions either; the three

adult daughters, potentially charming women, without the initiative or the independence to accept life; and the one adult son Gracchus — a model. "Gracchus Blank is such a nice man," says the town. In that home the thoughts of 1895 are household words. A patriarchal family, with money. And the town says: "Aren't the Blanks a lovely family?"

Now of these three families the first, the tender family, and the second, the bitter family, have often furnished legitimate news for the novelist. So has the third, the patriarchal family, *as viewed by the townspeople.* But the novelist of to-day has discovered the breakfast table and the luncheon table and the evening lamp of that third family, not in crises, but day by day. And he has discovered what goes on within the pillar and the painstaking mother and the three daughters and Gracchus, the model, judged, not by the standards of the town, but to some extent by the standards of the new knowledge concerning renunciation and repression and hypocrisy and business and the church. And the transvaluation of that patriarchal family thus requires a new geometry and all but requires another space. Not, observe, that family in crises so much as that family at breakfast, living its routine life much as you and I live ours. Main Street

Of course the novelist has always handled such a family if he could satirize it, blur it, trick it, caricature it. But to record it has not interested him. Indeed under the old theology, the old sociology, the old psychology, he could not record it because he did not see it. So he was content to cover circumstance with something of the bright veil which we throw about the late doings of the dead.

Especially has he been content to use those bright veils in the ceremonies incident to his two most ancient incantations. Two valid incantations the novel has always

known, the novel of every land which knows the novel: namely, romantic love in an exhaustless number of colorful arrangements; and moral aspiration. On these virtually all novels have depended for their breath. Love and honor.

And among us these two enchantments have been pronounced in but one tongue and according to one tradition, the Anglo-Saxon. Not only has the American novel clung steadfastly to these two interests but for years it never departed from the Anglo-Saxon interpretation of these two interests. Now of late the American novelist has made two discoveries.

The first discovery is that the American novel may treat of romantic love and moral aspiration not according to the Anglo-Saxon tradition but according to the Anglo-Saxon habit of life — quite another matter.

The second discovery is that love and idealism are after all only two of the factors of existence; and that a large part of even the Anglo-Saxon life is occupied with neither the one nor the other.

Here are thus opened to the novelist masses of fresh material in whose treatment, so far as the Anglo-Saxon habit of life is concerned, it is impossible for him to be imitative. It is the opening up of a new country. His country, his own people as they are and not as they think they are. His native sources of supply.

These native sources of supply are not identical with 1776 and 1849 and 1865 and 1917. Nor, in spite of the sins of many, do they depend upon the use of bad English. Gradually in New England, in Virginia, in Indiana, in Kansas, in California, in New York, mine after mine of these native supplies has begun to yield its peculiar ore, an ore not so much dependent upon the dynamite of plot as upon a mere surface shovel to reveal its shin-

ing. For it is merely the immemorial richness of human relationship as touched specifically by two influences. One, and that one of lesser importance, is regional color. The second and inestimably the more vital is the national genius. Regional color has often been far too thickly overlaid, has become the " local discoloration " into which Wilde saw local color degenerating. To the national genius the novel of any nation will always be delivered.

The distinctive fashion in which the desire for growth and change expresses itself is the manifestation of the genius of a nation. In the American national genius we have a spirit now considerably crippled but still recognizably at one with the spirit of the colonies and therefore now definitely at variance with many traditions, both native and world traditions, crystallized in unforeseen forms. For it seems that the right of the individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is not limited, as we had earlier supposed, by his politics and his religion. And with this emphasis the national novel is now concerned, in common with the novels of the rest of the world. The novelist who is creative is bound to extend the principles of the national genius and is found applying it to all else which affects the growth of the individual: Marriage, the great American home, relatives, institutions, conventions, traditions, and the accepted virtues in the routine of his civilization. But if crude aspects of this routine are presented by him, or crude characters questioning this routine at any point, somebody is going to say: " I don't like that book. It isn't about pleasant people. I shouldn't care to know them. Why write about them? " Conceivably it may not be about pleasant people. What are we going to do about it? Change the novel or change the people?

Recently in an evening of discussion on the English

novel I heard a distinguished professor of science declare that all he wanted of a novel was help in forgetting himself. That seems a crass confession akin to one that might be made by a devotee of the motion picture. Developed drama or a symphony does not help one to forget oneself — they deepen one's sensibilities. It is this which one may ask of any art. It is this which one may ask of the novel. In that case the man of science was right, though not in the way that he meant. For to deepen one's sensibilities is of course to take one out of one's lesser self into one's wider incarnations.

It is precisely this process which, by a method known to the most elementary logic, the modern English novelists including the American novelists have more or less unconsciously begun to attempt. See, they say, not your greater incarnation but its opposite, for so long not considered news for the novel at all. Read of the complacent deaths which you live; if you like, count them — if you can. And thus drop deeper into your pit where you may better see the star of our potential life. Of course as a matter of fact they say nothing of the sort. They merely let us enter the dark and they leave us there to dream of the light if we have it in us.

The following is quoted from a recent American novel.

"The butcher had a hooked nose and when he smiled his nose seemed to press down his thick brown moustache that framed his even teeth so beautifully. He settled his apron over his stomach and gazed at her hungrily above the glass top of the counter as though he were trying to hypnotize her into buying some of the coral pink sausages which reposed beside a block of ice in the transparent case. . . . The meat shop was white as death. It smelled of blood and sawdust. . . . 'I want a — can you give me a nice rib roast to-day? What do you ask

for those hens?' Mrs. Farley always hesitated when she spoke. Her vague squinting eyes traveled undecidedly over the big pieces of meat, the shoulders, the forelegs, the haunches, . . . the fowls dangling in a row a little before the meat. 'I will take two of the hens,' said Mrs. Farley. 'Be sure you give me fat ones,' she added frowning. She fumbled . . . for the money. She made her way through the bitter-smelling gloom." And so on.

Intolerable, certainly. But the novel did not manufacture the butcher-shop. It merely confessed it. Or this:

"Dr. Beach had gone but the nurse was still in the room. She had her back turned towards the door and was folding up some clothes. The gas flame had been extinguished. The window curtains were open. Objects in the room were plainly visible throwing no anchorage of shadow. Lawrence went towards the bed. He set his feet down carefully as if he were afraid of being heard. When he reached her he saw that she had not moved. She would never move. A sob of agony and relief shook him. He kneeled by the bed. She had not moved. Stillness revolved about him in eternal motion."

Obviously *The Narrow House* did not manufacture that terrible sob of agony and relief. Or the terrible commonplace of the story which led up to it. Our novels have been accustomed for long to the good taste of hypocrisy. We have never been willing to admit life in art any more than in life.

However, there is now no hypocrisy, there are no veils, there is not even good taste in the novels intent on leading us into the dark and leaving us there to listen to its terrible breathing. All the news about living goes into these novels. And it is with this wholesale process that the use of the commonplace is concerned. In a majority of the realistic American novels of to-day we have a voice

not of evil but of the commonplace. It is as if all the banalities of our lives — brushes, combs, coat-hangers, the defiling and scouring of dishes, the idiotic recreations, the stodgy generalizations, the sad commercialism, the tragic nothings which collect about us were suddenly to cry out in a single voice in these books. And you hear the naïve antiphonal chorus: "I don't like those books. . . . I wouldn't care to know the people." It is wholly unimportant whether or not we like the people. In some of our moments all of us are those people. Such novels are merely saying: "Look at us." And why should not the realistic novel say that which is being said by a laboring music, a fourth dimensional art, and an ambiguous social order:

> "Look at us. Us Gods, fallen into more kinds of pits than seem possible." These are no trumpet voices, no pulses of propaganda. They are mere recording voices, conversational, table-talking voices saying: "My dear gods, not only in your crises but at your very breakfasts you are in a pit of your digging."

We have then in the American novel of to-day the facing of the Anglo-Saxon habit of life, the admission that it concerns itself with other things than love and aspiration, a tardy turning to our native sources of supply, the recognition of the value of the commonplace, and at last an honest expression of the melting pot national genius. But is there anything which the American novel signally lacks? What other material, in what way conditioned, might the novel require in its business of imaginatively recording us? Are there any sources of material which we here in America are neglecting? Is there any omission by which we are flawing our fiction as hypocrisy once flawed it? Has the American novel a malady?

The malady of our novels is an immemorial malady,

namely, their lack of power to express beauty. Beauty as a force. Inhering beauty. Almost, one adds, incommunicable beauty.

" Beauty old yet ever new, eternal voice and inward word." The momentary lift and urge which comes from the reading of that line carved on the New York library façade, what novel can ever capture and sustain that? Perhaps it cannot yet be sustained in a novel, cannot even be borne by us, as it could not be borne to see a god. And yet it is a part of life, operative in beings. And there is that other line carved on the same façade: " But above all things truth beareth away the victory." Without beauty a record of truth is like the Borglum gargoyle at Princeton — the ill-equipped thing, having one arm and one wing. The novel which has not beauty has but one aspect of truth. And where in the American novel have we beauty?

We have it occurring here and there in volumes which will present themselves at once — well-remembered bits from Mrs. Wharton, from Howells, from James; from a half dozen of the moderns. Something of beauty lurks in the work of many whom we moment by moment recall. But not enough beauty. Beauty has never yet been captured even approximately by any of them. Not captured, one may say, so nearly in the novel as Henry Adams captured it in " the Hall of the Dynamos " — and there at the last it eluded him too. In the novel as America has developed it, there is offered as yet no veiled wonder.

As between that which we called beauty in the novel fifty years ago and phases of that which we call merely realism now, you and I may prefer the merely realistic, phases of which indeed may have become our idea of beauty. Beauty changes its form. Consider one worn

instance of beauty, an instance to which we were long accustomed to refer as the loveliest chapter in the Victorian novel — the meeting of Richard Feverel and Lucy by the weir. We still love it but do we not love it indulgently, as we love Cruikshank? Lift beside it a page of Conrad, a mere hurrying wing of a sail in the dark and brooding figures black against a red moon, intent in talk which is half eloquent elision — and we know that beauty, such as we have, has changed its form. Or in *The Rescue,* the meeting of the two women, the catching up of the reality behind the racial difference, the reaching up to an evolutionary meaning, the dramatization of the cleft cut by centuries of breeding, the delicate shadowing forth of all that is to come, the fascination of the fragile yet firm effects won by every flawless sentence; and from restraint that always rhythmic clip back to the gorgeous tapestry of the tropics, all this sustained with other and yet other strands interwoven — the unconscious genius of love in Linyard, the genius of his friend of the one great passion; the whole forever pointing, pointing to the inevitable imperious — but how melodramatic! — conclusion: "Steer north!" This is beauty as we know it now in the novel; and incidentally it is of the essence of Conrad. By it we mean infinitely more than the beauty of a mosaic. We mean the beauty of an organism.

But even organic beauty such as is fundamental to *The Rescue* is to be transcended. There is beauty already actually incarnate in life but in novels seldom operative and never treated as casually existent, like flowers. For refinements of human conduct have run far ahead of their reflection in the novel — the novel is still intent on crude aspects of behavior already by at least a measurable proportion of the race left behind.

To be sure, the use of the Ten Commandments as direct

fictional motives has been outgrown. Characters in fiction who ordered their lives under the conscious stimulus of the Ten Commandments would be ridiculous. The Ten Commandments as immediate dictators of action obviously have no literary value. It is only in that area that lies beyond precept, in the shadowy caves of cross current and counter current that the novel can employ them at all.

But among these derivatives the novel seems usually to seize upon crass examples. Witness that highest moment in *The Rescue* — Linyard's resolute "Steer north!" The moment when the yacht has left the island and has taken away all that Linyard cared for in the world:

> . . . Carter approached him and spoke quietly: "The tide has turned and the night is coming on. Hadn't we better get away from these shoals, sir?" . . .
>
> Linyard came out of his absorption with a deep tremor of his powerful frame like the shudder of an uprooted tree.
>
> "How was the yacht heading when you lost sight of her?" he asked.
>
> "South, as near as possible," answered Carter. "Will you give me a course to steer for the night, sir?"
>
> Linyard's lips trembled before he spoke but his voice was calm. "Steer north," he said.

Here is one of the exalted moral beauties of the novel — renunciation. And yet in *The Rescue* — and how much more patently in the novels of any other — what a grandiose gesture it is. "Steer north" is clear melodrama. Renunciation represents a stage in human conduct but it may be a crude stage. We have James and Conrad as apostles of renunciation and on their heels comes a psychology isolating and defining repression so that already there dawns for us the gospel of transmutation; not to deny or to renounce but to transcend; not to waste force

but to transform it; not to thwart but to exceed; to turn passion into power. Here are fields for the fortitude and the delicacy of the novelist beside which undiscriminating renunciation is as crude as blind obedience. Here fall nuances of creative conduct beside which "Steer north" bears an odor of bad taste, insisting too much — as does the Golden Rule, that precept for the child in process of becoming so sensitized that he will do unto others the right for its own sake. But these and their like are favorite nobilities of the novel — the glorified detective story with a man himself as both culprit and keeper; or of late as pleased fugitive from the whole case.

Now there are in the world countless persons of humor and variety for whom certain crude moral struggles no longer exist. There are those in whose conduct money questionably touched could enter no more than murder; by whom the truth is spoken quite as simply and naturally as good English; in whom good faith is not an accomplishment like harp-playing but a function like sight; those in whom the social consciousness is a passion beside which any personal profit can live not even as an impulse; those who do not brawl in their families or shout "me first" in any of its tongues. Those whose reactions are in the main socialized, spiritualized, humanized. And who — the point is here — are conscious of but a quite ordinary functioning. No grandiose gestures from them! Merely records of reaction, rich in humor and misadventure and delight and deep waters; the old, dreaming beyond dreams; youth, with its new æsthetic; the middle generation, understanding neither; folk of pressing preoccupation, inarticulacies, flashes of insight; of heart-breaking misapprehension, memories, inevitabilities; who go re-kindling old fires; what have these tragedies to do with raw "right"

and "wrong"? Great areas of living involve for such folk as these no *crude* moral choices at all. But they are rarely admitted to the pages of a modern novel, at least without a fanfare. The moral matter-of-course becomes in the novel heavily featured. Good faith and the social passion, for example, are there employed in isolated self-conscious moments, not called casual but made crucial; or else are challenged, revalued, abandoned.

Eventually we shall have, we must believe, occasional novels taking for granted a certain degree of moral health and going about a brighter business. Indeed this may be the only way in which we shall succeed in getting rid of self-conscious idealism as a root-motif of the novel, an idealism to which the Anglo-Saxon novel reader clings as tenderly as the Anglo-Saxon in his daily life likes to believe that he himself clings. We shall be rid of this motif not by challenging order or by stopping in the welter on this side, but by writing of these who have transcended chaos.

"Do you not see," offers the devotee of the "red-blooded" novel, "with the use of such materials you'd have no novel? Because you'd have no struggle."

But we hear the unimaginative say that if the economic struggle were removed, life would not be worth living. The novel in which a crude moral struggle, either lost or won, is the highest motif is as primitive in art as is the economic struggle in life.

Also the reader of the red-blooded novel holds that such serene folk are too rare to become suitable fiction material. Even if they are rare they should have in the novel a place as secure as the pathologic and drunken who seem always to be welcome. The sophisticated reader ventures that by such novels we should be dangerously

approaching, in the usual spiral of experience, an apotheosis of the condition through which the novel earlier took its way: the perfect family relationship, the perfect lover, perfection *ad nauseam*. Even if this were true it would not matter. The novel must deliver itself to material which bears no relation to self-conscious perfection. It is precisely the weakness of Anglo-Saxon morality and novel-making alike that they can imagine no such occasions.

Yet in experience it is not until "temptations" are left behind that really beautiful living can begin. Previous to that time everything is crude and experimental. All the loveliest nuances of relationship lie in the region beyond such voices. Human experiences reveal new faces in this clear air. Whole planes of experience are to be treated for which only the reasonably evolved can possibly furnish material. And always there is the free spirit within in fleeting union with an exquisite and inexorable spirit without — the great inner history, useless, or no more than incidental to the novel so long as the shackles of a crude idealism have not fallen away. Nor need these adventures by any means be confined to the sophisticated, the formally choice. Homely hearts and hearths furnish their high proportion of unconscious fineness — the unconscious, which always matters most. Theirs are the choices to some extent already bred into the race.

The chief concern of the American novel of to-morrow will be to uncover the beauty of our essential commonplace living as the novel of to-day has triumphantly uncovered its ugliness. To uncover beauty not by denying ugliness — the novel of to-day has made that forever impossible — but first by accepting all of life, something which we in America have never been willing to do either in art or in life; and then by a new selectiveness. It is

only after a broadly affirmative art arises that a really selective art becomes possible. The modern realistic novel performs the inestimable service of extending our admissions, our affirmations. It has chosen to affirm the commonplace, the sordid, the ugly, because that is most obvious: also it is far easier to record; is, in fine, the natural gesture away from sentimentality and hypocrisy and smugness. Of course the gesture has been too violent. As Conrad says in his *Notes on Life and Letters:*

"It seems as if the discovery made by many men at various times that there is much evil in the world were a source of unholy joy unto some of the modern writers. It gives an author — goodness only knows why — an elated sense of his own superiority. And there is nothing more dangerous than such an elation to that absolute loyalty towards his feelings and sensations an author should keep hold of in his most exalted moments of creation."

And it is true that the novel here in America, having at last eaten of the tree of good and evil and of the commonplace — doubtless unknown in Eden — has learned to admit not only that life is not all apples, but has occasionally led us to suppose that orchards bear exclusively cores — or even worms.

There is, however, nothing ultimately pessimistic about our present records of the commonplace. Nothing inexorable is expected by these modern novels to crush us. There is in them no sense of fate — that is not the way of the national genius. Even Mr. Hergesheimer in his records of a debased society, though he is ironic, is still rather wistful. All these novels are merely saying: "Look at us, gods in the pit — but a pit of our own digging. And we are worth digging out. If we were not so we wouldn't have mentioned it."

This so far is the sum of their affirmations; a broad

enough extension if one considers the inhibitions of the 'nineties when our novels were either formed for vigilance committees or else were " light."

So in the revealing of life to which every generation of novelists succeeds, their entire work has as yet hardly touched at life's inner magic. And the greatest of this magic, it is predictable, will be the magic of love. It may be against love that the sins of our modern novels are greatest. For it may appear that love is only one aspect of that heightening of faculty and perception towards which the race seems to be tending. Or what if it is true that the extensions of faculty of the race are to be developed by those in the heightened perception known as " being in love " ? Consider what may lie in store for us when novels shall reflect these courts. Picture that sort of love story and compare it with our love stories of now, with the hackneyed lure of the Third-at-the-threshold, the use of the pathologic, the drunken. To these the novel is still serving its brief bondage.

Poetry, pictorial and plastic art, and music, all so much more highly developed than fiction or than the society which fiction now depicts, have always risen to that medium of expression which now we seek for the novel — expression which does not merely record beauty but rises to the actual planes of beauty itself.

It is upon these lovely areas that fiction must adventure. It must know beauty, it must be beauty. Not the beauty of the flesh but the beauty of the cell and of its unknown urge. Inhering beauty. The utter beauty of our essential living.

THE NATIONAL LITERATURE[1]

BY H. L. MENCKEN

THE thing that ails the literature of the United States, in these our troubled times, is precisely what ails the general culture of the country, and that is the lack of a civilized aristocracy, secure in its position, animated by an intelligent curiosity, skeptical of all facile generalizations, superior to the sentimentality of the mob, and delighting in the battle of ideas for its own sake.

The word I use, despite the qualifying adjective, has got itself meanings, of course, that I by no means intend to convey. Any mention of an aristocracy, to a public fed upon democratic fustian, is bound to bring up images of stockbrokers' wives lolling in opera boxes, or of haughty Englishmen slaughtering whole generations of grouse in an inordinate and incomprehensible manner, or of Junkers with tight waists elbowing American schoolma'ams off the sidewalks of German beer towns, or of perfumed Italians coming over to work their abominable magic upon the daughters of breakfast-food and bath-tub kings. Part of this misconception, I suppose, has its roots in the gaudy imbecilities of the yellow press, but there is also a part that belongs to the general American tradition, along with

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the oppression of minorities and the belief in political panaceas. Its depth and extent are constantly revealed by the naïve assumption that the so-called fashionable folk of the large cities — chiefly the wealthy industrial class in the interior-decorator and country-club stage of culture — constitute an aristocracy, and by the scarcely less remarkable assumption that the peerage of England is identical with the gentry.

Here, as always, the worshipper is the father of the gods, and no less when they are evil than when they are benign. The inferior man must find himself superiors, that he may marvel at his political equality with them — and in the absence of recognizable superiors *de facto* he creates superiors *de jure*. The sublime principle of one man, one vote, must be translated into terms of dollars, diamonds, fashionable intelligence; the equality of all men before the law must have clear and dramatic proofs. Sometimes, perhaps, the thing goes further and is more subtle. The inferior man needs an aristocracy to demonstrate, not only his mere equality, but also his actual superiority. The society columns in the newspapers may have some such origin: they may visualize once more the accomplished journalist's understanding of the mob mind that he plays upon so skilfully, as upon some immense and cacophonous organ, always going *fortissimo*. What the inferior man and his wife see in the sinister revels of those amazing "first families," I suspect, is often a massive witness to their own higher rectitude — to their firmer grasp upon the immutable axioms of Christian virtue — the one sound boast of the nether nine-tenths of humanity in every land under the cross.

But this bugaboo aristocracy, as I hint, is actually bogus, and the evidence of its bogusness lies in the fact that it is insecure. One gets into it only onerously, but

out of it very easily. Entrance is effected by dint of a long and bitter struggle, and the chief incidents of that struggle are almost intolerable humiliations. The aspirant must school and steel himself to sniffs and sneers; he must see the door slammed upon him a hundred times before ever it is thrown open to him. To get in at all he must show a talent for abasement — and abasement makes him timorous. Worse, that timorousness is not cured when he succeeds at last. On the contrary, it is made even more tremulous, for what he faces within the gates is a scheme of things made up almost wholly of harsh and often unintelligible taboos, and the penalty for violating even the least of them is swift and disastrous. He must exhibit exactly the right social habits, appetites, and prejudices, public and private. He must harbor exactly the right political enthusiasms and indignations. His attitude towards the fine arts must be properly tolerant and yet not a shade too eager. He must read and like exactly the right books, pamphlets, and public journals. He must put up at the right hotels when he travels. His wife must patronize the right milliners. He himself must stick to the right haberdashery. He must live in the right neighborhood. He must even embrace the right doctrines in religion.

It would ruin him, for all society column purposes, to set up a plea for justice to the Bolsheviki, or even for ordinary decency. It would ruin him equally to wear celluloid collars, or to move to Union Hill, N. J., or to serve sauerkraut at his table. And it would ruin him, too, to drink coffee from his saucer, or to marry a chambermaid with a gold tooth, or to join the Seventh Day Adventists. Within the boundaries of his curious order he is worse fettered than a monk in a cell. Its obscure conception of propriety and its nebulous notion that this

or that is honorable hamper him in every direction, and very narrowly. What he resigns when he enters, even when he makes his first deprecating knock at the door, is every right to attack the ideas that happen to prevail within. Such as they are, he must accept them without question. And as they shift and change in response to great instinctive movements (or perhaps, now and then, to the punished but not to be forgotten revolts of extraordinary rebels), he must shift and change with them, silently and quickly. To hang back, to challenge and dispute, to preach reforms and revolutions — these are crimes against the brummagem Holy Ghost of the order.

Obviously, that order cannot constitute a genuine aristocracy, in any rational sense. A genuine aristocracy is grounded upon very different principles. Its first and most salient character is its interior security, and the chief visible evidence of that security is the freedom that goes with it — not only freedom in act, the divine right of the aristocrat to do what he jolly well pleases, so long as he does not violate the primary guarantees and obligations of his class, but also, and more importantly, freedom in thought, the liberty to try and err, the right to be his own man. It is the instinct of a true aristocracy, not to punish eccentricity by expulsion, but to throw a mantle of protection about it — to safeguard it from the suspicion and resentments of the lower orders. Those lower orders are inert, timid, inhospitable to ideas, hostile to changes, faithful to a few maudlin superstitions. All progress goes on on the higher levels. It is there that salient personalities, made secure by artificial immunities, may oscillate most widely from the normal track. It is within that entrenched fold, out of reach of the immemorial certainties of the mob, that extraordinary men of the lower orders may find their city of refuge, and breathe a clear air. This,

indeed, is at once the hallmark and the justification of an aristocracy — that it is beyond responsibility to the general masses of men, and hence superior to both their commonplace longings and their no less commonplace aversions. It is nothing if it is not autonomous, curious, venturesome, courageous — everything if it is. It is the custodian of the qualities that make for change and experiment; it is the class that organizes danger to the service of the race; it pays for its high prerogatives by standing in the forefront of the fray.

No such aristocracy, it must be plain, is now on view in the United States. The makings of one were visible in the Virginia of the later eighteenth century, but with Jefferson and Washington the promise died. In New England, it seems to me, there was never any aristocracy, either in being or in nascency: there was only a theocracy that degenerated very quickly into a plutocracy, on the one hand, and a caste of sterile *Gelehrten,* on the other. Despite the common notion to the contrary — a notion generated by confusing literacy with intelligence — New England has never shown the slightest sign of a genuine enthusiasm for ideas. It began its history as a slaughter-house of ideas, and it is to-day not easily distinguishable from a cold-storage plant. Its celebrated adventures in mysticism, once apparently so bold and significant, are now seen to have been little more than an elaborate hocus-pocus. The ideas that it embraced in those austere and far off days were stale, and when it had finished with them they were dead: to-day one hears of Jacob Böhme almost as rarely as one hears of Allen G. Thurman. So in politics. Its glory is Abolition — an English invention, long under the interdict of the native plutocracy. Since the Civil War its six States have produced fewer political ideas, as political ideas run in the Republic, than any

average county in Kansas or Nebraska, and its plutocracy has dominated thought above the Housatonic. The sect of professional idealists has so far dwindled that it has ceased to be of any importance, even as an opposition. When the plutocracy is challenged now, it is challenged by the proletariat.

What is on view in New England is on view in all other parts of the nation, sometimes with ameliorations, but usually with the colors merely exaggerated. What one beholds, sweeping the eye over the land, is a culture in three layers — the plutocracy on top, a vast mass of undifferentiated human blanks at the bottom, and a forlorn *intelligentsia* gasping out a precarious life between. I need not set out at any length, I hope, the intellectual deficiencies of the plutocracy — its failure to show anything even remotely resembling the makings of an aristocracy. It is lacking in the most elemental independence and courage. Out of this class comes the grotesque fashionable society of our big towns, already described.

Clearly, it is out of reason to look for any hospitality to ideas in a class so fearful of even the most palpably absurd of them. Its philosophy is firmly grounded upon the thesis that the existing order must stand forever free from attack, and not only from attack, but also from mere academic criticism, and its ethics are as firmly grounded upon the thesis that every attempt at any such criticism is a proof of moral turpitude. Within its own ranks, protected by what may be regarded as the privilege of the order, there is nothing to take the place of this criticism. A few feeble platitudes constitute almost the whole of the interior literature of ideas.

In other countries the plutocracy has often produced men of reflective and analytical habit, eager to rationalize its instincts and to bring it into some sort of relationship

to the main streams of human thought. The case of David Ricardo at once comes to mind. There have been many others: John Bright and Richard Cobden, for example. But in the United States no such phenomenon has been visible. There was a day, not long ago, when certain young men of wealth gave signs of an unaccustomed interest in ideas on the political side, but the most they managed to achieve was a banal sort of socialism, and even this was abandoned in sudden terror when the war came, and socialism fell under suspicion of being genuinely international — in brief, of being honest under the skin.

Nor has the plutocracy of the country ever fostered an inquiring spirit among its intellectual valets and footmen, which is to say, among the gentlemen who compose headlines and leading articles for its newspapers. What chiefly distinguishes the daily press of the United States from the press of all other countries pretending to culture is not its lack of truthfulness or even its lack of dignity and honor, but its incurable fear of ideas, its constant effort to evade the discussion of fundamentals by translating all issues into a few elemental fears, its incessant reduction of all reflection to mere emotion. It is, in the true sense, never well-informed. It is seldom intelligent — save in the arts of the mob-master — and seldom courageously honest. Held harshly to a rigid correctness of opinion by the plutocracy that controls it with less and less attempt at disguise, and menaced on all sides by censorships that it dare not flout, it sinks rapidly into formalism and feebleness. In its yellow section the only vestige of the old free journalist survives. In the more conservative papers one finds only a timid and petulant animosity against all questioning of the existing order, however urbane and sincere — a pervasive and ill-concealed dread that the mob now

heated up against the orthodox hobgoblins may suddenly begin to unearth hobgoblins of its own, and so run amuck.

For it is upon the emotions of the mob, of course, that the whole comedy is played. Theoretically the mob is the repository of all political wisdom and virtue; actually it is the ultimate source of all political power. Even the plutocracy cannot make war upon it openly, or forget the least of its weaknesses. The business of keeping it in order must be done discreetly, warily, with delicate technique. In the main that business consists of keeping alive its deep-seated fears — of strange faces, of unfamiliar ideas, of unhackneyed gestures, of untested liberties and responsibilities. The one permanent emotion of the inferior man, as of all the simpler mammals, is fear — fear of the unknown, the complex, the inexplicable. What he wants beyond everything else is safety. His instincts incline him towards a society so organized that it will protect him at all hazards against the need to grapple with unaccustomed problems, to weigh ideas, to think things out for himself, to scrutinize the platitudes upon which his everyday thinking is based. Content under kaiserism so long as it functions efficiently, he turns, when kaiserism falls, to some other and perhaps worse form of paternalism, bringing to its benign tyranny only the docile tribute of his pathetic allegiance. In America it is the newspaper that is his boss. From it he gets support for his elemental illusions. In it he sees a visible embodiment of his own wisdom and consequence. Out of it he draws fuel for his simple moral passion, his congenital suspicion of heresy, his dread of the unknown. And behind the newspaper stands the plutocracy, ignorant, unimaginative, and timorous.

Thus at the top and at the bottom. Obviously, there is no aristocracy here. One finds only one of the necessary elements, and that only in the plutocracy, to wit, a trucu-

lent egoism. But where is intelligence? Where are ease and surety of manner? Where are enterprise and curiosity? Where, above all, is courage, and in particular, moral courage — the capacity for independent thinking, for difficult problems? Democracy, obliterating the old aristocracy, has left only a vacuum in its place; in a century and a half it has failed either to lift up the mob to intellectual autonomy and dignity or to purge the plutocracy of its inherent stupidity. It is precisely here, the first and favorite scene of the Great Experiment, that the culture of the individual has been reduced to the most rigid and absurd regimentation. It is precisely here, of all civilized countries, that eccentricity in demeanor and opinion has come to bear the heaviest penalties. The whole drift of our law is towards the absolute prohibition of all ideas that diverge in the slightest from the accepted platitudes, and behind that drift of law there is a far more potent force of growing custom, and under that custom there is a national philosophy which erects conformity into the noblest of virtues and the free functioning of personality into a capital crime against society.

But there remain the *intelligentsia*, the free spirits in the middle ground, who are neither as anæsthetic to ideas as are the plutocracy nor as much the slaves of emotion as are the proletariat. What actually reveals itself when this small brotherhood of the superior is carefully examined? What reveals itself, it seems to me, is a gigantic disappointment. Superficially, there are all the marks of a caste of learned and sagacious men — a great book-knowledge, a laudable diligence, a certain fine reserve, a plain consciousness of intellectual superiority, not a few gestures that suggest the aristocratic. But under the surface one quickly discovers that the whole thing is little more than play-acting, and not always very skilful. Learning is there, but

not curiosity. A heavy dignity is there, but not much genuine self-respect. Pretentiousness is there, but not a trace of courage. Squeezed between the plutocracy on one side and the mob on the other, the *intelligentsia* face the eternal national problem of maintaining their position, of guarding themselves against challenge and attack, of keeping down suspicion. They have all the attributes of knowledge save the sense of power. They have all the qualities of an aristocracy save the capital qualities that arise out of a feeling of security, of complete independence, of absolute immunity to onslaught from above and below. In brief, the old bogusness hangs about them, as about the fashionable aristocrats of the society columns. They are safe so long as they are good, which is to say, so long as they neither aggrieve the plutocracy nor startle the proletariat. Immediately they fall into either misdemeanor, all their apparent dignity vanishes, and with it all their influence, and they become simply somewhat ridiculous rebels against a social order that has no genuine need of them and is disposed to tolerate them only when they are not obtrusive.

For various reasons this shadowy caste is largely made up of men who have official stamps upon their learning — that is, of professors, of doctors of philosophy; outside of academic circles it tends to shade off very rapidly into a half-world of isolated anarchists. One of those reasons is plain enough: the old democratic veneration for mere schooling, inherited from the Puritans of New England, is still in being, and the mob, always eager for short cuts in thinking is disposed to accept a schoolmaster without looking beyond his degree. Another reason lies in the fact that the higher education is still rather a novelty in the country, and yet other reasons will suggest themselves.

Whatever the ramification of causes, the fact is plain

that the pedagogs have almost a monopoly of what passes for the higher thinking in the land. Not only do they reign unchallenged in their own chaste grove; they also penetrate to all other fields of ratiocination. They dominate the weeklies of opinion; they are to the fore in every review; they write nine-tenths of the serious books of the country; they begin to invade the newspapers; they instruct and exhort the yokelry from the stump; they have even begun to penetrate into the government. One cannot turn in the United States without encountering a professor. There is one on every municipal commission. There is one in every bureau of the Federal Government. There is one at the head of every intellectual movement. There is one to explain every new mystery. Professors appraise all works of art, whether graphic, tonal, or literary. Professors supply the brain power for agriculture, diplomacy, the control of dependencies, and the distribution of commodities. A professor was until lately sovereign of the country, and pope of the state church.

So much for their opportunity. What, now, of their achievement? I answer as one who has had thrown upon him, by the impenetrable operations of fate, the rather thankless duties of a specialist in the ways of pedagogs. All my instincts are on the side of the professors. I esteem a man who devotes himself to a subject with hard diligence; I esteem even more a man who puts poverty and a shelf of books above profiteering. Moreover, there are more Ph.D's on my family tree than even a Boston bluestocking can boast; there was a whole century when even the most ignorant of my house was at least *Juris Utriusque Doctor*. But such predispositions should not be permitted to color sober researches. What I have found, after long and arduous labors, is a state of things that is surely not altogether flattering to the profession under examination.

What I have found, in brief, is that pedagogy turned to general public uses is almost as timid and flatulent as journalism — that the professor, menaced by the timid dogmatism of the plutocracy above him and the incurable suspiciousness of the mob beneath him, is inclined to seek his own security in a mellifluous inanity — that, far from being a courageous spokesman of ideas and an apostle of their free dissemination, he comes close to being the most prudent and skittish of all men concerned with them — in brief, that he yields to the prevailing correctness of thought in all departments, north, east, south, and west, and is, in fact, the chief exponent of the new doctrine that heresy is not only a mistake, but also a crime.

Thus at last I come to the national letters — to the mystery of our literature — its faltering feebleness, its lack of genuine gusto, its dearth of salient personalities, its general air of poverty and imitation — after a preface that may seem far too long. But the preface, here, contains the chief matter of the treatise; for literature, after all, is no more than a shadow of the life that it presumes to deal with, and all the qualities that it shows come out of that life. What ails the literature of the Republic, as I started by saying, is what ails the general culture of the Republic — the lack of a body of sophisticated and civilized public opinion, independent of plutocratic control and superior to the infantile philosophies of the mob — a body of opinion showing the eager curiosity, the educated skepticism, and the hospitality to ideas of a true aristocracy. This lack is felt by the American author, imagining him to have anything new to say, every day of his life. He can hope for no support, in ordinary cases, from the mob: it is too suspicious of all ideas. He can hope for no support from the spokesmen of the plutocracy: they are too diligently devoted to maintaining the intellectual *status*

quo. He turns, then, to the *intelligentsia* — and what he finds is correctness! In his two prime functions, to represent the life about him accurately and to criticize it honestly, he sees this correctness arrayed against him. His representation is indecorous, unlovely, too harsh to be borne. His criticism is in contumacy to the ideals upon which the whole structure rests. So he is either attacked vigorously as an anti-patriot whose babblings ought to be put down by law, or enshrouded in a silence which commonly disposes of him even more effectively.

Soon or late, of course, a man of genuine force and originality is bound to prevail against this sort of stupidity. He will unearth an adherent here and another there; in the long run they may become numerous enough to force some recognition of him, even from the exponents of correctness. The case of Whitman is classical. There was never any doubt about his essential originality, his claim to serious consideration. Emerson saw it at once, and held out a hand to him. But almost immediately he fell under the displeasure of the contemporary *intelligentsia* because of his crimes against conventionality, and soon the war upon him was being waged with such vigor that even Emerson was scared off. He was denounced as a corruptor of youth; he was deprived of his modest livelihood; all sorts of idiotic scandals about him were circulated; he came very near going to jail. A small guard of obscure admirers stood by him, and in the course of years it gradually increased in numbers and influence. But not a single American critic of secure position joined that guard; not a single professor of letters threw the weight of his authority upon the poet's side. When authority came to the rescue at last, it was foreign authority — English, French, and German. There ensued compromise. There ensued a grudging acceptance. In the end,

with the poet dead for years, correctness and pedagogy combined to pay him stupid and impertinent honors.

Such posthumous recognition is of no help to artists, and it is of no help to literature. A man who devotes his life to creating works of the imagination, a man who gives over all his strength and energy to struggling with problems that are essentially delicate and baffling and pregnant with doubt — such a man does not ask for recognition as a mere reward for his industry; he asks for it as a necessary help to his industry; he needs it as he needs decent subsistence and peace of mind. It is a grave damage to the artist and a grave loss to the literature that such a man as Poe should have had to seek consolation among his inferiors, that such a man as the Mark Twain of *What is Man?* should have been forced to conceal his most profound beliefs, and that such men as Dreiser and Cabell should be exposed to incessant attacks. The notion that artists flourish upon adversity and misunderstanding, that they are able to function to the utmost in an atmosphere of indifference or hostility — this notion is nine-tenths nonsense. If it were true, then one would never hear of painters going to France or of musicians going to Germany. What the artist actually needs is comprehension of his aims and ideals by men he respects — not necessarily approval of his products, but simply an intelligent sympathy for him in the great agony of creation. And that sympathy must be more than the mere fellow feeling of other craftsmen; it must come, in large part, out of a connoisseurship that is beyond the bald trade interest; it must have its roots in the intellectual curiosity of an aristocracy of taste. Billroth, I believe, was more valuable to Brahms than even Schumann. His eager interest gave music-making a solid dignity. His championship offered the musician a visible proof that his

labors had got for him a secure place in a civilized and stable society, and that he would be judged by his peers, and safeguarded against the obtuse hostility of his inferiors.

No such security is thrown about an artist in America. It is not that the country lacks the standards that Dr. Brownell pleads for; it is that its standards are still those of a primitive and timorous society. The excesses of Comstockery are profoundly symbolical. What they show is the moral certainty of the mob in operation against something that is as incomprehensible to it as the theory of least squares, and what they show even more vividly is the distressing lack of any automatic corrective of that outrage — of any firm and secure body of educated opinion, eager to hear and test all intelligible ideas and sensitively jealous of the right to discuss them freely.

England is always supplying this lack — England, or France, or Germany, or some other country. Intellectually, we remain an undistinguished colony, cautious, eager for praise, and ever willing to be led. That willingness got us back Poe from France, Whitman from France and Germany, Mark Twain from England. But it is a long process. And while it is dragging its weary lengths along, how many creative artists are turned from their tasks in sheer hopelessness, and how many books are struck dead before they get to paper? I often wonder. What would happen to an American Dostoievsky if he arose among us to-morrow? Or an Ibsen? Or a Joseph Conrad? Or a Zola? Or an Anatole France?

Democracy means you are as good as I and not I am as good as you.
Lowell

THE DEMOCRACY OF MARK TWAIN[1]

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

lacked spirit of reverence and respect

ANY one who has thought of Mark Twain merely as the author of many books may well be recommended to make his acquaintance as a puissant American personality through the three thick volumes of Mr. Paine's biography. As an inducement to that considerable undertaking I record here the experience of a reader who approached the enterprise with a distinct apprehension that he would be overtaken by fatigue before he emerged from the two-hundred-and-ninety-sixth chapter and plunged into the twenty-four appendices. He was thinking of Mark Twain as a humorous writer; and his mind was still irritated by memories of the extravagant admirers who in recent years have saluted the veteran of a thousand ovations as a superlative artist, a profound moralist, and a grave philosopher. He reflected on the fact that the biographer was something of an idolater and that his biography was the fruit of six years' labor, during four of which the subject had offered himself for study, and had dictated volumes of recollections. He suspected that these 1,719 pages would constitute a last disproportionate monument under which the old humorist would be buried. Then he opened the book and began to read.

When he left off reading, two or three days later, he found it difficult to escape from the interesting illusion

[1] From *On Contemporary Literature*, by Stuart P. Sherman. Copyright, 1917, by Henry Holt and Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

that he himself was Mark Twain. He felt as if he had just returned from a prolonged exploration of the world, and were rounding out in tranquility a restless life that had extended over three-quarters of a century. He looked back over a stream of experience of historical breadth and national significance. He had been carried back to the days of Andrew Jackson, and, with the hope and hunger of the westward migration, had drifted as the slave-holding John Clemens out of Kentucky into Tennessee and on to Missouri, and there had died, dreaming in poverty of his 75,000 acres of Tennessee land unsalable at twenty-five cents an acre. In 1835 he had been born again in his son, Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Half-educated, mischievous, and clever, he had set type for a struggling little journal in Hannibal, Missouri, ten years before the Civil War, and had made his first "sensation" by printing in his brother's paper a poem very faintly reminiscent of Robert Burns, inscribed "To Mary in H—l" (Hannibal). He had taken one end of a Testament, his mother holding the other, and had promised not to "throw a card or drink a drop of liquor," and had set out to see the world, still as a printer, in St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Keokuk, and Cincinnati. But then he heard the call of the Father of Waters, and for four years was pilot, and studied the intricate mysteries of the Mississippi, and laughed and jested with rivermen from St. Louis to New Orleans, till a shell from the Union batteries exploded in front of his pilot-house and ended that chapter. Then for a few days as second lieutenant of an extemporized militia company, he rode a small yellow mule to the aid of the Confederacy. Next the golden flare in the far West caught his eye, and couched among the mail-bags behind six galloping horses, he swapped yarns across seventeen hundred miles of plains till he reached Carson City, and

became a miner, and suffered the quotidian fever of the prospector, and filled his trunk with " wild-cat " stock, and knew the fierce life of frontier saloons and gambling hells. From the unremunerative pick and shovel he turned to the boisterous, bowie-knife journalism of the *Enterprise,* and thence to vitriolic humor on the *Morning Call* in San Francisco, and he sent his name to the Atlantic coast with *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,* and lined his pockets with gold by a great news " scoop " in the Sandwich Islands.

It was 1866, he was thirty-one years old, and his " career " had just begun. He now entered a forty-year engagement as a public lecturer, and competed successfully with Fanny Kemble and P. T. Barnum, and made himself known to hundreds of thousands whom he convulsed with laughter. At the same time he became a great traveler, perlustrated the cities of his native land, plundered the vineyards of Greece, presented an address to the Czar, visited Jerusalem with the Innocents, sojourned in England and gossiped with the Prince of Wales, in Germany and dined with the Emperor, in India and was entertained by a native prince in Bombay, interceded with President Kruger for the prisoners of the Jameson Raid, captured the cities of Australia and New Zealand, and exacted tribute from the whole world. Three or four years after the Civil War he had begun to throw off books as a comet throws off meteors. Then he took up the burdens of a publisher, bargained with General Grant for his memoirs, and sold a quarter of a million copies where the other bidder had planned for a sale of five or ten thousand. His imagination took fire at a dream of magnificent wealth, and he became a great speculator, and in one year invested $100,000 in projects, and sank a fortune in an unperfected type-setting machine, and went into bankruptcy. Then,

at the age of sixty he girded himself anew and made another fortune in three years and repaid his creditors to the last dollar, and in a few years more had accumulated a third fortune for himself, and drew annual royalties equal to the salary of the President of the United States, and built himself splendid mansions, and rested from his labors on an Italian mahogany bed, clad in a dressing-gown of Persian silk. Then the University of Oxford summoned the printer, pilot, miner, reporter, traveler, lecturer, author, publisher, capitalist across the sea, and robed him in scarlet, and made him a Doctor of Letters, and he retired into unofficial public life till, in 1910, the call came to set his course toward the sinking sun.

This is not the biography of an author; it is a part of the prose Odyssey of the American people; and it will continue to be read when many of Mark Twain's writings are forgotten. It will continue to be read because it conveys in relatively brief compass the total effect which he spent his lifetime in producing — with American recklessness and prodigality, with floods of garrulous improvisation. Mr. Paine loiters a little, it is true, through the years of Mark Twain's final prosperity, but that was the period of his personal relations with his hero, and we must forgive him, if, like an artist infatuated with his subject, he paints us several portraits differing only slightly in attitude and shading. His first two volumes are really marvels of compression; he disposes, for example, of the trip to Palestine in twenty-odd pages, and of the voyage around the world in less; yet very likely he tells about as much of those famous expeditions as after the lapse of a hundred years a more sophisticated posterity will stay to hear. From first to last he rejects tempting opportunities to digress into history and overflow into description; he supplies only so much setting as serves to bring the actor

into higher relief. He is under an illusion, I believe, as to the value of Mark Twain's theology and philosophy and literature; but his sense of what we may call biographical value is admirable. His book is full of animated and characteristic phrase, gesture, and attitude. He has extenuated nothing of his hero's weakness or his strength, and has set forth with all possible veracity the processes through which the man of the frontier became, without losing his essence and his tang, quite literally the man of the world.

No one recognized more frankly than Mark Twain himself that in a sense he was a raider from the Border. He never pretended to be the thing that he was not, and, on the other hand, he was never ashamed of the thing that he was. He planted himself, according to the Emersonian injunction, squarely upon his instincts, accepted "the society of his contemporaries, the connection of events," and, with a happy faculty for turning everything to account, capitalized his very limitations. It was one of the secrets of his immense personal effect that he never felt nor looked like a scholar or a thought-worn literary person, but rather like a man of affairs — erect, handsome, healthy, debonair — in his earlier years like a prosperous ranchman, later like a financier, a retired field-marshal, an ambassador, or, as his friends would have it, like a king. It was an iron constitution, tempered in the Mississippi and tested in the mining camps of the West, that enabled him to endure the stupendous fatigues of his great lecturing tours, to throw off 100,000 words of a novel in six weeks, to toil — without exercise and smoking heavily — all day and half the night, and, when he was past seventy, to talk copyright for hours with a hundred and fifty different Congressmen and radiate superfluous energy at a dinner in the

evening, or to play billiards with his biographer till four o'clock in the morning.

If a kind of unconscious frontier impudence persuaded him of his competency as a Biblical critic, and carried him into the realm of abstract ethics, and led him late in life to add the weight of his authority to the followers of Delia Bacon, it was a kindred and valuable mental innocence that made the first fifty years of his life a perpetual voyage of discovery, sharpened his observation and his appetite for experience, and preserved the vernacular vigor of his speech. Had he undergone in his formative period the discipline of an older and firmly stratified society, he would have been saved from some lapses in taste, but he would have lacked that splendid self-confidence which is born of living among a relatively homogeneous folk, and which in the long run explained his unrivaled power, on the platform and in print, of getting in touch with his public. As pilot, miner, and Nevada journalist he found his most profitable associates among men rather than among women, and formed the habit of addressing himself to a robust masculine audience — a habit which gives him an almost unique distinction in American literature, and marks him clearly as belonging to the heroic age. He was "a man's man." It is a significant fact that he was introduced to his future wife by her brother, who had become a great friend of his on the voyage of the Innocents. It is an equally significant fact that the friendship terminated and the brother departed on a journey when he learned that the humorist intended to marry his sister. If Mark Twain ever became a lion among the ladies, it was because they liked lions, not because he made any special concessions to the ladies. He detested Jane Austen, her works, and her world; and unabashed he accounted

for his antipathy: " When I take up one of Jane Austen's books, such as *Pride and Prejudice,* I feel like a barkeeper entering the kingdom of heaven." What he thought of the " kingdom of heaven " he has set forth in another place.

No American writer has ever enjoyed a more purely democratic reputation than Mark Twain. From village celebrity to international renown, he has been advanced stage after stage by popular suffrage. The plain, unbookish citizen holding both his sides at a public lecture has helped roar him into eminence. The freckled, brown-legged pirate who finds Tom Sawyer nearer to his business and his bosom than Robinson Crusoe has played no negligible part in the campaign. The vote of the retired merchant reading *A Tramp Abroad* in preparation for a European holiday told decisively in his favor before the tardy voice of the professional critic assented. Only when an overwhelming majority of his fellow countrymen had established his position, did the universities formally recognize the fact. And one suspects that for him as he strolled into the Sheldonian Theatre clad in scarlet to receive his degree from Oxford the pleasantest note of the occasion was the " very satisfactory hurrah " from the audience.

In the last few years of his life he received a higher honor than a degree from any university however venerable; he received the highest honor within the gift of the Republic. Let us distinguish here, not his three " manners " but the three aspects of his reputation. Like a political orator making his maiden speech or invading hostile territory, Mark Twain had broken the reserve of his first audience with a string of irresistible " funny stories " and a comic recital of his travels. Handicapped by uproarious laughter, he produced a number of books which demanded serious consideration, but his leonine

head had grown gray before he lived down his reputation as a "platform humorist." At about the time of his seventieth birthday, however, he obtained a reconsideration of his case, and the gravest tribunals decided that he indubitably belonged in the history of literature, if, indeed, he was not the "foremost American man of letters." After that, national feeling about him crystalized rapidly into its final state. He appeared in white flannels in midwinter, declaring that white was the only wear for a man with seventy clean years behind him; we were significantly pleased. When our newspapers had made one of their occasional "little breaks" in reporting the result of his serious illness, he cabled from the Bermudas that the reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated." It was a phrase that we all envied, from our Presidential phrase-maker down; we recognized that he was no longer a mere literary man — he was a national character. When he died we abandoned the last reservation. We said with one voice: *He was an American.*

To the foreign critic this ultimate tribute may seem perplexingly cheap and anticlimactic. That is, of course, due to the mistaken notion that we number some five score millions of Americans. As a matter of fact, we number our Americans on our ten fingers; the rest of us are merely citizens of the United States. Any one who will take the trouble to be born may become a citizen. To become an American requires other talents. We are more than doubtful about the status of Washington: he was the Father of his Country, but he lacked a certain indispensable tang. Lowell — forgetting Franklin, who had the tang — said that Lincoln was the first American. From certain indications it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt might turn out to be an American. Only the other day[1] he sent us a message to this effect: "I know that the American

[1] Written in 1910.

people will agree that I could have acted in no other way than I did act." The American is a man of destiny. His word and deed flow inevitably out of the American character. On the one hand, he does a thing because it is right; on the other hand, the thing is right because he does it. Revising the thought of Henry V we may say, Nice customs curtsy to great Americans.

This point is strikingly illustrated by a story which Mark Twain tells on himself in one of the chapters of his autobiography. It was in 1877, before a company including all the leading "geniuses" of New England, banqueting in honor of Whittier's birthday. When Mark Twain's turn came, he rose and entered upon a fictitious "reminiscence." Out in southern California he had knocked at a miner's cabin, and announced himself as a literary man. The miner replied with marked ill-humor that he had just got rid of three of them, "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes — consound the lot. . . . Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed; Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. . . . They had been drinking, I could see that." And so on.

At the words "consound the lot," Twain had expected a peal of laughter, but to his amazement "the expression of interest in the faces turned to a sort of black frost." The whole story was a dismal failure; it was years before the author recovered from the shame of it. Speaking for the moment as a pious reader of O. W. Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and *The Atlantic Monthly,* I am not in the least surprised at the New England frost. And I know very well that Jane Austen or Thackeray or George Meredith would have agreed with the New England geniuses

that Mark Twain's reminiscence was a piece of crude, heavy, intellectual horse-play — an impudent affront offered to Puritan aristocracy by a rough-handed plebeian jester from Missouri. But hear Mark Twain thirty years after the event:

> I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There isn't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? . . . If I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here . . . I would melt them till they'd run all over that stage!

In his mellow Indian summer Mark Twain himself grew conscious that he had become an American. He knew, therefore, that the speech was right, *because he had made it*. I confess to a doubt whether those " old literary immortals " would, if they were among us, laugh at it even now; for the man who laughs with Mark Twain must be capable of feeling himself, for the moment, neither better nor worse than " the overwhelming majority " of his fellow citizens; and the New England " immortals " were incapable of feeling themselves in that mean position, even for a moment.

Mr. Paine, like some other recent critics, dwells with a kind of retaliatory gusto upon the Brahminical reservations in the welcome accorded Mark Twain by members of the older New England inner circle; he is sure that the world is now having its laugh at the Brahmins. He reminds us also that, while Twain was still on a kind of nervous probation in America, he had been received with unrestrained delight in England. But the right explanation of the hesitation on this side of the water does not seem to have occurred to him. The fact is that Twain was

hailed with jubilation by Englishmen because he answered perfectly to their preconceptions of the American character and to their long-standing demand for something "indigenous." They could enjoy him, furthermore, with the same detached curiosity and glee that their ancestors at the Court of James I felt in the presence of Pocahontas — another typical American who, as we read, received marked attention from the Queen, and accompanied her to the Twelfth Night revels. We imagine that some gentlemen in Virginia were a little anxious lest it should be thought in England that all their wives were Indian — without deeming it at all necessary to apologize for Pocahontas; she was a lovely barbarian, to be sure, but she was truly representative only of the dusky background of their civilization. The Brahmins, correctly enough, looked upon Mark Twain, and will continue to look upon him, as a robust frontiersman, produced in the remote Jacksonian era, carrying into the courts of kings the broad laughter of the plains, and representing an American that, for them, is already historical and almost fabulous. But they should no more condescend to this Herculean humorist than to any other epic hero; they should accept him heartily as they accept Robin Hood and Charlemagne, the wily Odysseus and Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

In the America that lies outside the chilly state of mind called New England, Mark Twain has rather won than lost friends by the savory earthiness, the naïve impudence, the lucky undisciplined strength of the folk hero. By his fearless revelation of the reaction of a frontiersman in contact with the riper aspects of civilization, he has appealed profoundly to the elements of the pioneer that have lurked in the hearts of his countrymen from the days of Captain John Smith to the days of Colonel Roosevelt.

" Whenever I enjoy anything in art," he wrote to a friend, " it means that it is mighty poor. The private knowledge of this fact has saved me from going to pieces with enthusiasm in front of many a chromo." To ears outside of New England the sound of that is endearingly American. In his famous but somewhat heavy-handed attack upon a French critic's accounts of " these States," he declared that there is nothing " characteristically American " except drinking ice water. But on the occasion of a railway accident he remarked, " It is characteristically American — always trying to get along short-handed and save wages." If the eulogists of his humor held themselves to a strict inquisition, they would find themselves praising sometimes his legitimate triumphs and sometimes — with an admiration for success that is characteristically American — his infractions of the laws of taste. His humor not infrequently depends upon a disregard of proprieties, and occasionally it consists of little but a disregard of properties. An illustration may be found in the one-hundred-and-twenty-third chapter of the biography. The humor on this occasion consisted in reminding General Grant and his veterans of the Army of the Tennessee and the six hundred guests at a great and solemn banquet that once upon a time their grim commander-in-chief was wholly occupied in trying to get his great toe into his mouth — " and if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded." The house, we are informed, came down with a crash, and General Sherman exclaimed, " I don't know how you do it! " That was humor befitting the Welsh giants of the Mabinogion or rather the bronzed revelers in Carson City. Only a very eminent American, speaking not in Boston but in Chicago could — in the characteristic American phrase — have " gotten away with it." It was a crime

against taste, colossal, barbaric — or it would have been in any society which stood upon its dignity, recognized sacred superiorities, and exacted deferences.

Now the black frost which followed Mark Twain's after-dinner speech in Boston, and the thunder of applause which followed his similar after-dinner speech in Chicago indicate clearly enough, first, that he was out of place in Holmes's New England, and, secondly, that he was quite at home in Walt Whitman's leveled America. " I paint myriads of heads," cried Whitman, " but I paint no head without its nimbus of gold-colored light." At a banqueting table where every head is nimbused, what is elsewhere reprehended as indecorum passes for easy democratic familiarity. Among the descendants of the high priests of the Puritans Mark Twain discovered to his surprise that he was regarded as an unsanctified Philistine. On neither of these occasions was his " effontery " a mere effusion of individual " impudence." It was rather an ingenuous assertion of the new democratic *camaraderie* — a rough western interpretation of the " brotherhood of man," which in the good-natured Mississippi Valley encourages the " hobo " in quest of a cup of coffee to ring the front door-bell and accost the lady of a house as " sister," or permits the colored porter to drop into a seat for a chat with the Pullman passenger, or prompts the Reverend " Billy " Sunday, the Henry Ward Beecher of that " section," to clap the Almighty on the back and to box the ears of the Prince of Darkness. In Boston Mark Twain spoke to an audience which freely entertained the abstract idea of equality but which was by no means ready to accept all these practical consequences of the fraternal ideal. In Chicago he spoke to an audience of veterans who in the Civil War had felt the kin-making physical touches of nature, and had lost some of their reverence for the

starchy decencies and linen distinctions of formal society. In more or less conscious rebellion against the idea of the "grand style," which demands the representation of a military hero as mounted on a splendid charger with forefeet pawing the air, he brought down the house by a humorous stroke of the new "realism," which insists upon reminding the public that even a military hero is on a common footing with the average man in the possession and strategic manipulation of his great toe. The success of this effort may perhaps not improperly be regarded as an omen of the declining power of the New England tradition in American literature — the partial eclipse of Holmes by Mark Twain, of Longfellow by Whitman, of Hawthorne by the Hoosier novelists, of Whittier by Edgar Lee Masters. "Who are you, indeed," exclaims Whitman, "who would talk or sing in America?" The antiphonal voice replies:

> I swear I will have each quality of my race in myself. Talk as you like, he only suits These States whose manners favor the audacity and sublime turbulence of The States.

Humor, it is agreed, consists in contrasts and incongruities, and the essence of Mark Twain's most characteristic humor consists in contrasting this typical nimbused American, compacted of golden mediocrities, against the world — consists in showing the incongruity of the rest of the world with this nimbused American. In so far as that is true, it necessarily follows that the heights and depths of humor are beyond the reaches of Mark Twain's soul. His laughter is burly, not fine; broad, not profound; and, in his earlier works, national, not universal. When he that sitteth in the heavens laughs, as we are assured that he does, he is not contrasting the year 1776 with the year 1300, nor the President of the United States with

Louis XVI, nor the uncrowned sovereigns of Missouri with the serfs of Europe. The comparison is intolerable; let us mark a lowlier difference. When Puck in the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* looks upon the bewildered Athenian lovers and exclaims, " Lord, what fools these mortals be "; when Titania waking from magical sleep, murmurs with drowsy amusement, " Methought I was enamoured of an ass " — the mirth of these subtle creatures is kindled by the contrast between the humanity of Bottom and the Athenians, and the exquisite manners and passions of elfland. If Mark Twain had revised the play, he would have had some Yankee boy in overalls making sport of Puck and Titania; such, at any rate, is the humor of *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* and of *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven.* It is said that the last book he read was Carlyle's *French Revolution.* He must have found its picturesque and savage denunciation of ancient shams very much to his taste; but his own work shows little trace of its peculiar heart-searching humor — the humor begotten by a reflective comparison of the upstart, red-blooded pageant of time's latest hour with the dim, grim phantasms of history:

> Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded, only fable expecting that he will waken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships, but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Tow-head (Tête d'étoupes) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (Taillefer) cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda, have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. . . . They are all gone; sunk — down, down with the tumult they made; and the rolling and trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever.

Carlyle's humor has what we call historical depth; he laughs at his contemporaries with a bygone eternity. When Whitman asks that sardonic question, "Whom have you slaughtered lately, European headsman?" millions of strange shadows tend on him. He, too, is a humorist and a grave one; he laughs prophetically — with an eternity to come. Mark Twain, looking neither before nor after, laughs, when he is in his popular vein, with the present hour; and he cannot stand the comparison. Not by his subtlety nor his depth nor his elevation but by his understanding and his unflinching assertion of the ordinary self of the ordinary American — "the divine average" — did Mark Twain become, as some critics are now calling him, "our foremost man of letters."

He was geographically an American; he knew his land and its idioms at first hand — Missouri, the Mississippi River and its banks, Nevada, California, New England, New York, the great cities. It was insufficiently recognized before his time that to love one's country intelligently one must know its body, as well as its mind. He had the good fortune to be born in the West; so that, of course, he had to go east — otherwise he might, instead of becoming an American, have remained a mere Bostonian or New Yorker all his life, and never have learned to love Chicago and San Francisco at all. At various times and places, he was pilot, printer, editor, reporter, miner, lecturer, author, and publisher. But during the first half of his life, he went most freely with "powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families." The books in which he draws upon his life in the West — *Tom Sawyer, Roughing It, Huckleberry Finn,* and *Life on the Mississippi* — are almost entirely delightful. They are brimful of unreflective boyhood and youth, of rude energy and high spirits, of pluck

and rough adventure; they are richly provincial and spontaneous; they spring luxuriantly out of their fresh native earth. One accepts them and rejoices in them as one accepts a bluff on the Mississippi or as one rejoices in a pine tree on a red spur of the Rockies.

It is when a frontiersman carries his virtues abroad that the lines of his character become salient. Mark Twain was a self-made man, of "small Latin and less Greek," deficient in historical sympathy and imagination, insensitive to delicate social differences, content and at home in modern workaday realities. I confess with great apprehension that I do not much care for his books of foreign travel. Like the story told on Whittier's birthday, they are "smart and saturated with humor"; but for some almost indefinable reason my emotions fail to enter into the spirit of the occasion. An uneasy doubt about the point of view binds my mirth as with a "black frost." I find myself concerned for my fellow-citizen, the author behind the books; beneath the surface gaiety the whole affair seems to be of appalling seriousness for us both. Ostensibly light-hearted burlesques of the poetical and sentimental volumes of travel, these books are in reality an amazingly faithful record of the way Europe and the Orient strike the "divine average" — the typical American — the man for whom the world was created in 1776. Wandering through exhumed Pompeii, he peoples its solemn ruins with the American proletariat, and fancies that he sees upon the walls of its theatre the placard, "Positively No Free List, Except Members of the Press." He digresses from an account of the ascent of Vesuvius to compare the prices of gloves, linen shirts, and dress suits in Paris and in Italy. At length arrived at the summit of the mountain, he describes its crater as a "circular ditch"; some of the party light their cigars in the fis-

sures; he descends, observing that the volcano is a poor affair when compared with Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands. He visits the Parthenon in the night; obviously, the memorable feature of the expedition was robbing the vineyards on the way back to the ship. The most famous picture galleries of Europe are hung with "celebrated rubbish"; the immemorial Mosque of St. Sophia is the "mustiest barn in heathendom"; the Sea of Galilee is nothing to Lake Tahoe. The Mississippi pilot, homely, naïve, arrogantly candid, refuses to sink his identity in the object contemplated — that, as Corporal Nym would have said, is the humor of it. He is the kind of traveling companion that makes you wonder why you went abroad. He turns the Old World into a laughing-stock by shearing it of its storied humanity — simply because nothing is holier to him than a joke. He does not merely throw the comic light upon counterfeit enthusiasm; he laughs at art, history, and antiquity from the point of view of one who is ignorant of them and pretty well satisfied with his ignorance. And, unless I am very much mistaken, the "overwhelming majority" of his fellow-citizens — those who made the success of *Innocents Abroad* and *A Tramp Abroad* — have laughed with him, not at him. So, too, unquestionably, in the nearly parallel case of the bludgeoning burlesque, *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.*

There is always a great multitude of what Matthew Arnold calls Philistines ready to rise up and hail as a deliverer any bold influential spokesman who will rail against the idea of "the saving remnant," and will assure the world that it is an idle affectation, an anæmic refinement, to pretend to admire the sort of things that Matthew Arnold urged us to admire. In Mark Twain's frequent excursions into literary criticism there is a note which es-

capes being demagogic only by being extravagantly and comically sincere. Let us take for example this little burst of revolt against the English classics in *Following the Equator:*

> Also, to be fair, there is another word of praise due to this ship's library: it contains no copy of the *Vicar of Wakefield,* that strange menagerie of complacent hypocrites and idiots, of theatrical cheap-john heroes and heroines, who are always showing off, of bad people who are not interesting, and good people who are fatiguing. A singular book. Not a sincere line in it, and not a character that invites respect; a book which is one long waste-pipe discharge of goody-goody puerilities and dreary moralities; a book which is full of pathos which revolts and humor which grieves the heart. . . .
>
> Jane Austen's books, too, are absent from this library. Just that one omission alone would make a fairly good library out of a library that hadn't a book in it.

When a reader of cultivated taste comes upon a passage like that, he sighs and says, " Mark Twain was not a literary critic "; but when the " man in the street " comes upon such a passage, he chuckles and says, " Mark Twain was an honest man." As there are always more men in the street than readers of cultivated taste, Mark Twain is justified by a large popular majority. It thus appears that what endears a public man to us is what he has in common with us — not his occasional supremacies. It does not damage Franklin to say that he was not so graceful as Lord Chesterfield; nor Lincoln to say that he was not so handsome as Count D'Orsay; nor Mr. Roosevelt to say that one misses in his literary style I know not what that one finds in the style of Walter Pater. Writing from Khartum, our Lion hunter tells us that, in consequence of hard service in camp, his pigskin books were " stained with blood, sweat, gun oil, dust, and ashes."

We have a mystical feeling that this is very appropriate and beautiful — that an American's books ought to be stained with gun oil and ashes. "Fear grace — fear delicatesse," cries the author of "Chants Democratic." It does not damage Mark Twain with his constituency to say that there was not a drop of the aristocrat in his veins.

His disrespect for aristocratic institutions and distinctions both in life and in literature is piquantly illustrated by his criticism of the French Revolution, Sir Walter Scott, and the American South in *Life on the Mississippi.*

Against the crimes of the French Revolution and of Bonaparte may be set two compensating benefactions: the Revolution broke the chains of the *ancien régime* and of the Church, and made a nation of abject slaves a nation of free-men; and Bonaparte instituted the setting of merit above birth, and also so completely stripped the divinity from royalty that, whereas crowned heads in Europe were gods before, they are only men since, and can never be gods again, but only figure-heads, and answerable for their acts like common clay. Such benefactions as these compensate the temporary harm which Bonaparte and the Revolution did, and leave the world in debt to them for these great and permanent services to liberty, humanity, and progress.

Then comes Sir Walter Scott with his enchantments, and by his single might checks this wave of progress, and even turns it back; sets the world in love with dreams and phantoms; with decayed and degraded systems of government; with the silliness and emptiness, sham grandeurs, sham gauds, and sham chivalries of a brainless and worthless long-vanished society. He did measureless harm; more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived a good part of these harms, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. Not so forcefully as half a generation ago, perhaps, but still forcefully. There, the *genuine and wholesome civilization of the nineteenth century* (my italics) is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter

Scott Middle-Age sham civilization, and so you have practical common-sense, progressive ideas, and progressive work, mixed up with the duel, the inflated speech, and the jejune romanticism of an absurd past that is dead, and out of charity ought to be buried. But for the Sir Walter disease, the character of the Southerner — or Southron, according to Sir Walter's starchier way of phrasing it — would be wholly modern, in place of modern and mediæval mixed, and the South would be fully a generation further advanced than it is. It was Sir Walter that made every gentleman in the South a major or a colonel, or a general or a judge, before the war; and it was he, also, that made these gentlemen value the bogus decorations. For it was he that created rank and caste down there, and also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them.

As this passage indicates, Mark Twain was a radical, resolute, and rather uncritical democrat, committed to the principles of the preamble to the Constitution, preserving a tang of Tom Paine's contempt for kings, and not without a suggestion of the republican insolence caricatured by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. He did not and could not give a " square deal " to the South or to Scott or to Europe or to the Arthurian realm. He refused all recognition to aristocratic virtues which retard the complete establishment of the brotherhood of man. He was not, like some more exquisite men of letters, a democrat in his study and a snob in his drawing-room; he was of the people and for the people at all times. His tender regard for the social contract permeated his humor. It will be remembered that Pudd'nhead Wilson earned his nickname and ruined his chances as a lawyer for twenty years by an incomprehensible remark about a howling dog. " I wish I owned half of that dog," said Wilson. " Why? " somebody asked. " Because I would kill my half." No one understood him — the sensitive, symbolic democracy of

the expression was too compact for their intelligence, and they fell into a delicious discussion of how one-half could be killed without injury to the other half. That, to be sure, is also one of the problems of democracy; but Wilson's implications were, I believe, both simpler and deeper than that. In not molesting another man's dog he showed the American reverence for property. The American desire to be moderately well-to-do (Mr. Roosevelt's " neither rich nor poor ") he indicated by desiring to own only half the dog. In saying that he would kill his half he expressed his sacred and inalienable right to dispose of his own property as he chose, while at the same time he recognized his neighbor's sacred and inalienable right to let his half of the property howl. Indeed, I am not sure that he did not recognize that the dog had a certain property right in howling.

With almost every qualification for a successful political career, Mark Twain could never have aspired to the Presidency, for he was not a regular attendant at church, a shortcoming, by the way, which interfered seriously with Mr. Taft's campaign till his former pastor testified in the public prints that the candidate had once at a church social taken the part of a fairy. In religion, Twain appeared to be a mugwump, or, more classically speaking, an agnostic over whom had fallen the shadow of Robert Ingersoll of pious memory. The irreligion of that generation is touched with a raw, philistine rationalism, but is thoroughly honest. Like all Americans, the author of *Tom Sawyer* received his religious culture in the Sunday-school, but stumbled over the book of Genesis and kindred difficulties, and was " emancipated." The loss of faith which, in certain conditions, is a terrible bereavement, was to him a blessed relief; when the God of the old-fashioned Sunday-school and the camp meeting ceases to terrify, he

ordinarily becomes a deadly bore. Having never known the magnificent poetry of faith, he never felt the magnificent melancholy of unbelief. His experience was typical, however, and his very unspirituality was social. In his examination of Christian Science, he admitted that every man is entitled to his own favorite brand of insanity, and insisted that he himself was as insane as anybody. That was enough to assure most of us that he was sound on " all essentials."

" Be good and you will be lonesome " is, I suppose, one of Mark Twain's most widely quoted utterances in the field of morals. At first thought, one may wonder why this apparently Bohemian apothegm should have taken such hold upon the heart of a nation which above all things else adores virtue. But the diffculty disappears the instant one reflects that these seven words express by implication precisely the kind and temper of virtue that the nation adores. Like Wilson's observation on the dog, the saying is cryptic and requires explication. Mark Twain tells us in his autobiography that when he was a boy his mother always allowed about thirty per cent on what he said for " embroidery " and so " struck his average." The saying means, as I take it, first of all, Don't lose your sense of humor as those do who become infatuated with their own particular hobbies in goodness. Calculate to keep about in the middle of the road, but make allowance for all reasonable shades of difference in taste and opinion. Don't be too good or you will find yourself in a barren and uninfluential minority of one. In America, whatever is not social is not virtue. Mark Twain seems to have felt that the New England Puritans were " too good to be true "; that the American people could never get together on the high levels of New England spirituality. In his interesting series of dialogues, *What is Man?*, he

reduces all the motives of human conduct to self-interest; but, like Benjamin Franklin, who sets out from a similar position, he reaches the conclusion that an enlightened self-interest is not at war with the interests of others. "Diligently train your ideals upward," he says, "and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community." When he put his shoulder under the debts of his bankrupt publishing house, he took a clear stand on one of the essentials of a national "code." In his chivalric treatment of Joan of Arc and Harriet Shelley he showed the spirit animating another fundamental American tradition, which, it is to be hoped, our inconoclasts will not be able to destroy. Fond of strong language, careless of peccadilloes, tolerant of human frailities though he was, his feet were "mortised and tenoned" in domestic rectitude and common morality.

Mark Twain does not give us much help toward realizing our best selves; but he is a rock of refuge when the ordinary self — "the divine average" is in danger. As some one has said, "We cannot live always on the cold heights of the sublime — the thin air stifles." We cannot flush always with the high ardor of the signers of the Declaration, nor remain at the level of the address at Gettysburg, nor cry continually, "O Beautiful! My country!" Yet, in the long dull interspaces between these sacred moments we need some one to remind us that we are a nation. For in the dead vast and middle of the years insidious foes are stirring — anæmic refinements, cosmopolitan decadencies, Teutonic heresies, imperial lusts, fraud and corruption, the cold sickening of the heart at reiterated expressions of unfaith in the outcome of the democratic experiment. When our countrymen migrate because we have no kings or

castles, we are thankful to any one who will tell us what we can count on. When they complain that our soil lacks the humanity essential to great literature, we are grateful even for the firing of a national joke heard round the world. And when Mark Twain, robust, big-hearted, gifted with the divine power to use words, makes us all laugh together, builds true romances with prairie fire and Western clay, and shows us that we are at one on all the main points, we feel that he has been appointed by Providence to see to it that the precious ordinary self of the Republic shall suffer no harm.

Postcript

Good manuscripts are not often interred with the bones of great writers, nor published after their death; but Mark Twain, as his biographer explained to us, lived under a somewhat stringent domestic censorship, that of Mrs. Clemens, which renders his case exceptional. *The Mysterious Stranger,* first published in 1916, one surmises was suppressed and pigeonholed not because it was below the author's literary standard, but because it was regarded by some censor or other as indiscreet. Literary discretion consists in continuing to write in one's popular vein — consists in expressing the common-sense of one's constituency. When Mark Twain wrote in his popular vein he expressed a fairly cheerful and quite unabashed familiarity with the "buzzing, blooming confusion" — the habitual temper of his countrymen. But *The Mysterious Stranger* he apparently wrote to please himself; he expressed in it his personal and intimate sense of an unsatisfactory world; he gave vent to feelings too irregular, too bitter, and too subtle to please all the lovers of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. He revealed, in short, the undercurrent of his humor. Upon one who is acquainted with his other works the

effect of this revelation is to deepen the note of his gaiety throughout, making it appear the reflex of unexpectedly somber considerations. Like the revelations with regard to Charles Lamb's domestic affairs, like certain cynical and pessimistic passages in the letters of another characteristically American humorist, John Hay, it lets one in to a temperament and character of more gravity, complexity, and interest than the surfaces indicated.

The artfulness of the book, in which illustrator and publisher have had a part, sends one for comparison to the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*. The point is, as I have proved by experiment, that a boy of nine can read this brightly pictured magical romance of the sixteenth century with delight and without undesirable stimulation. He will take pleasure with the three lads of Eseldorf (he probably will not Anglicize the name of this Austrian village) in the ingenious marvels wrought by the mysterious stranger. He will be gently touched in his compassionate instincts by the witch-hunting scenes and by the strange pathos of sudden death supernaturally foreseen. But he will not raise embarrassing religious or metaphysical questions, for the air of enchantment and romance intervenes between this fiction and the world of his serious concern. He will ingenuously accept Eseldorf as an unusually animated province of wonderland. He will be quite unconscious that he has read a book written at his elders, a book steeped in irony, a dangerous " atheistical " book, presenting a wholly unorthodox view of the devil and a biting arraignment of the folly and brutality of mankind.

Mark Twain was one of many men of his generation who early received an untenable conception of God, tried the conception by human standards, and dismissed it as untenable. There are two priests and an astrologer in Eseldorf; but there is no God. His functions are pretty com-

pletely taken over by the mysterious stranger who candidly announces himself as Satan, nephew to the well-known gentleman of that name. He is a well-favored and winsome youth with a " winy " invigorating atmosphere. Essentially he is the incarnation of vital force, the creative power in the universe. Knowing all things, having power over all things, he despises man and is mildly amused by him, looks down upon him as an elephant looks down upon a red spider, sends him to death or torment without malice and without a pang. His conduct shines in comparison with that of man; for though he is without good-will, he is without ill-will also, and he has intelligence and power. In comparison with the conduct of man, moreover, the conduct of dumb animals shines; for though they lack some useful faculties, they are blest in freedom from the " Moral Sense " — that terrible human faculty which organizes and legalizes and perpetuates cruelty and folly.

It is not " tonic " to look at men through the eyes of the mysterious stranger; to him " their foolish little life is but a laugh, a sigh, and extinction; and they have no sense. Only the Moral Sense." He alters a link in the life of one of the lads of Eseldorf, to whom he has taken a fancy, so that he shall drown; this alteration, he explains to the boy's playmates, is a real kindness, for " he had a billion possible careers, but not one of them was worth living." He shows to the boys a vision of human history; they see Cæsar invade Britain — " not that those barbarians had done him any harm, but because he wanted their land, and desired to confer the blessings of civilization upon their widows and orphans." " You see," says Satan, " that you have made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship;

the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time."

Relief from this irony and cynicism is, of course, not afforded by the presence of Satan or Nature in the romance. The relieving contrast to the folly and cruelty depicted is in the felt presence of the chivalrous heart and mind of Mark Twain himself, in his definite conception of certain evils to be removed, in his hopefulness about the possibility of removing them. The wicked world visited by the mysterious stranger is, after all, sixteenth-century Austria — not these States. What Mark Twain hated was the brutal power resident in monarchies, aristocracies, tribal religions, and — minorities bent on mischief, and making a bludgeon of the malleable many. His passion of hatred for oppression and unreason was never more cuttingly phrased than in this posthumous volume. The intensity of his vision of evil has subdued and darkened his laughter — has given it a note almost like despair; it is the laughter of an often-outraged believer in liberty, democracy, and loving-kindness.

2000 B.C. - Abraham
1400 B.C. - Moses 1250 B.C. - Trojan War.
1000 B.C. - David 850 B.C. - Homer
500 B.C. - Buddha, Lao, Confucius
a creator
b. preserver
c. destroyer
400 B.C. - Pericles - Culture age of Athens
300 B.C. - Alexander
31 B.C. - Augustus Caesar
4 B.C. - Christ.
325 A.D. - Council of Nicea
400 A.D. - St. Augustine
449 A.D. - Anglo Saxon Conquest.
476 A.D. - Fall of Rome
622 - The Hegira - Islam & Mohammed
00 - Charlemagne & Holy Roman Empire
66 - Norman Conquest
215 - Magna Carta
00 - Dante (early Italian Renaissance)
00 - Chaucer - Petrarch - Boccacio Bacon
53 - Renaissance & Fall of Constantinople
Printing. Heart of Italian Art in Florence
92 - Beginning of Explorations
-53 1603 - Age of Elizabeth - Bacon & Elizabeth
0-1660 - Puritan Revolution. Milton Galileo
78 - Parliamentary Government.
0 - Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Steele, Novel. Newton
3 - End of 7 yrs. war - Birth of British Empire
89 - French Revolution
04 - Napoleon [illegible]

1815 - Waterloo
1837 - Queen Victoria
1914-1918 - World War

Trinity of Science
Galileo
Newton
Einstein

Gospel of Romance - Stevenson
Atlantic - May
Revolt of the Convicts - George W. Alger.
The Road to Mandalay - A. W. Smith.
Boccaccio & His 'Decameron' - J. W. Krutch
Pseudo-Realism, The Reign of Indecency - Latta Griswold
Wondering, Impressions of an Inmate.
Scribners
We Need One Another - D. H. Lawrence
The Threat of Science - Christian Gauss
American Condescension and European Superiority - Lewis Mumford.
Is Censorship Possible - Redman.
Youth Serves Itself
D.D. versus M.D. - John H. Preston
The Century
A Brighter and a Better Faith - Herbert Parris
Discipline
The Devils Workshop - William Healy
The Rebirth of Glamour - Jane Cowl.
The Man and the Turtle - Mark Barr.
Menace of the Machine - Pupin.
Poor Relations - Lamb.
Appreciation of Literature - Woodberry.
Confessions of a Drunkard - Lamb.
The Genteel Style in Writing - "
Witches and Other Night Fears - "